

MEN

IND.

OPERATION VENGANCE

THE DO-OR-DIE RAID OF A HELL-FOR-LEATHER YANK WHO'D BEEN MADE TO CRAWL BY THE JAPANESE

35c

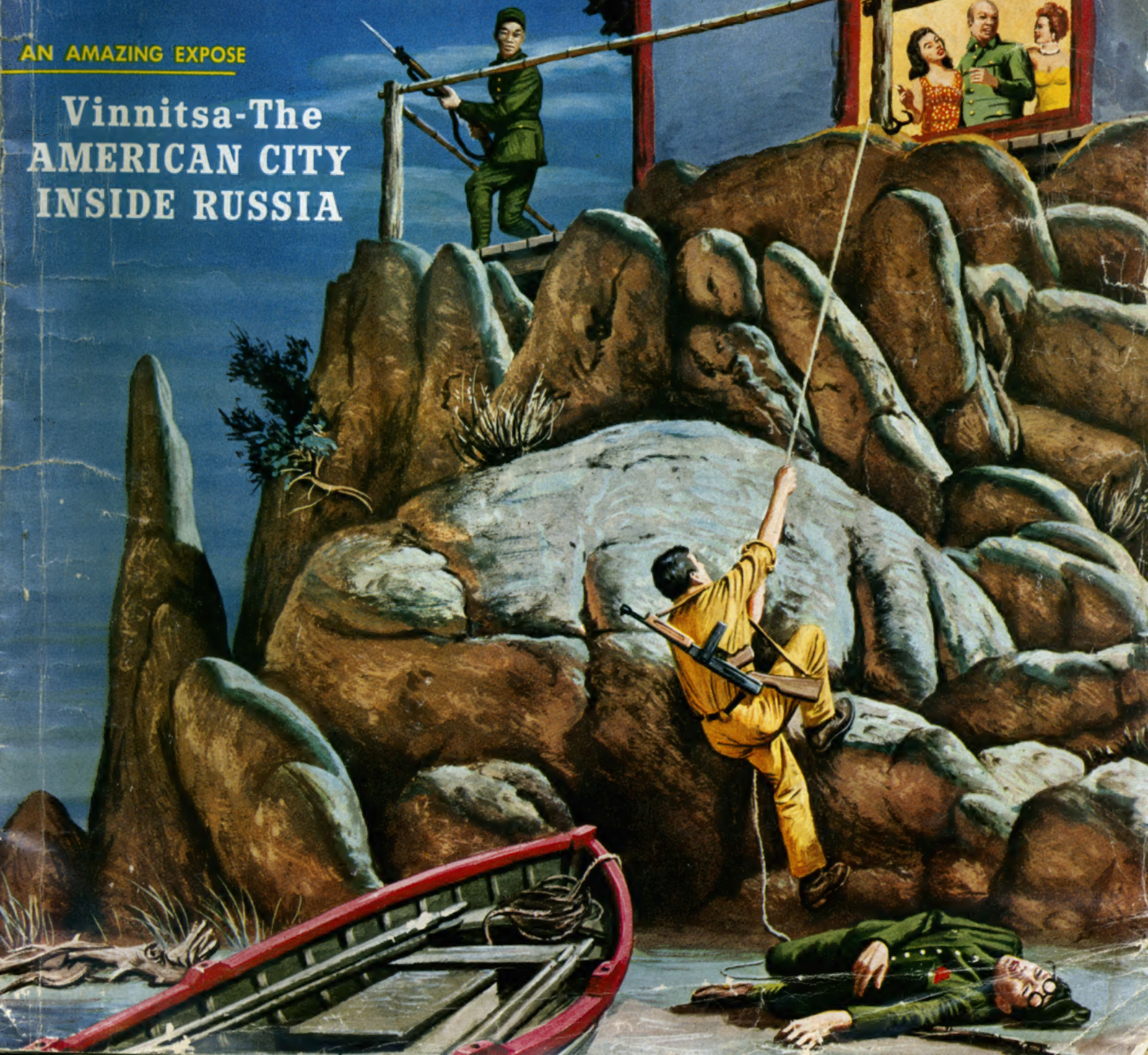
"MACAO IS MY TOWN"

IT WAS GOLD, GUNS AND GIRLS FOR FREE-BOOTING HARRY KANE, WHO TOOK OVER A BILLION-DOLLAR ORIENTAL EMPIRE

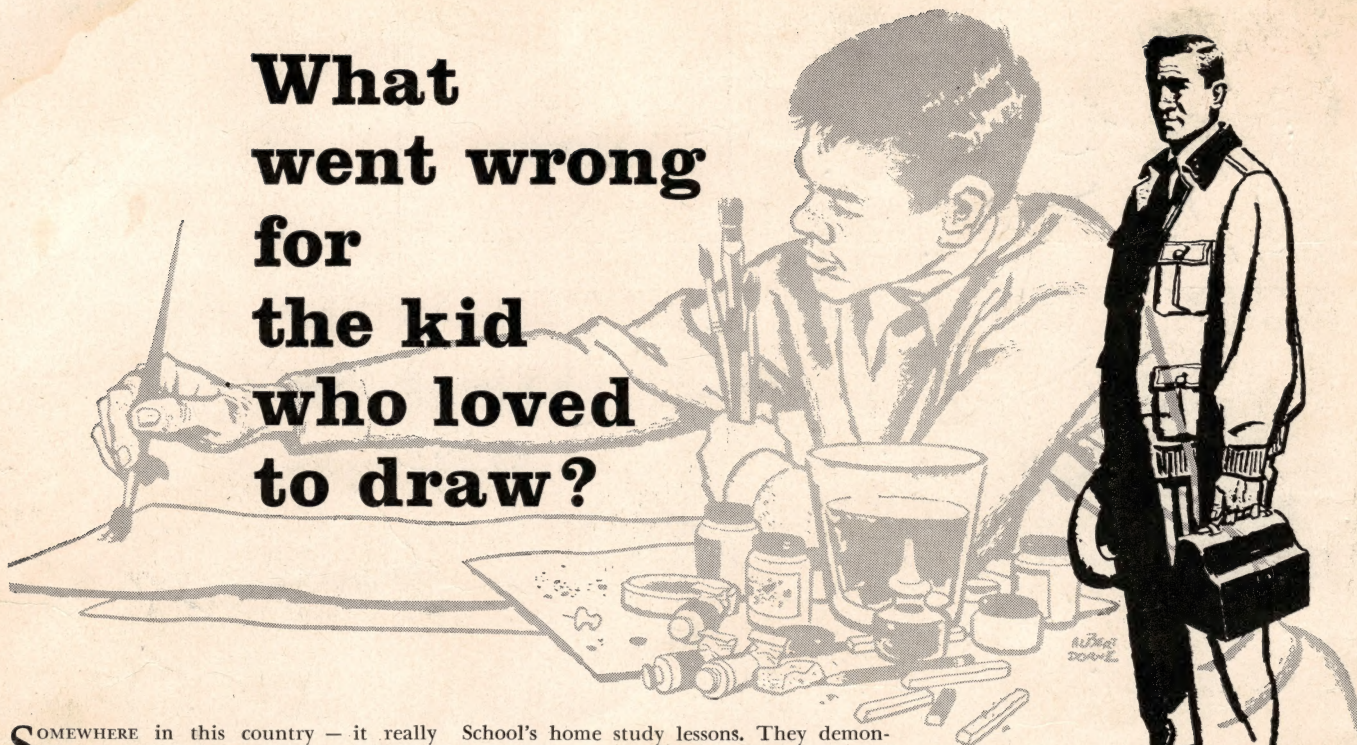
TRUE BOOK BONUS

AN AMAZING EXPOSE

Vinnitsa-The
AMERICAN CITY
INSIDE RUSSIA



What went wrong for the kid who loved to draw?



SOMEWHERE in this country — it really doesn't matter where — lived a kid who loved to draw. His name doesn't matter much either. *It might even be you.*

Anyway, this kid spent hour after hour sketching . . . painting . . . making pictures. He drew anyone who would hold still, anything he saw. And—for a kid of his age—what he did was good.

By the time he finished high school, he was sure that what he wanted most was an art career. But then something went wrong.

Maybe it was lack of money. Maybe it was a too-early marriage. But it meant getting a job—any job—fast. And his dream of an art career went out the window.

A Second Chance For The Sidetracked

It seems there are lots of ex-kids like this around, talented people who got sidetracked into dead-end jobs because something went wrong. We at the Famous Artists Schools know because we've helped so many of them to a "second chance" at the good life and the good money that an art career offers. In fact, it was just such people who gave Albert Dorne, one of the greatest moneymakers in commercial art, the idea of founding the Famous Artists Schools. Dorne had often received letters saying, "I'd like to be in art, but I have responsibilities. I'm stuck at home. How can I learn?" Or—"I love to draw. Please look at my drawings. Do I have any talent? What can I do about it?"

Dorne consulted Norman Rockwell, America's best-loved artist, and Jon Whitcomb, famous for his paintings of beautiful girls. He found they too were always getting letters asking for advice and help. So one day, over ten years ago, he gathered America's twelve most famous artists in his studio. Dorne pointed out that thousands of men and women wanted to become artists . . . but, for one reason or another, they could not leave their homes or their jobs to study art. He noted how many trained artists were needed all over the country. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "devise a way to bring practical and professional art training to any of these people with talent . . . no matter where they live or how little spare time they have?"

The famous artists agreed. Taking time from their busy careers, they pooled their knowledge to perfect a revolutionary new way to teach drawing and painting. They made over 5,000 drawings especially for the

School's home study lessons. They demonstrated in words and pictures the priceless trade secrets and techniques they had learned through their own successful careers.

Person-To-Person Instruction By Mail

Finally, out of this rich experience, they worked out a brilliant new way to correct a student's work. Their system is perhaps the most personal and the most helpful method of teaching the art field has ever known.

For each drawing the student mails in, the instructor draws or paints in detail, on a separate sheet, his suggestions for improving the student's picture. Along with the revisions the student receives a long personal letter of further criticism and advice. There can be no misunderstanding—and the student has a permanent record of his progress to refer to as often as he likes.

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools, whose campus is the U. S. Mail, whose classrooms are the students' own homes, and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled. How well has it worked—especially for people like the kid who loved to draw?

Students Quickly Succeed

Stanley Bowen, a father of three, was trapped in a dull, low-paying job. By studying with us, he was able to throw over his old job to become an illustrator for a fast-growing art studio . . . at a fat increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models.

Mrs. Gillian Evans, of Montreal, searching for a part-time career to combine with home-

making and raising a young son, decided upon an art career. She now specializes in children's portraits in oil and pastel, and occasional pen and ink illustrations of babies.

John Busketta was a pipefitter's helper in a gas company. He still works for the same company but now he's an artist in the advertising department at a big increase in pay.

Bob Cleveland of Indianapolis shined shoes, sold papers, was working in a routine drafting job when he enrolled with us. Now he earns \$200 a week as a free-lance artist and has his own commercial art studio.

Send For Famous Artists Talent Test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. The School now offers this test free and grades it for you free. Men and women who reveal natural talent are eligible for training by the School.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail the coupon. Our Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you at once. It may start you on the road to becoming a somebody in art . . . instead of just a guy in a job, who once was a kid who loved to draw.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

Norman Rockwell
Jon Whitcomb
Al Parker
Stevan Dohanos
Dong Kingman
Peter Helck
Fred Ludekens
Ben Stahl
Robert Fawcett
Austin Briggs
Harold Von Schmidt
Albert Dorne

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS Studio 96, Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out if I have art talent worth developing. Please send me—without obligation—your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr. _____ Age _____
Miss _____
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LaSalle's Famous staff of Accounting authorities are helping thousands prepare for fast promotion and bigger pay. They can do the same for you!

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You see on this page a panel of experts who know Accounting from A to Z... all the way from Basic Accounting, on up through Accounting Systems, Cost Accounting, Auditing, Federal Income Tax, and training for the CPA certificate. These are only part of LaSalle's instruction staff. But what is most important to you...

...These CPAs and Expert Accountants know how to impart their knowledge to others... how to help you prepare quickly yet thoroughly for success in this very lucrative field.

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You don't have to wonder what La-

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Salle's Accounting plan is like. You will be sent a free sample lesson, without obligation. Study it—keep it—see for yourself how simple, clear, and easy it is to master. This is an actual lesson right out of the regular training—to show you exactly how LaSalle's Problem Method has trained more than 1,400,000 men and women from all walks of life.

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Address.....

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ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS

NOVEMBER, 1959

MEN

VOL. 8, NO. 11

TRUE ADVENTURE

ACTION

- OPERATION VENGEANCE** **Kenneth O'Hara** **12**
With a golden flagjunk, a .45 colt and 23 lava-lava girls, he went after Toshio the Big
- Suicide Raid on the Kremlin's Fake "U.S.A."** **Ivan Colt** **16**
Two commandos got into the place where Russia makes "Yanks," but couldn't bust out
- Pou-Pou and Her Balloon-Girl Ring** **S. I. Dorov** **20**
"Miss Floating Love" hoisted bankers and princes into the sky, then dumped them out
- 50,000-Mile Hunt for the Beasts of Stalag Five** . . . **Stanley S. Jacobs** **24**
After they removed his buddies' blood, Jones plotted three separate, beautiful revenges
- "The S.S. Eastland Is Drowning"** **Jack O'Callaghan** **26**
The water-picnic was great until the ship rolled over and played "passengers dead"
- "I'm Up to My Neck in Gold"** **Ray Lunt** **36**
He founded a harem and dug up a mountain of money. And then his luck changed . . .
- Week the Sex Wind Blew** **Benjamin Hill Blake** **40**
Society ladies pursued waiters and a schoolmaster tracked coeds down with a rifle

TRUE BOOK BONUS

- "MACAO IS MY TOWN"** **Martin Fass** **28**
*"I'll be glad to lend you a hand," he told Li Li, the No. One madam in the Far East.
"And the price is right. All I want is your guns, your girls, your gold and you . . ."*

SPECIAL MEN'S FEATURES

- Men's Newsletter** **6**
A confidential tipsheet for men
- The Laughing Place** **11**
- Girl with a Winning Streak** **32**
Photo-story for men
- Guys Who Get Things Done** **38**
Cartoons with a sharp edge
- Men and Medicine** **44**
- Calling All Men** **85**
Your griets and beefs

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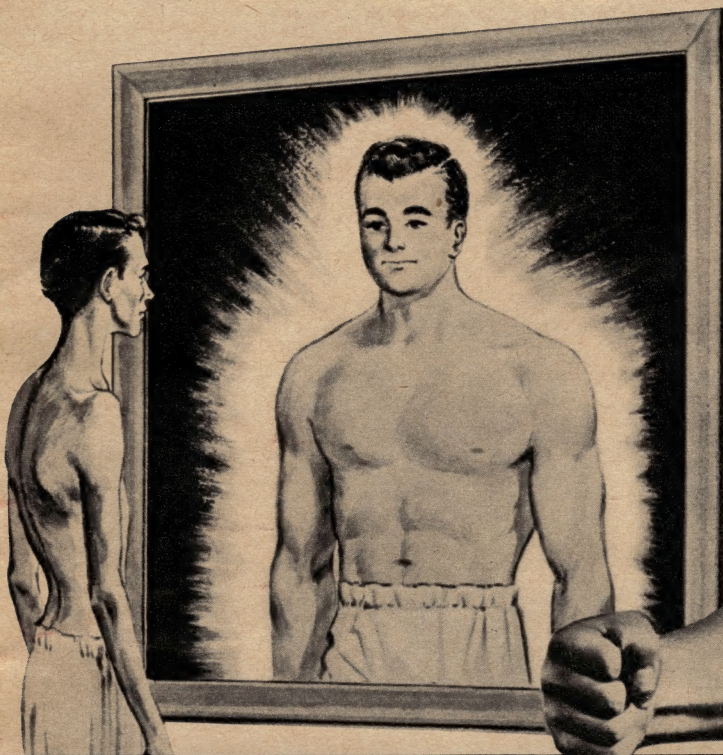
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See pages of actual photos of men who have become "Atlas Champions" my way. Read the answers to vital questions about your health . . . your personality . . . your future—WHAT I can do for you and HOW I do it. Rush the coupon to me personally:

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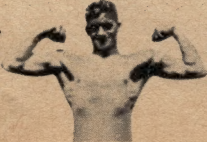


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high!

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whole upper
trunk is now in
proportion to
the rest of my
body. I'm really
proud of my
body, thanks to
you."—P.V., Va.



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wonderful improvements
you have worked on me.
Your course has re-
formed my soft flesh into
solid, power-packed mus-
cles. I am now more than
ten times stronger and
healthier than before."
—E. W. Donovan,
New Orleans, La.

A Confidential
Memo
for Men

men's newsletter



Turtle-Loving Fliers



Fast-Moving Cats

KHAKI CROWD

Use of girls' names for storms began in Navy during WWII in Pacific when storm was named for girl or wife of aviator first sent out to reconnoiter it . . . ONLY 65 GI'S in the army of the Principality of Monaco on the French Riviera . . . French cops who get hit in the mouth invariably lose a load of store-bought teeth, GI's who've been in brawls have found out . . . LUCKIEST DOWNED FLIERS WERE THOSE WHO COULD GRAB A TURTLE, eat all but head, guts and shell, and love it . . .

The Seventh Army is really tops now. With their new weapons system in Europe, each division GIVEN ITS OWN "SUPERMARKET" FOR SUPPLIES. No paper wait. Good too, because Seventh is lean on rear echelon troops, heavy in combat troops with big firepower . . . Navy's got an instrument that lets you "see" objects hidden by darkness. Called "telescopic eye," it sees all objects illuminated by its infra-red light, which is invisible to the naked eye. SHOULD AVOID LOTS OF CRASHES . . .

FLYING ARTILLERY COMING, CALLED THE CENTAUR. A three-winged craft with wings honeycombed with rockets. It will take off and land vertically and attach itself to nuclear-powered aircraft in flight, for automatic resupply of fuel and ammo . . . Work proceeding on project TO DEFLECT H-BOMB MISSILES WITH SOUND WAVES, throw them off target . . .

SPORTSMAN'S DIGEST

CHEETAHS CAN OUTRUN ANY HORSE IN SHORT DISTANCE, GET UP TO 70 MPH . . . Remember South Bass Island and Isle St. George for best white-bass fishing in world . . . NEVER SPIN A PISTOL LOADED WITH ANYTHING LIVE. Oldtimers never did this, knew they might shoot themselves or damage the pistol so it wouldn't fire when they needed it . . .

Big thing in ocean shallow water is light tackle. Modern stuff so good that WITH ONLY 18-POUND TEST LINE, TODAY'S PLUG CASTER CAN HAUL IN 100-POUND TARPON. Fly casters use 6 and 8-pound test single filament to best 60-pounders, really amazing when you come to think of it . . . BEAUTIFUL IF HORRIBLE WAY IS CHEETAH KILLING AN ANTELOPE. The cat closes in

continued on page 42

How to pass a genius



All of us can't be geniuses. But any ordinarily talented mortal can be a success—and that's more than some geniuses are.

Now, as in Aesop's time, the race doesn't always go to the one who potentially is the swiftest. The *trained* man has no trouble in passing the genius who hasn't improved his talents.

In good times and bad times, in every technical and business field, the *trained* man is worth a dozen untrained ones, no matter how gifted.

The International Correspondence Schools can't make you into a genius. For more than 60 years, however, I. C. S. has been helping its students to become *trained, successful leaders*—and it can do the same for you.

Mark your special interest on the coupon. Don't be like the unsuccessful genius who wastes his life in dreaming of what he intends to do. *Act now!*

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—David Derkson,
Barnwell, Alberta, Can.

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—Edmund Frates,
East Taunton, Mass.

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"Thanks to the U.S. School of Music, I have many friends and am invited to many parties and other entertainments. I also play the piano for my church. I can't express how happy I am with your Course."



—Cora F. Duke,
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Once Took Another Course And Learned Nothing



learned nothing from it."

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—Fermen Cruz,
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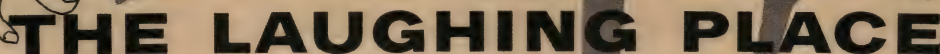
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- "Yeah, the fastest shot in the West."

11

Go-for-Broke American
in the China Sea

OPERATION VENGEANCE

With a golden flagjunk, a .45 colt and 23 lava-lava girls, he uprooted the navy of the Rising Sun, to find a tubby mass-murderer called Toshio The Big

by Kenneth O'Hara

ART BY JOE LITTLE

IT was fifteen days after the Japanese invasion of Hong Kong. One of four surviving members of a regiment of Royal Canadian Rifles sat holding a bayonet and looking at the fog. There was no more ammunition. In a few minutes he would be dead. He had done his duty, which was, in an outpost garrison of the British Empire, to delay the enemy and inflict as much damage as possible before being overrun.

But Dave Grunninger was an American, a civilian volunteer who had fought the Japs all the way from the North Shore to keep from being killed. Therefore it was time to head out of this lashup and try for the open sea.

"You wouldn't be forgetting Pearl Harbor so soon, would you, Yank?"

"Nope." Grunninger thrust out a cowcatcher chin stubbled with beard as black as a bo'sun bird's plumage. "But what in hell can a dead man remember?"

Grunninger crawled away as the Canadian said with regret, "This soup is so thick I couldn't see a bloody Jap on the end of my bayonet."

But it was good cover for Grunninger, who was 50 yards away when Japanese infantry mopping up Taitam Valley blew the Canadians up with grenades. Grunninger was walking east through an apple orchard at the foot of Mt. Parker, and into one of the most extraordinary sagas of World War II.

ROPED IN—"You should have killed this foreign devil," the bandit told the girls. "Now I shall have to cut off your ears and peel your faces . . ."





Intervals of tepid rain dripped from a charcoal sky through splintered trees and *Kaoliang* crops 12 feet high. In addition, Japanese artillery had set fire to more oil tanks, and a strong wind brought smoke in a dense pall over the valley floor. There was danger of stumbling into Jap bayonets before you knew they were there. Against this contingency, he carried a .45 colt for which he had reserved one last full clip.

He stumbled onto the corpses of civilians and Canadian and British soldiers piled in heaps, hands still tied behind their backs. They had been beaten with rifle butts, repeatedly bayoneted, tied together in threes and shot.

Gruninger would have had a better chance to reach the sea by heading South, but a Chinese girl he had known for two years in Hong Kong was pulling nursing duty at St. Stephens which was due east at Sai Wan. And she would have been unhappy if he didn't say good-by.

AT noon on Christmas day, he crawled through a dense mist over a stucco wall near the main building of St. Stephens College that had been converted into an emergency hospital. He was thinking of Tekka, the way she would smile, when he heard muffled screams through the walls.

A dying Chinese orderly crawling like a smashed beetle told Gruninger a little of what had happened. They were all dead, he said; 65 patients in the main hall, 30 more in adjoining classrooms, officers, six VADs, Chinese and European women nurses, hospital orderlies, had been attacked by 200 Japs at 0500 Christmas morning. Red Cross bands, wounded men meant nothing. The wounded were bayoneted in their beds, the others taken out one at a time and butchered. The women were taken out one at a time and raped continuously until they died.

Gruninger crawled along the wall in the dense fog and made sure that one of the corpses on the uprooted lawn was that of Tekka. For a moment he remembered her as she had been—waiting for him, soft, pliant and honey-colored with a flaming *tjempaka* flower in her hair. At that moment it seemed that he acquired a more enduring, less personal motive for staying alive—he who fights and runs away may get a crack at Toshio the Butcher some day.

He lay there among the dead, playing dead, for



SLAPDOWN—Nails, nuts, bolts and odd bits of metal flew out of the smashed basket and splattered the *Er Fu's* skin

he didn't have a chance to get away as Toshio the Butcher appeared, all dressed up with gold braid, badges, breeches, jack-boots, and waving a pair of mustard-colored gloves. With him were two Japs, one with a rifle, the other with a Nambu light machinegun. Coolies, farmers, old men, women and children were herded in, their hands bound together with wire.

"*Ute!*" the butcher shouted. "Shoot!"

Then he walked among the bodies with a pistol looking for movement. With a rare irony for one of the Bushido, he said, "*Sonada,*" which is Japanese for good-by.

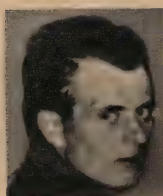
"*Sonada,*" Gruninger said. He rose from the dead, firing the .45, got two of the Japs, but missed the Butcher who ran squealing toward the doorway into the main hall. Gruninger unclipped two grenades from the jackets of the dead Japs and went over the wall into the fog. . . .

He crossed the heavy traffic of the Island Road at night, and in the morning reached the Pagar Wharf.

The fog had lifted. Sun sparkled on the multi-colored hulls of Chinese junks and sampans off Sai Wan. Smoke still rose from a maze of godowns, warehouses and sheds. But between him and the water were Jap guards prodding impounded laborers with rifle butts as they carried bags of rice from godowns and stacked it in the sun.

Lying behind a pile of juke sacks, Gruninger began to shiver uncontrollably. His teeth chattered. Fear, tension, starvation rations had whittled him down. Mainly, however, it was the sight of the sea so near and yet suddenly as distant as the moon. And all of those junks and barges out there. Freedom's wind coming from a thousand islands on which a man could hide indefinitely from Fu Tau Chow, Mira Point to the Pescadores.

The guards and laborers were working toward him. They would flush him out soon enough. The



For centuries the Hong Kong area has been infested with Chinese buccaneers or *Ladrons*, who run a shake-down business in Bias Bay that is so profitable it is sometimes called Bias Bay, Inc. David Wallace Gruninger (left), a civilian volunteer, was fighting with the Royal Canadian Rifles when the Canadians were blown up and their bodies bayoneted by a Japanese force under the command of "Toshio the Butcher." Gruninger joined the pirates, then belted the Japanese with his "Mahogany Fleet."

Toi-kan's willowy body was sheathed in a length of black silk, wound tightly from her neck to her thighs. As she unpinned it she said: "First I shall smooth away your pain, then you must go up on the deck and slaughter Wen-chi for me"



BREAKUP—With his women lying about him like crushed reeds, Toshio tried to scramble up off his silk cushions

sea burned his eyes like a mirage. It had always meant freedom for Grunninger since he had run away from his home in Kansas to it at the age of 16 and had followed it for as many years. He had settled in Hong Kong, worked as a marine engineer for Peninsular Oil. He would be ferried out to ships needing his services to diagnose their needs, prescribe correct fuels and lubricants, repair marine motors. He liked that part of the world from Singapore around Saigon and the Gulf of Tonkin to Hong Kong. He liked the women. He liked the eagerness with which they loved, the many skilled ways they knew to make a man glad he was a man.

Now he was close to the sea again, too close to turn back even if he could. But he couldn't wait. He couldn't, and he wouldn't wait to be prodded out like a rat. If he could reach the water there was a chance of losing them in that wreckage of shelled junks, hulls, entangled masts, booms, matings and lattices. After dark he could drift away on the Japanese current. . . .

THEY spotted him as he started working his way down behind bales of still-smoldering cotton. He came up running as Arisaka rifles cracked, zig-zagged, then cut in for a flat dead run down the wharf. A sudden terror of flight and pursuit seized him. He ran in a prolonged shuddering paroxysm, the muscles of his neck pulled back, his legs jerking up and down in one final spasm.

The high *pi-ing* of slugs spurred him, the whipsnap of Arisakas and then, from directly before him, the feminine chatter of a Nambu machinegun. He pulled the pin of a pineapple and lobbed it ahead. The Nambu stopped talking. He pulled the pin of the second and rolled it behind him without looking back. Planks shivered, splintered under his feet as he ran straight through a hill of burning juke sacks and emerged choking, spraying bits of char and flame. He hit the planks

on his right shoulder, rolled a dead Jap out of the way, got the Nambu around and tripped the trigger. It jumped out of its position. He cradled it in his arms and kept firing, unaware at the time that both hands were blistered from the heat of the barrel, that hot shells were searing his chest as they ejected from the gun down under his shirt.

Then he hit the water and felt oil slick burning his eyes as he went below, swam underwater until his breath gave out, then surfaced, went ahead as he gulped air, lunged in slapping dives for the protective wall of a high-pooped cargo junk.

It wasn't until then that he realized he had been hit. The water was pink around him and a leaden weight dragged him down. He sucked in a deep breath and went with it, dragging himself feebly beneath the junk's keel. He was bobbing helplessly on the offshore side of the vessel in a tangled net of sail matting, broken spars, batons and cordage when hands gripped his arms and dragged him over the low gunwale amidships. He was scarcely conscious at the time, but later he remembered it clearly. Even so he knew from seeing the sun glinting on a number of ancient breech-loading cannon that he was aboard a Chinese pirate junk.

He lay on wet deck matting and gripped his thigh to keep the blood from running out. An iron panel in the railing grated shut. Hands searched him. His wallet disappeared. "He is American," a man hissed in the Manchu tongue.

To stay concealed from the Japs ashore, an odd riff-raffish crew lay flattened on the deck behind bamboo-covered hatch coamings. Most of them were women, all armed with knives, Mausers, rifles, full bandoliers over their shoulders. There were several types, from the sort of hags and harlots found on the Wanchai waterfront to half-naked beauties with slender bodies tightly wrapped in bright-colored (Continued on page 74)

Vinnitsa—Where Russia Manufactures “Americans”

SUICIDE RAID ON THE KREMLIN'S FAKE “U.S.A.”

by Ivan Colt

ART BY JAMES BAMA

ON THE evening of June 8, 1959, “La Nouvelle Eve” in Paris was jammed with tourists from a dozen countries who’d come to stare at 20 of the most provocative figures in Europe. The 20 shapely young women who decorated the famous Place Pigalle strip-parlor were all nude to the waist, and they smiled impersonally at the faceless crowd that peered so hungrily. Quite accustomed

to the presence of foreign soldiers, the buxom beauties paid no particular attention to the two American officers at the corner table.

“Any women like that in Texas, Phil?” Major Harry Lawrence teased in accents that were pure Boston as he poured another glass of champagne. Crewcut and lean, he looked hard and handsome in Air Force blue.

BREAKTHROUGH—When last two Allied paratroopers hit Vinnitsa, they had to face burp guns and “electronic walls”



In the heart of Siberia the two
commandos found Russia's "New York,"
smothered in hot barbed wire.

They busted in all right—all
they had to do was get out again.



SUICIDE RAID continued

"Harry boy, we've got gals down in San Antone that make these fillies look like Coke bottles," the Signal Corps captain with the N.A.T.O. shoulder patch replied. Phil Rawlins was tall, bronzed and easy—a typical son of the Lone Star State. He looked at the New Englander whom he'd met at the Paris P.X. only two days earlier, and he wondered when his new-found buddy would start talking baseball. The sport was almost an obsession with the bomber commander from Boston.

"Sounds like you've got everything in Texas but big league ball," the good-looking aviator chided.

"You sure don't call the Red Sox a major league club, do you?" Rawlins countered casually.

"I know that Williams is only hitting .200, but Jensen and Jerry Runnels—"

"Jackie Runnels," the Texan corrected with a chuckle.

The major froze, staring rigidly as if he'd committed some terrible crime. Then he laughed at his error and continued to pour on the detailed statistics that proved Boston must inevitably finish in the first division of the American League. The two men were still arguing batting averages and pitching records half an hour later when they left "La Nouvelle Eve," brushed off a dozen perfumed strumpets and walked a block to the Bostonian's sleek Chrysler convertible. Major Lawrence fished out the car key from his pocket, opened the door.

Then he turned and saw the snub-nosed .38 that Rawlins had jerked from a concealed belly-holster, and for one split second Harry Lawrence wondered.

He was less uncertain when the six armed men stepped out of the shadow. Three were U.S. Army M.P. sergeants in uniform, and the civilian trio had the indescribable but distinctive manner of French plainclothes detectives that any Parisian would recognize immediately.

"Just raise your hands slowly," the tall Texan ordered.

"Is this a gag? I happen to be your superior in rank and—"

"Stick it, friend. Who played trumpet in the big Artie Shaw band?"

"Roy Eldridge. What's that got to do with this?"

"Who quarter-backed Notre Dame in '47?"

"Angelo Bertelli," the major replied immediately.

"I'm with Counter-Intelligence, *Major Harry Lawrence*, and you know too much baseball, too much jazz, too many details about movies, streets, horse races."

"What are you trying to say?" the aviator demanded.

"Vinnitsa," the C.I.C. operative answered. Then the M.P.s moved in fast.

THE crewcut U.S.A.F. major with the Boston accent had never been within 4000 miles of New England, but he knew all about it. He was a Russian spy carefully trained in Vinnitsa, a fantastic community in the Ukraine considered by Allied counter-espionage agents to be as dangerous a weapon as the U.S.S.R.'s highly publicized missile brigades. One of the best kept secrets of the Cold War, Vinnitsa works day and night to produce absolutely perfect "Americans" for Soviet Military Intelligence to use all over the world. It has unlimited funds and equipment. It has one crucial job, to convert scores of Red Russia's most brilliant young linguists into master spies who could pass as native-born U.S. citizens anywhere.

There are men and women from Vinnitsa here—in this country—right now. They have forged birth certificates, driver's licenses, passports, a social security card, Army discharge papers, high school diplomas and other skillfully forged documents. It is these super-trained agents who make Vinnitsa a menace to the free world.

British military security chiefs from M.I.-5 and U.S. Army C.I.C. brass have described Vinnitsa as the most boldly conceived, highly organized, lavishly financed and heavily guarded espionage center in the world today. MIG jet fighter patrols range 100 miles in all directions



Guerrilla teams (below) guarded every approach to Vinnitsa from 40 miles away, yet Nikolai Bogdanov (left), whose parents were white Russians, and one other heroic commando, smuggled ashore from a "neutral" freighter near Leningrad. It took them 80 days to hike as far as the "model America, and 30 minutes to negotiate the last terrible 200 yards to the inner blockades.



And every year its graduates enter this country, tightening their espionage stranglehold

24 hours a day, and the bizarre community has four special radar units of its own that search the skies endlessly. Two 15-foot-high barbed wire fences, 500 yards apart, surround the whole town. Both of these barriers are electrified, carrying fatal charges to kill anyone who might try to enter or leave without a pass counter-signed by the commanding general. During the past 12 years, nine men have died on those lethal strands of metal. Four were Russians who'd cracked under the weird atmosphere and intensive training, and the rest were Allied agents and anti-Soviet Underground men seeking to learn the secrets of the nightmare community.

One of these unsuccessful heroes was Nikolai Bogdanov, a French citizen whose White Russian parents had escaped from the U.S.S.R. in 1926. He was eight years old when the family fled through the snow into Poland, and he spoke perfect Russian. The Bogdanovs settled in Paris in 1927, became naturalized not long afterwards. Nicki Bogdanov was a tough athletic youth who was one of Gen. de Gaulle's toughest and most effective paratroopers in World War II. He was a captain attached to an airborne unit in 1950 when word about Vinnitsa leaked out, vague rumors about a secret city in the Ukraine that troubled the inquisitive bosses of the French Army's able intelligence. These shrewd men who headed the *Deuxième Bureau* checked with British espionage directors and with Uncle Sam's Central Intelligence Agency, were astounded to learn that neither the Americans or the English could supply any information about Vinnitsa. From London, M.I.-5 reported that two anti-Communist Ukrainians had penetrated to within 40 miles of the hush-hush town before being spotted and seized by Soviet security agents. Their final message to their friends in Munich was a warning that every hamlet and whistle-stop within 60 miles of Vinnitsa was jammed with Russian counter-espionage teams, but they were going in anyway. They never came out.

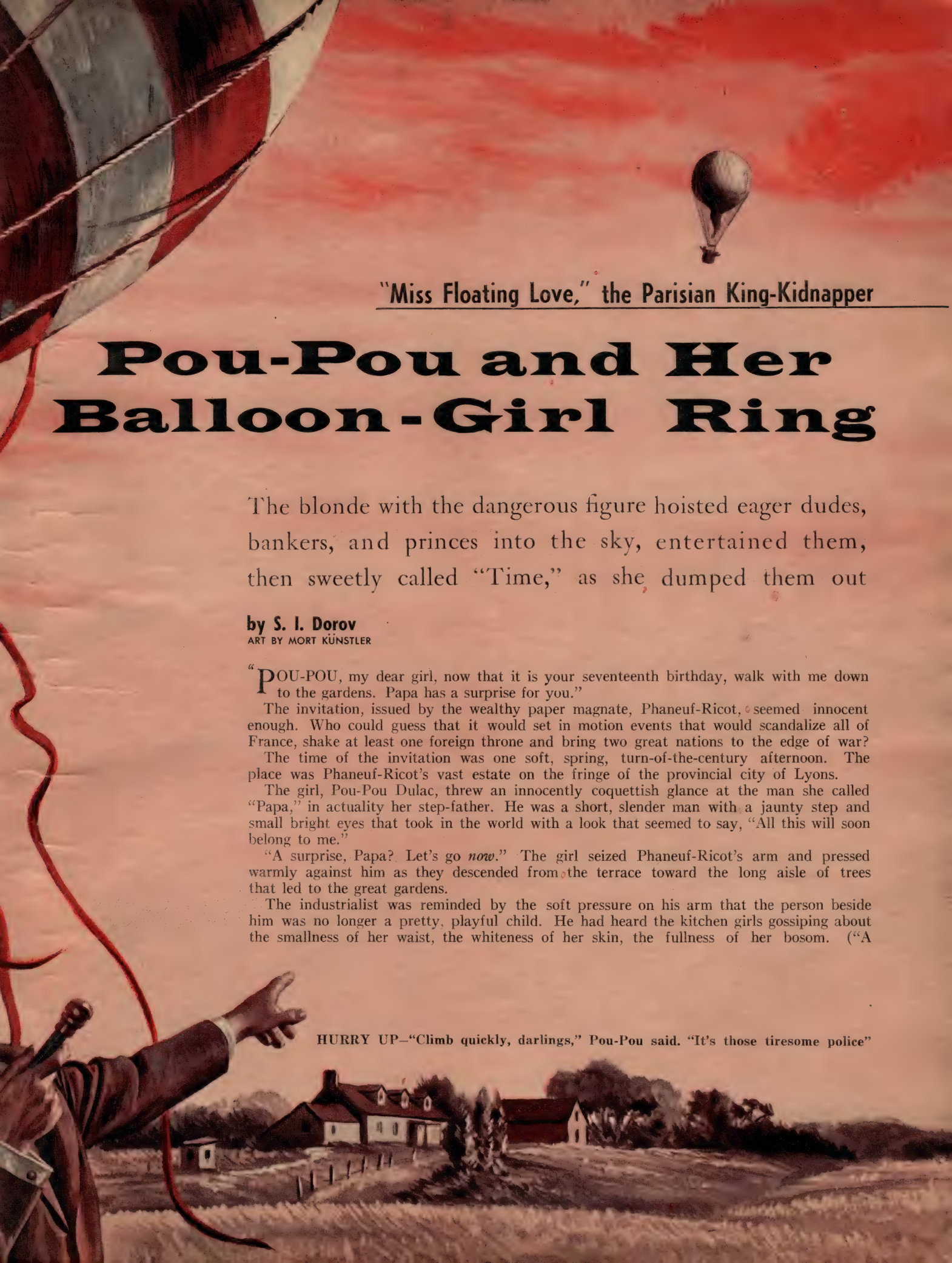
Undiscouraged by this, the *Deuxième Bureau* went through the personnel files of the French Army for a month to pick out eight men who spoke Russian, who'd lived in the U.S.S.R. and who might break through the fantastic wall around Vinnitsa. They were carefully briefed, supplied with ample funds and sent out in four teams of two agents each. One unit was destroyed when the plane that was to drop them was shot down by Communist jets over the Black Sea. Two teams simply disappeared. One vanished somewhere between Budapest and Kiev. They got on a train in the Hungarian capital, equipped with expertly forged papers and tickets for the big Russian city on the banks of the Dnieper. They were never heard of again. The other pair were put ashore by midget submarine on the coast between Odessa and Ochakov. They were confident that they could negotiate the 160 miles to Vinnitsa, and they waved cheerfully to the nervous U-boat skipper as he swiftly submerged. That was the last any Allied intelligence officer ever saw of them.

NICKI Bogdanov and his partner decided to take a different tack. Since the Soviet security net seemed strongest along the southern and western approaches to Vinnitsa, they chose to approach from the north. This would be a much longer journey with many more chances of interception. They reached Leningrad in the hold of a "neutral" freighter, hiding in a secret compartment whose existence only the captain of the vessel knew. At 3:00 A.M. on a dim morning in June 1952, the two men donned water-proof rubber suits and skin-diving tanks. They fixed their face-masks, adjusted the oxygen feeds. Then Bogdanov threw a switch and a concealed door in the hull opened to let them out 22 feet below the surface. They were miles from Leningrad by dawn. Three days later, they had jobs on a barge heading down the Volga in no great hurry. It took them 11 weeks to reach Kiev, a huge metropolis only (Continued on page 58)

FATAL ERROR—For speaking two words in Russian, the spy student at the "Statler Hotel" bar was slugged to death







"Miss Floating Love," the Parisian King-Kidnapper

Pou-Pou and Her Balloon-Girl Ring

The blonde with the dangerous figure hoisted eager dudes, bankers, and princes into the sky, entertained them, then sweetly called "Time," as she dumped them out

by **S. I. Dorov**
ART BY MORT KÜNSTLER

"POU-POU, my dear girl, now that it is your seventeenth birthday, walk with me down to the gardens. Papa has a surprise for you."

The invitation, issued by the wealthy paper magnate, Phaneuf-Ricot, seemed innocent enough. Who could guess that it would set in motion events that would scandalize all of France, shake at least one foreign throne and bring two great nations to the edge of war?

The time of the invitation was one soft, spring, turn-of-the-century afternoon. The place was Phaneuf-Ricot's vast estate on the fringe of the provincial city of Lyons.

The girl, Pou-Pou Dulac, threw an innocently coquettish glance at the man she called "Papa," in actuality her step-father. He was a short, slender man with a jaunty step and small bright eyes that took in the world with a look that seemed to say, "All this will soon belong to me."

"A surprise, Papa? Let's go *now*." The girl seized Phaneuf-Ricot's arm and pressed warmly against him as they descended from the terrace toward the long aisle of trees that led to the great gardens.

The industrialist was reminded by the soft pressure on his arm that the person beside him was no longer a pretty, playful child. He had heard the kitchen girls gossiping about the smallness of her waist, the whiteness of her skin, the fullness of her bosom. ("A

HURRY UP—"Climb quickly, darlings," Pou-Pou said. "It's those tiresome police"



LACE FIGHT—"Brave gendarmes, indeed," Louise squealed. "Picking on girls who are trying to advance air science"

BALLOON-GIRL RING continued

dangerous figure . . . it will get Ma'amselle in trouble.")

The girl quizzed him gaily as they walked. "Is it a horse, Papa? A ride in your new balloon?"

Phaneuf-Ricot shook his head and turned toward the high dome that sheltered his latest pride—a magnificent globe of bright-colored, rubberized silk containing nearly 80,000 cubic feet of hydrogen. The dapper millionaire was, in fact, of the great line of French eccentrics, lavishing on ballooning and flower culture the millions of francs he'd spent in his youth on women.

They are really cheaper than the women you may be sure, he had written once in his diary . . . and they, unlike the fair ones, seldom make a complete ass out of a man. Since the death of Pou-Pou's young mother a year ago, Phaneuf-Ricot had spent more and more time in his aerodrome and potting sheds.

Pou-Pou shaped her full lips in the ghost of a pout. "What a shame, Papa. You know, I've been reading Priestley's *Experiments* and the work of Professor Charles on the science of flying. Please take me up again soon."

The man nodded absently and moved more quickly toward the gardens, the girl clinging tighter to keep pace.

At the first greenhouse, Phaneuf-Ricot drew the girl inside and bolted the door. Through the hot, heavy, misty air she saw one of the flowerbeds carefully draped in fragile gold cloth. Phaneuf-Ricot whipped the cloth aside, exposing a bank of brilliant red roses.

"This is it. *Voilà*. The new rose, a species without thorns. Named in your honor—*Pou-Pou Elegante*."

The girl's eyes were large and bright; she clutched his hand.

Phaneuf-Ricot was aware of strange stirrings within himself. His heart was thumping rapidly and he was having trouble with his breathing.

"Here, Pou-Pou, let's see you among your roses." He lifted her up in his arms and placed her in the middle of the blooms.

Suddenly, the heat in the room pressed in upon Phaneuf-Ricot. He must move, do something, or his head would burst. And then, he realized that the heat was coming from within his loins. His hands were still resting on the girl. She was sitting, lips half parted in an unspoken question. The violence of Phaneuf-Ricot's gesture had disarranged her thin muslin dress so that one milk-white shoulder was exposed against the bright red of the flowers. The whiteness, the redness, the heat, the sun blazed up and spun in his head. Suddenly he knew the real reason for this strange little drama he'd staged in a greenhouse.

His hands were moving, as though in a dream, tearing off muslin, petticoats, everything, until there was nothing but a dim white form moving beneath him . . . From far away, he thought he heard someone screaming, but he could not be concerned with that. . . .

AWAKING from the shock of her guardian's wild assault, Pou-Pou managed to thrust him aside, unbolt the greenhouse door and flee to the mansion, holding a pitiful fragment of petticoat about her young white nudity. She reached her boudoir, quickly threw on traveling clothes, and ran out to the carriage house, where she knew a coach-and-four was always waiting.

Before the dazed Phaneuf-Ricot stumbled out of his fateful greenhouse, the girl was well on the road to Paris and the house of her young cousins, the Dulac sisters. Long before she'd reached 17, Pou-Pou had been aware that France of the 1890's was indeed a man's world. Her mother, disap-

LADY'S PLIGHT—"Shame on you," Pou-Pou scolded the flower man. "Did you think you could pluck me like a rose?"





POLICE CHASE—Magnate Phaneuf-Ricot chased Pou-Pou to Passy in Paris (*above*) after she took his honor and balloon

pointed in an early love, had often told her, "The laws are made to keep women virtuous, and to give men their pleasure wherever they find it." Now Pou-Pou had her own experience to prove it. Sitting in the jolting coach, she ground her teeth and said to herself over and over, "I hate them."

Meantime, her would-be seducer had shaken himself out of his fog. He realized that this wild, foolish, reckless child could unleash a *scandale* that could drive him out of France forever. Something must be done to stop her. He'd been told by his groom that Pou-Pou had ordered the coach to Paris—and no horse on earth could catch her. This called for the balloon!

Within half an hour, the vast sphere was soaring toward the capital city of the French republic, a fair wind behind her, with Phaneuf-Ricot and his personal aeronaut, Pierre Truc, in the big, boat-shaped car. Scant hours later Truc gradually deflated the balloon and she floated down gently onto the *Champ de Mars*, where only 41 years ago Poitevin had made his historic "animal ascents," going up on a horse which in turn stood on a narrow platform slung from a hot-air-filled balloon.

The tycoon had beaten his stepdaughter to the city by hours, and he hastened to make good his advantage by visiting a certain high-placed official in the city police. Phaneuf-Ricot filed a deposition that prompted the official to assign a representative of the *Sûreté* to go with the millionaire, for the purpose of taking her into custody.

Pou-Pou Dulac shortly thereafter dismissed her coach at the narrow shabby street of St. Gare in the French Quarter, and fell into the arms of her three cousins Dulac.

"What is the matter, Pou-Pou? Are you ill?" Louise, the oldest of the three beauties, who was only 21, cradled the weeping girl on her full breast. Between bursts of tears, not unmixed with anger, Pou-Pou told the story of Papa Phaneuf-Ricot's betrayal.

The youngest of the blonde sisters, Bette turned pale at the account. "He is a hard man, he will follow you and capture you again."

Trientje, the middle sister, who looked like a golden-haired madonna, but who knew more of men than the others, said, "There is nothing to do with men but accept your (*Continued on page 48*)

"Isn't anything ever going to happen?" sighed the bored Riviera blades, just as Pou-Pou's balloon, trailing lace flimsies, dropped into their laps

50,000-MILE HUNT FOR THE BEASTS OF STALAG FIVE

**They'd scrambled his skull, removed the blood of his friends,
so he figured out three beautiful ways to spoil their lives**

By Stanley S. Jacobs

ART BY BOB STANLEY

THE little bronze clock on El Nadek's desk ticked briskly as he lit an American cigarette. He hated Yankees but loved their tobacco. It was 11:00 A.M. and he didn't know it, but he had about an hour more to live . . .

The leathery man with the once-broken nose strode briskly along the Mooskee, that noisy street of bazaars in Cairo. He touched his breast pocket in which reposed a small notebook. It was there, just where he had carried it for over a decade. He smiled slightly.

A dwarf wearing a greasy red fez hopped after him like an over-sized frog, the clawlike hands outstretched.

"*Baksheesh, baksheesh!* For the love of the Prophet, give alms to the poor, effendi!"

Peter Jones didn't slacken his pace as he threw some coins at the gnome and hurried on. The beggar doffed his fez and croaked:

"Aleykoom es-salaam—the blessing of Mohammed on you, kind sir."

Cobber Jones barely heard the words. His mind was on his mission. He looked often at his wrist-watch, which seemed to be damned slow. His appointment, made by phone, was at 12 sharp. He was a punctual man.

And it would be only decent to kill an enemy on time. . . .

Impatiently, he elbowed through a swarm of haggling men and women. The street was clotted with Egyptians, Turks, Copts, Armenians, Greeks and Persians, all selling something from tiny dark stores, sidewalk stands, or blankets on the pavement.

"Old brass, Mister? Cashmere sweater . . . narghil—water pipe? . . . gold bracelet . . . you want Mickey Mouse watch cheap?"

He brushed past the hopeful fat peddler. This one raised three fingers to another man down Mooskee Street. This other hawker sidled up to Cobber, pointing furtively to his half-opened burnoose.

"You want to buy Aly Faroud's postcards, yes? Good cards, hotsy-totsky, from Paris. Girls and ladies, hot stuff, real cheap!"

Cobber hurried on. The vendor followed, yelling angrily:

"Ho, eater of pig entrails, buyer of nothing you take up space on Mooskee Street and spend no money!"

"Im'shee!" the Australian said curtly, looking at his watch again. "Im'shee—go away."

The fellow pursed his lips and spat on Cobber's tan shoes. Jones seized the insolent hawker by the scruff of his unwashed neck and threw him into a pile of fly-covered, gooey pastry tended by a veiled woman (*Continued on page 80*)

SHEBANG DUEL—"Ach, it's the Australian of Stalag Five," Gustav Froelich said, just before Willy Wump-Wump made him beg for death



2500 Picnic-Goers Trapped Below Deck

"THE S.S. EASTLAND"



IS DROWNING"

by Jack O'Callaghan

Everyone was frolicking: Children yelled, lovers cuddled, beer flowed like an ocean. Then the ship got into the act, rolled over like a puppy and played 812 passengers dead

ON a rainy Saturday morning, the steamer *Eastland* turned over on her side in the Chicago River, killing 812 people. Today it is a matter of history; then, it was hard to believe even while it was happening.

In the gray rainy light the *Eastland* looked sleek and ready to go. She had new-fangled underwater twin screws, no stern or side paddle like most other excursion boats. She had always been a fast ship. Today she was going to start first, to be followed by a fleet of five boats carrying the rest of Western Electric's 7000 employees on their annual picnic. Her 22 knots made her fast enough to get her load there, then take an excursion trip from Michigan City, with time left over to return the picnic-goers to Chicago. They called her "The Speed Queen of the Lakes."

This morning, the *Eastland* was moored to a pier on the Chicago River. To the north and south of her lay iron walls of warehouses and docks. Before her, toward Lake Michigan, was the massive, iron Clark Street Bridge, behind her another boatlength, the high La Salle Street Bridge.

The picnic was a family affair, and among the 2500 passengers were many children, some so young they had to be carried on in their parents' arms. On the dock, last-minute arrivals hustled to get their belongings and themselves aboard before the ship cast off its lines and moved down the river.

A straw-hatted man on the top deck called to a friend on the dock: "Get a move on, Joe. What do you think this is, a funeral?" The man on

(Continued on page 62)



"SPEED QUEEN"—Happy crowd had nothing to laugh about when sleek *Eastland* went under (left). Injured were rushed to hospital (center), corpses "dried like fish in the sun" (rt.)



Harry Kane, the Sergeant Who Took Over "Sin City"

"MACAO IS MY TOWN"

"I'll be glad to lend you a hand," he told Li Li, the No. One madam in the Far East.
"And the price is right. All I want is your guns, your girls, your gold and you"

by Martin Fass

ART BY SAMSON POLLEN



PICK OF THE CROP—"This one is called Green Jade," said Li Li. "If you like her, I will have the *ahma* get her ready"

THE rickshaw boy skillfully weaved through the jam-packed crowds on the Avenida Almeida Ribeiro. He trotted past the novelty shops, the opium dens and the gambling casinos, and turned down a narrow, cobbled alley. A street sign tacked on the side of the corner two-story, stone building identified it as the Rua da Felicidade—the Street of Happiness. This was the most famous red-light district in Macao. Enameled Chinese dolls sat in front of the doorways with their *ahmas* and solicited their ancient trade.

At the far end of the blind alley, the boy stopped in front of the Wui Chun Tong Restaurant. Li Li swung to the ground gracefully.

"Come along, Harry," she said.

Shrugging his massive shoulders, Harry Kane jumped out of the rickshaw. Li Li had promised him a surprise and she'd tell him in her own sweet time.

The restaurant was a cheap little dive filled with cages of civet cats, monkeys, snakes, ducks, chickens, turtles and mice. When Li Li entered, the proprietor, an unctuous old man with a wisp of a beard, bowed and scraped as he led the young woman and Kane to a table.

Li Li spoke quickly in Cantonese and in a moment a bottle of Napoleon brandy was deposited on their table. At the other end of the cluttered restaurant, an obese Chinese merchant sat squeezed between two beautiful Chinese courtesans.



"MACAO IS MY TOWN" continued

sans. Compared to them, Li Li was a picture of innocence.

Kane poured two brandies. Li Li lifted her glass and clinked it against his. "To our new partnership," she said softly.

Harry grinned. "I'll drink to that," he said.

"This is a most unusual restaurant," Li Li said. "Just watch that merchant. He is obviously a man who enjoys his food. You might call him a gourmet."

The waiter ceremoniously uncovered a silver chalice. One of the courtesans reached into the chalice and pulled out what looked like a cherry. Holding it by the stem she dipped it into a dish of honey, and giggling, she popped the delicacy into the fat man's gaping mouth.

"Cherries?" Kane asked.

Li Li smiled. "No, no, Harry. They are small, naked, newborn mice. They wiggle delightfully as they go down your gullet."

Harry grimaced. He knew Li Li had brought him here for a purpose, but he still couldn't figure it out. She could have told him about the partnership at the villa.

"Look here, Li Li," Kane protested, "I've got a strong belly, but—"

She put her long, graceful fingers on his arm. "Please, Harry, be patient."

KANE poured a stiff drink and gulped it down. When the chalice was cleared away, the waiter next brought in a large basket filled with snakes. He pulled one out for inspection and then another. The fat man squeaking happily finally chose a thick black snake with dull orange stripes. The waiter deftly chopped off the snake's head and milked the blood into a cup. He then slit open the body of the snake, extracted its eggs and dropped them into the blood. A jigger of brandy was added and the fat man with evident relish swallowed the gory mess. One of the girls wiped the blood from his mouth with a warm, perfumed napkin.

"Snake's blood gives you power," whispered Li Li.

"Power for what?" grumbled Kane.

Li Li giggled. "For the next course perhaps."

Kane's stomach was heaving. "I gotta get out."

"No, no. Stay," she ordered. "The next course is most appetizing."

A small monkey, wrapped up like a mummy, was carried in. Only its face and skull were bared. The little monkey looked about the room with its bright, cheery eyes and squeaked a few times. The waiter placed the monkey's head against the edge of the table. He swung the razor-sharp chopper and neatly sliced off the top of the beast's skull. The courtesans dipped, long, golden spoons into the brains of the still-living animal and spooned the gory mess into the rapacious mouth of their master.

WRONG TACTICS—"Fight that way," Kane told the woman general, "and you'll lose two thirds of your warriors"

Kane spun General Kwo around and pushed a big, rough fist into his nose and mouth . . . Then he turned slowly and saw the Chinese bandits massing behind him with their machineguns trained



BATTLE OF THE BILGE—Filthy junk-littered Macao harbor (above rt.) is where sampan armada of Li Li and Gen. Kwo set off from to wage Sino war. Chinese chippy (above l.) wore slit skirt, carried small white bag, as the insignia of Li Li's spy-girl organization which worked to make the war possible

Kane shoved back his chair with an oath. He raced outside and heaved up his last meal. With a faint smile on her lips, Li Li stood in the doorway and watched him. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and glared at her.

"Okay," he growled. "You're trying to make a point. Make it!"

"I merely wanted to show you what might happen, Harry, should you ever decide to double-cross me," she said calmly. "But you are wiser than that monkey."

Scowling, Kane turned his back and marched away. "The hell with it," he muttered. "The hell with Li Li and Macao." He felt her still watching him as, defiantly, he stopped in front of a prostitute and flashing a \$20 bill led her upstairs to her perfumed quarters. He didn't look back, but he heard Li Li laughing.

The girl did her best to amuse him, but Kane could only think back on the partnership he had just sealed with a drink. He wasn't the kind of guy to brood and the pleasure of a woman in his arms brought him physical relaxation, if not mental ease. And he knew that, despite everything that had happened, he was hooked and the partnership with Li Li would stick.

IN 1946, Harry Kane had got his Army discharge in Tokyo and hitched a ride aboard an air force plane bound for Hong Kong. He sold his uniform, including the five battle stars, and bought the first civilian suit he'd worn in five years—a \$100 white linen suit.

Boarding the coastal steamer *Takshing* for the three-hour trip to Macao, Kane picked his way past the mob of Chinese deck passengers and headed for the lounge reserved for first-class passengers. Kane stood in the doorway a moment, looked at the middle-aged American and British

tourists clustered around the bar. He was about to join them when he noticed Li Li. She was sitting alone in a dim corner of the dingy lounge.

Kane sucked in his breath. She had the fragile beauty of a delicate Chinese ivory figurine. Her simple high-necked, white silk gown accentuated the supple curves of her body. Her long graceful fingers toyed with a thin silver whip. The only jewelry she wore was an emerald and gold necklace. Even Kane could see that the necklace spelled money. Kane stared until he caught her eye. She smiled almost imperceptibly and that was all the invitation he needed. Crossing the room, he plunked himself down at her table. He beckoned a waiter.

"Champagne," he ordered.

"Did it ever occur to you," she said in perfect English, "that I might not wish to join you?"

"I'm a gambler," said Kane.

She smiled and her big, green eyes crinkled at the corners. "Is this a pleasure trip to Macao?" she pronounced it Mac-cow.

"It is now," said Kane.

When the champagne arrived, Kane introduced himself. She put her tiny hand in his big paw. For the next two hours, Kane learned little else than that her name was Li Li. He tried to pump her, but she avoided a direct answer with all the evasiveness of a Mafia hood. As a result, Kane did most of the talking. He'd been a cowhand before World War II and he told her some Western whoppers.

"You were in the Army?" she asked.

"We can skip that period of my life. One island was just like another. But," he went on, "my outfit was due for shipment stateside when I hit it big in a crap game."

"Crap game?"

"American-style dice," (Continued on page 86)



NEW FACE

GIRL WITH A WINNING STREAK

Two years back a 19-year-old named Flavia Kingman wandered into a Miss San Francisco contest to watch the proceedings, and wandered out with the title of runner-up. "I don't know what it was all about," Flavia says. "I sure wasn't trying to do anything." And that's exactly what makes her friends angry. "She has a winning streak and if only she pushed herself a bit she could maybe be a Miss Universe. Trouble is, she doesn't have an ounce of ambition in the whole of her body."

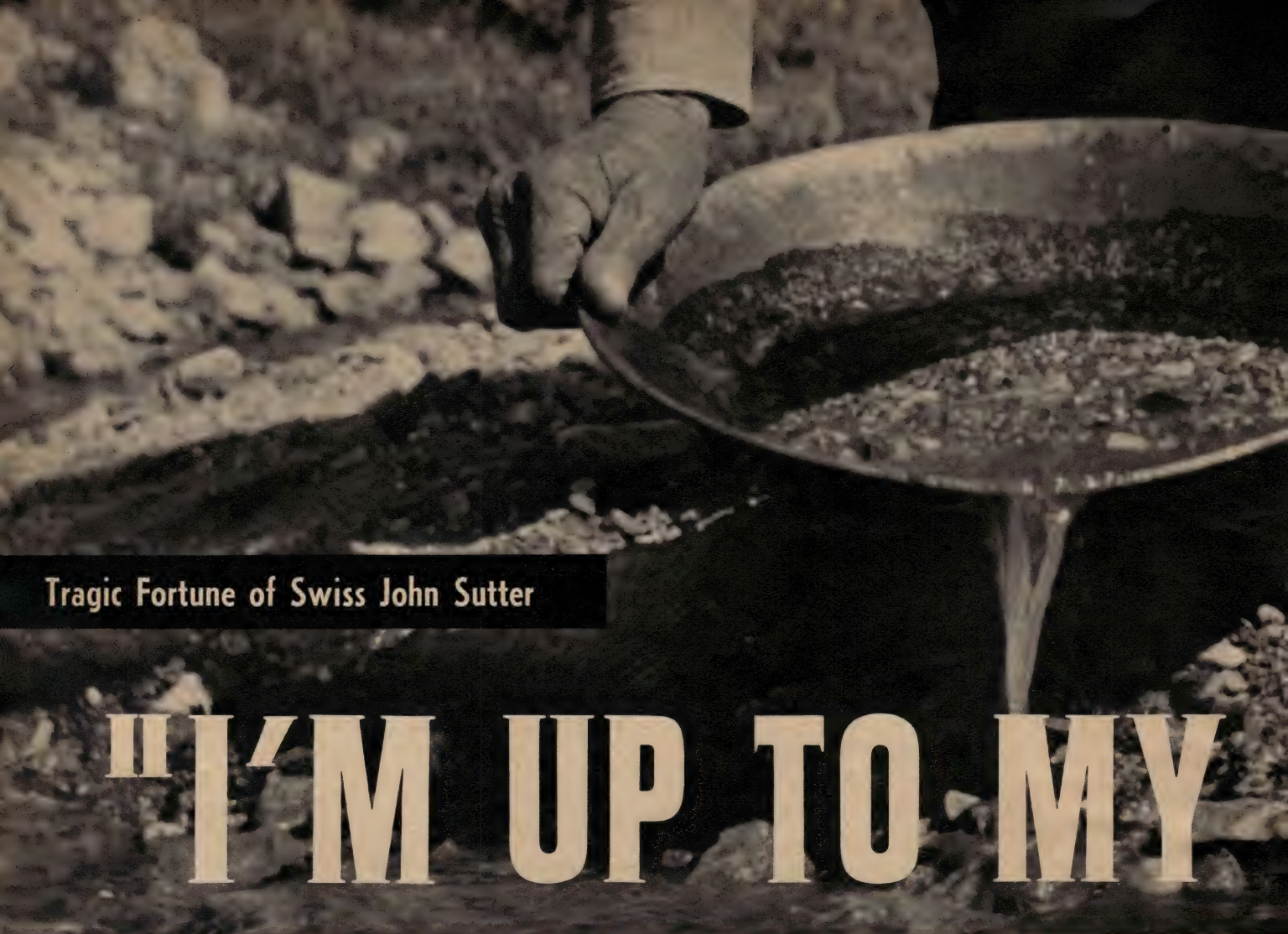




"I like lazy things like ice-skating and old-time waltzes and riding in slow pony carriages. And when I swim, I always float on my back"







Tragic Fortune of Swiss John Sutter

"I'M UP TO MY

He was a big, handsome, devil of a ladies' man who founded an empire



LASSES—Sutter founded "Kingdom" of New Helvetia and invited Indian girls of Wallagumne tribe (*above*) as "guests"



They called him
God's Nobleman

by Ray Lunt

BY the earliest days of spring, the world talked of little else but the discovery of gold in California. Fifty thousand wild-eyed treasure seekers, vanguard of a human flood, were on the move toward a single destination: *Sutter's Fort*. The name of John Sutter, at whose mill on the American River the first gold nuggets had been discovered, was on every lip.

Endless stories about Sutter the man, only faintly distorted by facts, were circulated everywhere. He was a foreigner; some said Swiss, others French or German. All agreed that the discoverer of California's gold was the richest man in the world.

"John Sutter," solemnly reported one newspaper, "has no idea of his own wealth because gold is dug from his land faster than he can count it."

A preacher in Connecticut reached a new high in a sermon on Sutter. "Our nation owes Sutter a debt it can never repay. He bought half of

NECK IN GOLD"

and a harem, dug up a giant mountain of gold. Then his luck changed ...

California from the Russians, then drove the Mexicans from the remainder. Although wealthy enough to buy the United States and annex it to California, his great generosity made him give California to the United States. Let us all bow our heads and give thanks for John Sutter, God's Nobleman."

At about the time this eulogy was being boomed from the pulpit, God's Nobleman was reeling around his quarters at Sutter's Fort, roaring drunk and weeping maudlin tears of self-pity. Heaped everywhere in the filth and debris were unpaid bills, more than \$100,000 worth engulfing his debt-ridden feudal empire. On his desk was a notice from Russia that they were repossessing the vast properties on which no payment had ever been made. All around him the greatest land holdings in the west lay in ruined desolation.

Sutter himself was the greatest ruin of all. He had been stocky but unusually handsome, with a magnetic charm that had carried him from a butcher's clerk to a figure (*Continued on page 52*)



PROFITS—Old print shows gold-dust boys mining. (John Sutter is second from left.) Gold lay thick on the ground



guys who get things done

In a burst of crusading spirit, MEN now goes on record in favor of cutting red tape, doing away with channels, outlawing long forms and all messy applications. Herewith are the results: sometimes a trifle messy, yes, but always terribly efficient.

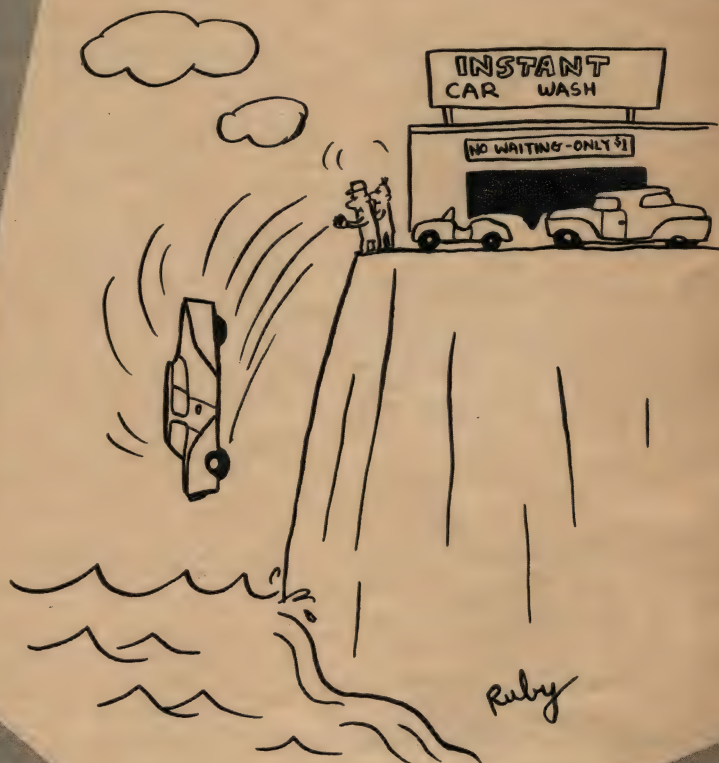
"Why, Henry Benson—I didn't know you cared!"



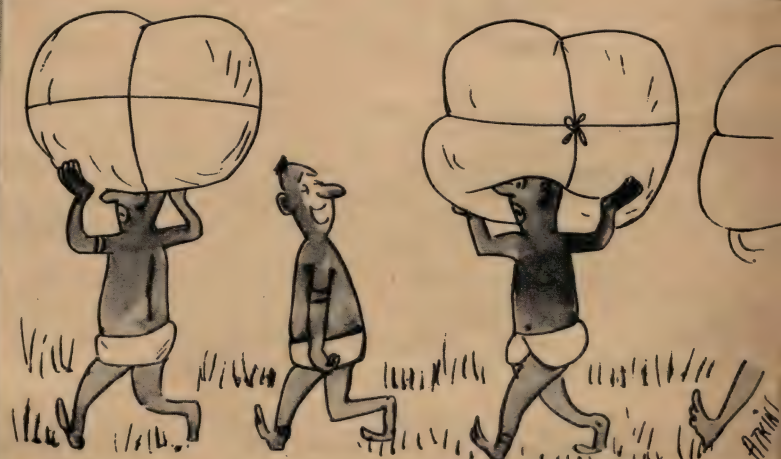
"...And it's clear that only by putting every minute to good use, will we be able to show a profit this year."



"But all I wanted was a lock of your hair!"



"If I know that guy, he'll be back."



"I had a few stamps at home so I sent mine ahead by parcel post."

WEEK THE SEX WIND BLEW

Society ladies assaulted waiters. A schoolmaster hunted coeds with a high-powered rifle. Old men dropped their briars and marched in a body to the Women's Institute. And the stolid Swiss people shrugged: "Grab a partner before the *foehn* gives out"

HOT CABLECAR—Operator of Grimsel funicular (*below*) stopped it in midair when the *foehn* started, splashed oil over the floor and walls, set fire to the passengers



by Benjamin Hill Blake

ART BY WALTER POPP

THE young geologist from Akron, Ohio, was the bookish type. Ignoring the remarks directed to him by three girls seated behind him in the Swiss railway coach, he glued his eyes on a book, "Igneous Rocks of Switzerland," and tried to put out of mind the bold suggestions they were making.

But he colored up like a 4th of July set-piece when the girls' proposals became more explicit.

He was embarrassed. Painfully so. The young man from Akron whose name was Robert Fitch wished he had caught a later train . . . or an earlier one. To the 23-year-old instructor from Western Reserve University, this experience was new and disturbing: three good-looking Swiss misses were trying to pick him up in a most shameless way.

Had the train been trundling along on any other track but this 6000-foot high stretch in the Alps, strait-laced Bob Fitch would have yanked the emergency cord and escaped from the women as soon as the train braked to a halt.

While he was mulling this possibility, he felt something coldly metallic pressed to the nape of his neck. "Will the American *herr* get up quietly and come with us to the rear compartment?" a 21-year-old blonde, oldest of the trio, murmured in his ear. Fitch, who had blushed in Technicolor before, now turned snow-flake white.

The knife pricking the skin next to his collar-button was no joke. Shaky and incredulous, he stood up reluctantly and tottered back to the compartment. Inside, he was visited by one girl at a time while the other two stood guard in the corridor.

"What kind of monkey business is this?" he demanded. "Gosh, nothing like this ever happened to me in the States. The fellows in Ohio will never believe it!"

"We are embarrassed but what else can we do?" replied the blonde, whose name was Teresa. She gave a resigned shrug. "It is this *foehn*." Deftly, she wiggled out of her peasant blouse and Fitch beheld a pair of truly impressive breasts and a matchless tapering waist.

He wondered if he was in the midst of a weird dream brought on by rich Swiss pastries, sausages and cheese. But the rhythmic click-clack of the wheels (*Continued on page 68*)

BERSERK BALL—When she had disrobed, the 20-year-old socialite Suzy Trendler screamed: "Can-can!" and jumped up onto the tablecloth



men's newsletter

continued from page 6

behind the deer, waits for it to reach top speed before moving in for kill, then hits hindquarters with forepaws, then clamps in on the throat and chokes it to death like a bulldog. Unless stopped, the cheetah will eat the killed animal's hindquarters ecstatically . . .

Great appeal of cat hunting is it's a good off-season activity everywhere. CAT HUNTING OPEN YEAR ROUND, so doesn't interfere with other game season . . . You can douse poles with preventative mixtures, woodpeckers will still chomp away as merrily as they do on bare poles . . .

PAY WINDOW

Oil Fever's driving Fairbanks, Alaska, crazy. Big scramble up there for oil and natural gas leases near Clam Gulch on Alaska's Kenai Peninsula, close to Klondike Gold Rush area of 1898 . . . Gamblers now



Summer Auto Ice

being called big kids, GAMBLING A HIDDEN URGE TO RETURN TO CHILDHOOD WHERE WISHES MEANT SOMETHING and you could try to wish something true . . .

If you've got to gamble, best way to throw away your money is probably the ponies, WHERE A GOOD STUDENT OF "FORM" CAN PICK MORE WINNERS THAN A LOUSY ONE . . . There's finally a 24-inch table model TV for under \$200 . . . If you've got the cash to invest in a company, check its earnings, not its

dividends per share. EARNINGS A BETTER MEASURE OF STRENGTH . . .

Talk about inventions: Dr. Ernst Alexanderson, who came up with the first home reception of TV in 1927, has delivered ALMOST ONE PATENT EVERY SEVEN WEEKS FOR THE LAST 46 YEARS . . . You save money in the long haul with an electric knife sharpener in the 15-buck category. You're set with sharp knives, no nuisance, for years . . . CHEESEDogs—HOTDOGS WITH LITTLE STRIP OF CHEESE INSIDE—COMING, but they'll cost 10 cents a pound more than cheeseless ones . . . PRICE OF POPCORN IS SOARING . . .

RULES OF THE ROAD

Nine out of ten drivers underestimate stopping distances . . . Graveyard-bound is the guy who depends on other man's left-



Child Gamblers

hand signal. He may be flicking a butt or checking the weather . . . May sound weird, but really safe driver uses directional and hand signals. The guy behind you needs this because it's so easy to misinterpret hand signs . . . PRESENT ANTI-FREEZES WON'T WORK IN PROTOTYPE ALUMINUM ENGINES FOR FUTURE CARS . . .

Average speed for head-on collisions is 42 mph in rural areas, 27 mph in urban areas . . . COMING UP: SUMMER VENTILATION THROUGH CAR SEATS. And windows that fit flush with outer skin to reduce wind drag and noise . . . BIG MOVEMENT TOWARD SIXES: Police for city patrol work, taxi boys for better traffic fuel mileage . . . Sixes are a terrific deal, but much noisier than their eight cousins . . . LOWER HORSEPOWER VEHICLES ARE ONES ASSOCIATED WITH HIGHER ACCIDENT RATE. You often need the HP to get out of accident situations . . .

Speedostat is speed control device which automatically drives car at steady, pre-set speed. Optional on '59 Chryslers . . . Sometimes guy who comes at you with only one beam on isn't at fault, but service station man is. If two-pronged plug connector is inserted upside down, or if lights were wrongly wired, mismatched headlights are the result . . . NEW TRUCKS OF FREIGHTWAYS, INC. OF PORTLAND, OREGON, HAVE CABS

WITH PLUNGING RIGHT-DOOR WINDOWS, to enable driver to watch low-slung sport cars on starboard side . . .

THE SPORTING CROWD

Georges Carpentier only fighter ever to campaign in all eight weight divisions, from flyweight to heavyweight . . . **LONGEST FIGHT STAGED:** Jack Burke vs. Andy Bowen in 1893. Went seven hours and 19 minutes to a draw . . . Greatest weight difference between two fighters 160 pounds. Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons 140, Ed Dunkhorst 300. Fitz took it in two rounds . . .

Top hockey stars always go for corner of goal, whichever corner goalie lets them see most of . . . Baseball coaches don't object to players golfing in off-season. But fire a man for doing 36 holes in baseball season, then checking in fagged for workout . . . **MARYLAND GIVES FORGETFUL BETTORS THREE YEARS TO REMEMBER TO COLLECT, NEW YORK ONE YEAR . . .** Low ball pitcher will fire low ones even to low ball hitter, since pitcher always pitches to his own strength—except when he's ahead of the hitter . . .

Oldtimers always bring up fight between Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler in 1922. Leonard, the champ, was staggering, Tendler out ahead, then Leonard whispered something in Tendler's ear that slowed Lew up. He never came back after that, and **THERE'S SPECULATION UP TO NOW AS TO WHAT BENNY SAID . . .**

ODD NUMBERS

A panty thief is running around in Essex, London. **BREAKS IN ON DARING RAID, STEALS ONLY PANTIES OF GIRLS . . .** Scots have sexiest beds in world, shorter than anyone else's



Short, Loving Sacks

—forcing sleepers to sleep curled up . . . Beautician ring operating on the East Coast as a front for call-girls . . . **NEW GIMMICK WITH HORROR MOVIES IS TO TAKE BLOOD PRESSURE OF PEOPLE BEFORE LETTING THEM GO IN . . .**

MOST WOMEN-HUNGRY BACHELORS IN WORLD are on Grip Island off Norwegian coast. All single girls of marriageable age deserted for bright lights of mainland. The storm-lashed island did something crazy to the male inhabitants, so girls just took off . . . Census says place with highest average of sunshine per square inch is Phoenix, Arizona . . . **THIS IS WHEN A MOVIE'S "IM-MORAL,"** according to a N.Y. psychiatrist: When it produces only childish sexual responses by giving the viewer a feeling of being a "peephole" watcher and arouses no human warmth or love . . .

MORE MEN THAN WOMEN CRACK UP INTO MENTAL HOSPITALS . . .

NEW GADGETS AND GIMMICKS

There'll be a production model TV phone within 15 years. You'll see the guy or gal you're talking to . . . **A NEW PLASTIC PAVE-**



Face on a Line

MENT COVERING CUTS CAR STOPPING DISTANCE BY HALF . . . San Diego outfit will be producing battery-powered cars soon. These will have a 70-mile range before recharging, speeds up to 55 mph, sell for \$2200. May be the answer to high gasoline costs . . .

DUE ONE DAY: Scentovision: Movies with smells—sliced ham in delicatessen scenes, orange blossoms in wedding views . . . New exposure meter just for flash photography, called Flashmate . . . An automatic single shot: the new .22 caliber Winchester Model 55 rifle is loaded through top of chamber. Load automatically puts on safety. Once fired, don't have to cock again . . . Camera coming that turns out **COLOR PICTURES IN A MINUTE . . .**

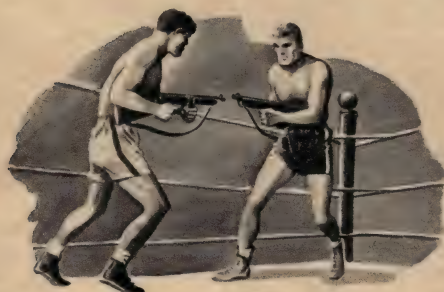
French making the best progress on underwater boxes for your underwater picture shooting . . . Look for convertible TV sets in which the encased picture tube can be slipped out to serve as small, compact portable set . . . **SHOE SHINE PADS GOOD FOR ONE SHINE, no messing with cans, daubers, brushes . . .**

A pocket calorie counter that adds up your day's intake . . . A combination ball-point pen-flashlight, for writing in theaters, nightclubs . . .

by Ken Armstrong

MEN and MEDICINE

BOXING GETS A LOW BLOW—British medical men are up in arms against the entire sport of boxing. For years they have been hounding the public to boycott the fights, claiming ring matches have been responsible for more serious injuries and deaths than any other sporting event. So worked up are the English physicians that they flatly reject the theory that all sports have their risks. They claim that this completely ignores the fact that the



avowed purpose of boxing is to injure the opponent . . . injuries that have claimed 64 deaths in four years. Best estimates are that the furor caused by the latest body-blow from the medical profession will force the matter to be raised for debate in the House of Commons.

YOUR ACHING BACK—Next to headaches, probably the most common pain that people experience is backache. There are a few simple rules to follow to help relieve the misery. If the twinge seems to indicate a simple backache, a couple of aspirins and a good long soak in a hot tub of water may turn the trick. A heating lamp or pad often works. If the muscles are sore, a gentle kneading will often make the pain disappear. If these home-spun remedies don't relieve the situation, your doctor is the next step. He may recommend a physical therapist for massage, heat or diathermy. Should he diagnose the persistent backache as rheumatoid arthritis, one of the cortisone drugs will be prescribed. Traction will undoubtedly occur to him if he feels that the spine should be "extended" to take pressure off the nerves. Should examination turn up a ruptured disc, surgical treatment may be indicated. In any case, don't wait

too long with a backache that lingers. Aspirin and heat should work quickly if there is nothing more complicated involved. Once these measures fail—put yourself in the hands of your doctor.

BREATHE AND LIVE AT THE MOVIES—If tests that have been run on a mixed group of guinea pigs and humans hold up, we all may go through a pleasant immunization against tuberculosis. Doctors have found that a spray of anti-TB vaccine—"BCG"—can be administered to people by filling a room with it and letting them inhale. According to the medics working on the project, hundreds of thousands of Americans can be through their immunizations while attending a local movie. All that would have to be done would be to develop a way to shoot the "BCG" spray out into the theater while the show was on.

YOUTH WILL BE SHOT—When the 85-year old Dean of Canterbury commented on the rejuvenation shots he was taking at a clinic in Bucharest, here is what he said: "It has restored powers which I had lost, and it's making me act and feel as if several years had been

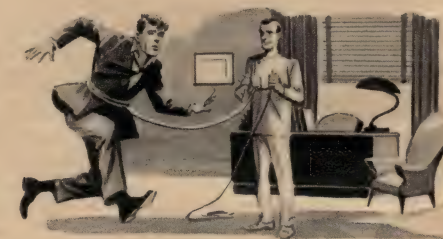


taken off my age." Dr. Anna Aslan, operator of the "fountain of youth" clinic, calls her age-saving formula Substance H-3. Best reports are that it consists of novocain in an acid solution, and people who have tried it claim that the shots make the hair, skin and glands biologically younger.

SUCCESSFUL SUICIDES—Roughly 17,000 deaths are chalked up each year in

the United States as a result of suicide attempts. This is more than the death rate for tuberculosis and twice the number of deaths recorded for alcoholism, epilepsy, multiple sclerosis and nephritis combined. For the patient who survives the suicidal effort, a psychiatrist should take over as soon as emergency treatment has taken place, as it is in this twilight period—when the patient seems to be recovering—that vigilance and concern tends to relax and another attempt may take place.

NO COFFEE FOR DRUNKS—Another age-old theory has just gone down the drain. According to the director of the



Yale Center of Alcoholic Studies, pouring coffee into a guy with the blind staggers or making him run around the block are a waste of time. The only result of these methods will be to leave you with a wide-awake drunk on your hands instead of a much more manageable sleepy one.

WEARING OF THE GREEN—Still under wraps until it is completely checked out is a secret dye method for determining which flesh to remove from patients who have sustained severe burns. When the as yet un-named chemical is injected into a burn victim's bloodstream, all healthy tissue turns a deep green color. All destroyed tissue retains its normal color. After two days, the green begins to fade and eventually disappears. This same method is also showing wonderful results in patients who turn up with bone infections. Healthy bone tissue turns green, while the infected bone remains white.

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Pou-Pou's Balloon-Girl Ring

continued from page 23

fate—and try to enjoy it the best way you can.”

Pou-Pou Dulac rose up in anger at this. “No man will ever have his way with me unless I decide.”

The girls were interrupted by a series of events that came with dazzling swiftness. First, a knock at the door and the aeronaut Truc burst into the room, half undressed, and planted himself stubbornly in a chair. Hardly seconds later, Phaneuf-Ricot bounded into the apartment followed by a gloomy-looking young man in tweeds and a deer stalker cap of ancient vintage.

“There, you see,” cried the millionaire. “They are all prostitutes. Arrest them.”

The gloomy young man, whose name was Fante, drew out a heavy gold watch and shook his head. “We are now in the ‘hours of darkness.’ It is an odd aspect of French law that . . .”

“Then guard them till daylight,” snarled Phaneuf-Ricot. “I have been aloft in a balloon for hours. I am going to a hotel.”

The morose young detective, Fante, and the sheepish-looking balloonman took up their vigil outside the apartment. Pou-Pou pounded the door and raged at them, “Deceivers! Betrayers! Injustice!”

Finally, Louise, Bette and Trientje calmed her down and forced her to drink a cup of tea. But a scheme had been forming within her lovely young head.

“We are going to revenge ourselves on men—and their laws—and on M. Phaneuf-Ricot, the monster.”

Arming herself with a heavy walnut-handled umbrella, Pou-Pou directed Louise to pretend illness, then waited by the door. When the gloomy detective came through the door, he was knocked unconscious, relieved of his pistol.

TRUC, the balloonman, coming to his aid, was forced at pistol-point to take the four young women by cab to the *Champ de Mars*, and there to the Phaneuf-Ricot balloon.

Truc, ashen-faced, entreated the four girls not to go aboard. “Ladies, I beg you, it is too dangerous.”

Pou-Pou shook her curls angrily and nudged him with the weapon. “You are going to help us steal the great man’s balloon. Now, get aboard and take us to—to Italy.”

The next morning, in the office of the Commissioner of the Sûreté, Ferdinand Phaneuf-Ricot raved and ranted, while the young detective Fante, stood head down, cap at half-mast, looking gloomier than ever.

“Botched. Bungled. A balloon, worth three million francs, stolen from under your nose.”

The Commissioner tried to be soothing, but Phaneuf-Ricot stomped out, leaving dire warnings behind him. There would be grim political consequences to the Commissioner if he did not bring back the balloon and the girl immediately. The official, in his turn, issued an even fiercer warning to Detective

Martin Fante and gave him his orders: “Pursue the balloon, bring the lawbreakers to justice—or else. . . .”

Fante had no difficulty tracing the southward course of the giant sphere. In each and every town, goggle-eyed citizens told of seeing four girl aeronauts whizzing overhead. There was no mistaking their identity. Blondes? Yes, m’sieu, and what blondes! If the informant was a man, most likely he kissed his fingers to emphasize the point.

Detective Fante tracked the balloon girls right to the sentry boxes of the Italian border guards. He could go no farther; he must sit down and wait for them to venture back onto French soil. And sit he did, at the rear table of the smallest, dankest cafe in Cannes, drinking an alarming quantity of *pernod*, and growing increasingly gloomy.

Across the border, in a sprawling pink villa high above the cobalt-blue Mediterranean, Pou-Pou mobilized her balloon girls for all-out war on law, order and men. She had found the perfect base of operations in this estate—the property of young Freddi, Conti di Beccarelle, founder and president of the Ancient Aerial and Balloon Society of San Remo. Freddi, whose soft brown eyes followed every undulation of Pou-Pou’s young body, was delighted to offer his hospitality, and the help of his mechanics, to fellow balloonists.

It was a routine day in Cannes for the young French bloods who sat sipping their wine in the Villa St. Priest. Behind each guest stood a footman, waiting to wipe the glass after each swallow. Young, dashing Jacques Pourtales gossiped about a discarded mistress with Grand Duke Alexis, a giant with a gold beard.

Charles de Fitz-James, sportiest sport of *fin-de-siecle Europe*, lounged back and put into words the question everyone was asking secretly, “Isn’t anything going to happen ever again?”

“It’s happening right out the window, Charles,” said his brother, the Duc, putting down his glass and adjusting his monocle. There was a sudden rush for the windows, and then a series of gasps and exclamation of unbelief.

Hovering low over the adjoining polo field was a tremendous balloon, with alternating gores of red and blue silk. From the car trailed strands of lace, and on the side of the car itself was a tricolor flag on which was worked in large letters, *For the Pleasure of the Gentlemen of France*.

Fitz-Jameses, grand dukes, earls and multimillionaires streamed pell-mell onto the polo field. Now, looking up at the car, they saw the seductive forms of Pou-Pou and her cousins leaning over the side of the car. The girls, all in tight-fitted bodices, leaned over still farther to wave their bright-colored scarves, displaying spectacular expanses of snowy bosom.

“This show beats the *Folies* hollow” puffed

Charles Fitz-James, running after the balloon as it scudded over the field.

“Ladies, have mercy, invite us aboard,” called the Grand Duke Alexis.

Pou-Pou Dulac dropped a sturdy rope from the balloon, which was now a mere 20 feet above the heads of the gallant assemblage. Alert Jacques Pourtales, who’d had the presence of mind to mount his horse, was the first man to reach the rope. He went up hand-over-hand, assisted by the balloon girls.

Bette, the experienced sister, was seen to take his hand and disappear with him into one of the curtained compartments.

So impressed was young de Pourtales by the experience which followed, that he recounted the incident to a friend, the Comte de Signy, who included it in his memoirs.

This saucy young girl with the superbly contoured figure led me into a dimly lit pavilion in one corner of the airship’s gondola, reported Pourtales. The apartment, though tiny, was decorated with elegance worthy of an Eastern Prince, the walls hung with brilliant red, blue and purple silk . . .

The smallness of the room brought us into immediate intimate contact, and I was instantly aware of the strangest, yet most thrilling sensation I had ever known. The gentle swaying motion of the balloon-car gave our love gestures the quality of a dream. And, although I had drunk no more than one glass of vin ordinaire that morning, I felt as though I were supremely, gloriously drunk, and possessed of infinite power. . . .

POURTALES, on an impulse, seized the laughing nymph in his arms and tossed her up into the air; at this moment her dress, which had been loosely belted about her, fell away from her fine young body . . . Pourtales placed her gently on the low couch that stood in one corner of the compartment, but as he drew her down, she seized the silken draperies and wound them about herself.

“Will the *monsieur* buy my fine silks?” she asked, her bold eyes flirting with the hint of a smile.

There were exactly 20 silks wrapped about the girl. For each one of them I paid the considerable sum of 20,000 francs, confided Pourtales to his friend de Signy, the memoirist. But the moment I had purchased the last of the cloths, I realized that I had made a beautiful bargain. . . .

The other men on the field had to content themselves with catching pink roses thrown down by Pou-Pou, Louise and Trientje.

Within 10 minutes, Jacques Pourtales emerged from his compartment, dishevelled, shirt half-unbuttoned, and slid down the rope. He smiled ruefully to his friends, “It’s a costly affair—someone must lend me money to play at the tables tonight.”

Meantime, under the direction of Pou-Pou, the girls cast off four sandbags and the balloon commenced to gain altitude. Presently, it had vanished over the horizon in the direction of San Remo on the Italian Riviera.

Word of the fantastic balloon girls and their airborne fun house spread through Cannes like wildfire. It reached a certain murky little cafe in which Martin Fante, the detective, sat, half silly on *pernod*. Next day, he was among the multitude that waited in wild confusion on the Cannes polo field.

At high noon, the candy-striped balloon floated into view. This time, it trailed two ropes; Grand Duke Alexis seized one and

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clambered up it with a few flexings of his mighty arms. Up the other rope shinned a dark-haired, rather shabby and gloomy looking personage who didn't belong in these elegant surroundings. It was Martin Fante, representative of the Sûreté.

Pou-Pou Dulac helped him over the side of the car. He, in turn, drew a document from inside his baggy tweed hunting coat and commenced to read, "Mademoiselle Dulac, I arrest you for grand and petty larceny, for creating a public nui . . ."

"Wait," said Pou-Pou. "Monsieur Detective, you cannot arrest us. You are not on French soil . . ."

Sad-faced Martin Fante muttered, "It is an odd aspect of the French law." He thrust the paper back into his coat and hooked one leg over the side of the gondola, preparatory to leaving. "Yet, I assure Mademoiselle, I will find the means of bringing you to justice by tomorrow."

Pou-Pou Dulac shook her curls, and said to the Grand Duke, who was just about to enter one of the compartments. "It would seem that Monsieur Detective has no ground to stand on."

The Grand Duke laughed until his yellow beard shook. "The Prince of Wales must see this when he arrives in Cannes. This is too good to miss."

The next day came, and the next, and the next, and still the man from the Sûreté had devised no way to capture Pou-Pou's wayward balloon. Meantime, Pou-Pou's cousins had produced for her a small fortune in exchange for their favors.

Then, one day, while detective Fante stood, face hopefully upraised for the arrival of the balloon, he was jolted by the sudden appearance of Monsieur Phaneuf-Ricot, who demanded immediate action to recover his property—or immediate dismissal for the entire staff of the Sûreté—especially including detective Fante.

The sad-visaged young man said, "Today is the day, Monsieur. The trap is laid, the pigeons will fall."

AS the balloon of Pou-Pou drifted into sight and paused twenty-five feet above the field, several men Fante had stationed about the field seized the ropes and began drawing the balloon down to the field. Others threw ropes with large hooks attached in an attempt to ensnare the gondola more securely. "Pou-Pou, we're caught," cried Louise, Bette and Trientje in chorus. Pou-Pou struggled desperately to untie the ropes and cast them loose, but the car was now almost within arm's reach of the Sûreté men. In despair, she wrung her hands and implored the crowd of gallants below. As if on signal, the courtly Pourtales dashed through the crowd on his stallion, slashing the two ropes with his cavalry saber.

The balloon shivered and moved upward, just out of the reaching hands of Fante and his agents.

Pou-Pou flung a fervent kiss of gratitude toward Pourtales. Meantime, in a supreme gesture of derision, the three sportive sisters removed their pantalettes in full sight of the multitude and hurled them down upon the Sûreté men. Pou-Pou promptly followed suit. Since he was, after all a Frenchman, Martin Fante must have smiled faintly when Pou-Pou's lingerie brushed his face. On the other hand, there was no smile on the face of Ferdinand Phaneuf-Ricot. His face was the

color of a bank of his own prize-winning roses.

The close call made it clear to the clever Pou-Pou that the game couldn't go on forever. "We must pull off one grand *coup* and then retire before our luck runs out," she told her colleagues. "We must find some special victim."

The very next day came the answer to her prayers. Waiting on the field when the sphere hove into view was young Edward, Prince of Wales, and heir apparent to the throne of England. Pou-Pou recognized him instantly; she *must* have him. But how to get him up into the gondola?

Pou-Pou waved to merry Charles de Fitz-James, who stood at the Prince's side. "Say, Charles, send up your good-looking friend, the stranger."

The Prince shook his head in a firm "No."

The resourceful balloon girl had expected this, so she shrugged her shoulders and went on about her business of handling the day's transactions.

NEXT day, the balloon made an unscheduled stop directly above Fitz-James' villa, where the Prince of Wales was a guest. When the royal Edward stepped out the door for his morning constitutional, a slip noose settled around his waist, tightened, and he was drawn up 20 feet and into the balloon car by four pairs of strong young female arms.

No notice was taken of the Prince's absence until the balloon failed to make its regular appearance over the polo field. Then, de Fitz-James became worried and took his fears to detective Martin Fante and to the prince's equerry. The town of Cannes and environs was searched, but the Prince was nowhere to be found. The British prince's equerry sent an anxious cable to England; the Mayor of Cannes sent an anxious message to the Government in Paris.

Soon the town was flocked with official representatives of the two national governments. A Very High Official of the British Empire met secretly with a Very High Official of the French Republic and conveyed the profound distress felt by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. If the Prince were harmed or became involved in even the slightest scandal, the whole Empire would be compromised. The two High Officials agreed that this was the kind of Crisis that might even touch off a Major War. It was agreed that the Prince must be found immediately by hook or crook and that the whole affair must be Hushed Up.

The High French Official turned for aid to the Sûreté and the Sûreté was compelled to turn to the increasingly sad-eyed Detective Martin Fante, who knew more than anyone about the vagaries of the Balloon Girls.

"M. Fante," they told him, "You *must* reach those girls today."

M. Fante retired to his favorite cafe, spent two hours in gloomy thought, then suddenly snapped his fingers, went off and hired himself a balloon. Since his mission was of utmost secrecy, it was decided he must not take a professional airman with him—so he took a short course in ballooning. After two hours of this, he ascended and drifted in an almost windless sky across the border to San Remo. Coming to earth at the pink villa of di Beccarrelli, Fante was met by Louise and Pou-Pou, each carrying a drawn pistol.

"You want the Prince back," she said, "but what ransom will you pay."

"Name your price and I will transmit it to the powers," said Fante. Perhaps at this point, Martin Fante the detective became Martin Fante the man, and began to appreciate Pou-Pou's truly splendid figure, her marvelous eyes, etc.

"Our price is very small. We want full immunity from prosecution—and full deed to the balloon." She turned to Louise, Bette and Trientje. "The girls want to go back to France. They find that they are no longer angry at men—nor at the law."

"I think the powers will scream, but I think it will be managed," said Fante.

There was a hurried exchange of views; a document extending immunity to the balloon girls was drawn up, allowing them to live in France free from prosecution if they desisted from their present practices. The whole agreement was declared invalid if any of the terms were ever publicly revealed.

The next day, for the last time, the sky over Cannes was brightened by a huge red and blue balloon. The landing was witnessed only by officials and Sûreté men; the time was early dawn and the streets had been carefully cleared of citizens.

The tall, straight Prince stepped briskly from the gondola, none the worse for his lark. The three sisters Dulac emerged next, grateful to be back on French soil. Finally, the lovely Pou-Pou Dulac was helped out of the car by detective Fante, who had suddenly become quite chivalrous. Perhaps for a moment Pou-Pou reflected that Martin Fante was someone she might grow to like, but she was quickly distracted by a storm cloud blowing in from the north.

The rain came first, driving the spectators to cover. Then came gusts of wind, tearing at the big balloon. Pou-Pou Dulac was inside the gondola, struggling with the cord that deflated the big bag. A gust larger than the others came at this moment and swept the balloon off the ground. All the onlookers were taken off guard by this event—save for detective Fante, who seized a guy rope in an effort to slow the rise of the balloon. Instead, he was carried into the sky, and only by an incredible effort was he able to clamber up into the gondola.

THE last sight of Martin Fante and Pou-Pou Dulac was indeed ironic. The girl who had sworn vengeance on men and their laws was locked in the protecting arms of a man sworn to uphold those laws.

The balloon, blown out over the Mediterranean in the great storm that followed, was presumed lost, and its two occupants were listed as officially dead. Yet, legend persists in the native quarter of Tunis that a great cloud dropped out of the sky, bearing a blue-eyed man and a blue-eyed woman, and that they lived for many years in that section of the city, and that their blue-eyed children filled many rooms.

There is no record that the tycoon Phaneuf-Ricot made any effort to confirm the legend. Apparently he'd had enough of Pou-Pou, the amazing balloon girl.

END

PICTURE CREDITS

P. 14, UPI; pp. 16-19, European, WW; pp. 26-27, UPI (2), Culver Service; pp. 30-31, FPG, PIX; pp. 32-35, Galaxy; pp. 36-37, FPG, Culver Service, Black Star, Penguin Photos, from Columbia Western; p. 82, Peter Basch.



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Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

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Question *Who are some of these people?*

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Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

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"I'm Up to My Neck in Gold"

continued from page 37

of world prominence. Little of the looks and charm were left now.

At 45 his blonde hair was streaked with gray. His face was bloated with dissipation, his once-powerful body flabby from drink and fantastic sexual excesses. When he lifted the half-empty bottle of brandy, his hands shook so that he spilled part of it before he could get the neck to his drooling lips. When the bottle was empty he sent it smashing against the wall.

He staggered to his desk and stood swaying, glaring down at a small poke of gold dust. It contained less than \$20 worth, all he possessed in the world.

"Gold," he spat. "*Gott verdamt gold!*"

He swept the poke onto the floor and tried drunkenly to stamp on it. Then, hiccupping sobs, he lurched to a hanging rope and gave it three jerks.

IN another part of the decaying fort, a bell jangled three times. His Number One mistress, Indian Mary, heard the signal and began to curse, savagely and obscenely. She cursed John Sutter in English and Spanish and half a dozen Indian dialects.

When she had run out of breath and words, she snatched open the door to an inner room where three Indian girls lay asleep on a filthy blanket on the dirt floor. Panting, Indian Mary caught the braids of the oldest, a 14-year-old.

"He wants you, goddam him," she spat. "Go to him and make sure he isn't disappointed. Don't forget, he paid \$100 for you."

As the whimpering girl stumbled out across the darkness of the compound, John Sutter lurched to the open door of his quarters and stood swaying, silhouetted against the candle light within.

God's Nobleman was bellowing an obscene song in German and tearing off his clothes.

This was not the end of John Sutter, nor of the misfortunes that dogged his life. There would be other great failures ahead, as there had been so often in his past. Sutter was a man in whom the seeds of greatness were smothered by tragic weaknesses that ruled and wrecked him. The gold that brought wealth to so many brought only disaster to him, but the gold was only an instrument in the hands of his worst enemy. That enemy was John Sutter.

He was born Johann Augustus Suter in the village of Kander, Switzerland, in 1803 and lost little time in becoming the black sheep of a family of poor but respectable paper-makers. One of his biographers claims he was introduced to the delights of love at the age of 10 by an amorous streetwalker with curious interests. If so, his ravisher gave him a goal he was to pursue hotly as long as Nature permitted.

He grew into a stocky, handsome lecher with a thirst for liquor and an eye for anything in skirts. His formal education was scant but a passion for books gave him a

veneer of culture and a fierce yearning to be rich and important. At 22 he was a poorly paid butcher's clerk in Burgdorf, hating his job and going steadily deeper in debt to buy books and to finance his nightly tomcatting.

Among his conquests was Anna Dubeld, daughter of a prosperous widow, who responded so ardently that the consequences were inevitable. She broke the news one night as they dallied in a secluded thicket.

"Johann, *liebchen*, we must be married and quickly. I am in a condition I can no longer hide from mama."

"Good God!" he yelped. "I thought you were smarter than that. I couldn't marry anybody on my wages if I wanted to."

"You're going to marry me," Anna said grimly.

A few nights later a delegation of City Fathers repeated that statement to Johann, adding an unpleasant "or else." Frau Dubeld, it appeared, was a woman of considerable influence. Being too broke to run away, Johann had little choice. At least, he comforted himself, Frau Dubeld's pride would force her to find something more elevated than a butcher shop for her sudden son-in-law.

They were married October 24, 1826, and 13 hours later his first son, Johann Augustus, Jr., was born. Suter took one look at the squawling creature that had trapped him so neatly and went out and got stinking drunk. His rage and resentment did not, however, keep him from siring a daughter and three more sons at minimum intervals thereafter.

Meanwhile he had not misjudged his mother-in-law's pride. Frau Dubeld set him up in his own fancy dry goods store and used her influence to send him wealthy customers. Money poured in, though not half as fast as Johann could spend it on clothes, books, liquor and girls. For a few years he roistered on a magnificent scale. Then the end came with brutal abruptness.

HE returned from a trip one day to discover that his clerk had departed with all the cash and stock and creditors were closing in. It was quite a shock to Frau Dubeld to learn that her virile and ingenious son-in-law had not only used her name to operate on credit and float huge loans, but had mortgaged both her property and the store to at least three banks at once.

When the dust settled, she was almost bankrupt and Johann was over the French border with a forged passport and the balance of the family cash and on his way to New York.

He wrote Anna that he would send for his family as soon as he had made his fortune, then put them out of his mind. With his charm, his wide knowledge of books and his command of German and French he was busy dazzling his fellow passengers

by claiming to have been an officer in the Swiss Guard and confidential adviser to Napoleon. By the time they docked in New York in late July, he had accepted an ocean of free drinks and an invitation to join a German company bound for St. Louis. Along the way he acquired a fair command of English and Americanized his name to John August Sutter.

In booming St. Louis he was more of a social than a financial success and presently took a job with a French trading caravan bound for Santa Fe. For one so fond of ease, Sutter revealed a surprising indifference to the dangers and hardships of the trail. He returned with a smattering of Spanish and a strong taste for Mexican *Senoritas* and *aguardiente*, the fiery native brandy.

He also brought a glib air of authority on the Santa Fe trade and easily conned a group of German merchants into letting him take a caravan of their goods to the Mexican capital. It proved to be a case of sad misjudgment all around. Trade was off, Mexican officials greedy and the market glutted. By the time he had properly consoled himself with *aguardiente* and willing *Senoritas* there was not much left to console his backers.

SUTTER gave up trade by request, and by necessity became a clerk in a Westport, Missouri store. After a few dismal months he escaped by joining an American Fur Brigade heading west. What was danger and hardship to the rest was a gay picnic to the incredible Sutter. He burst upon startled Fort Vancouver in early October, 1838, resplendent in a gaudy French officer's uniform complete with enormous gold epaulets and dress sword, for which he had traded a beaver pelt along the way. At his heels trotted an Indian boy he had bought for \$100 from Kit Carson at the Wind River rendezvous. The boy spoke English and Spanish in addition to Indian dialects and proved invaluable as both an interpreter and valet.

Clerks, trappers and Indians were awed speechless and the factor, Sir James Douglas, broke out his best foods and liquor for so distinguished a guest. Sutter told him of a scheme forming in his mind to found a colony of Swiss immigrants, a feudal empire over which he would rule. "Like der pig Cherman colony py St. Louis."

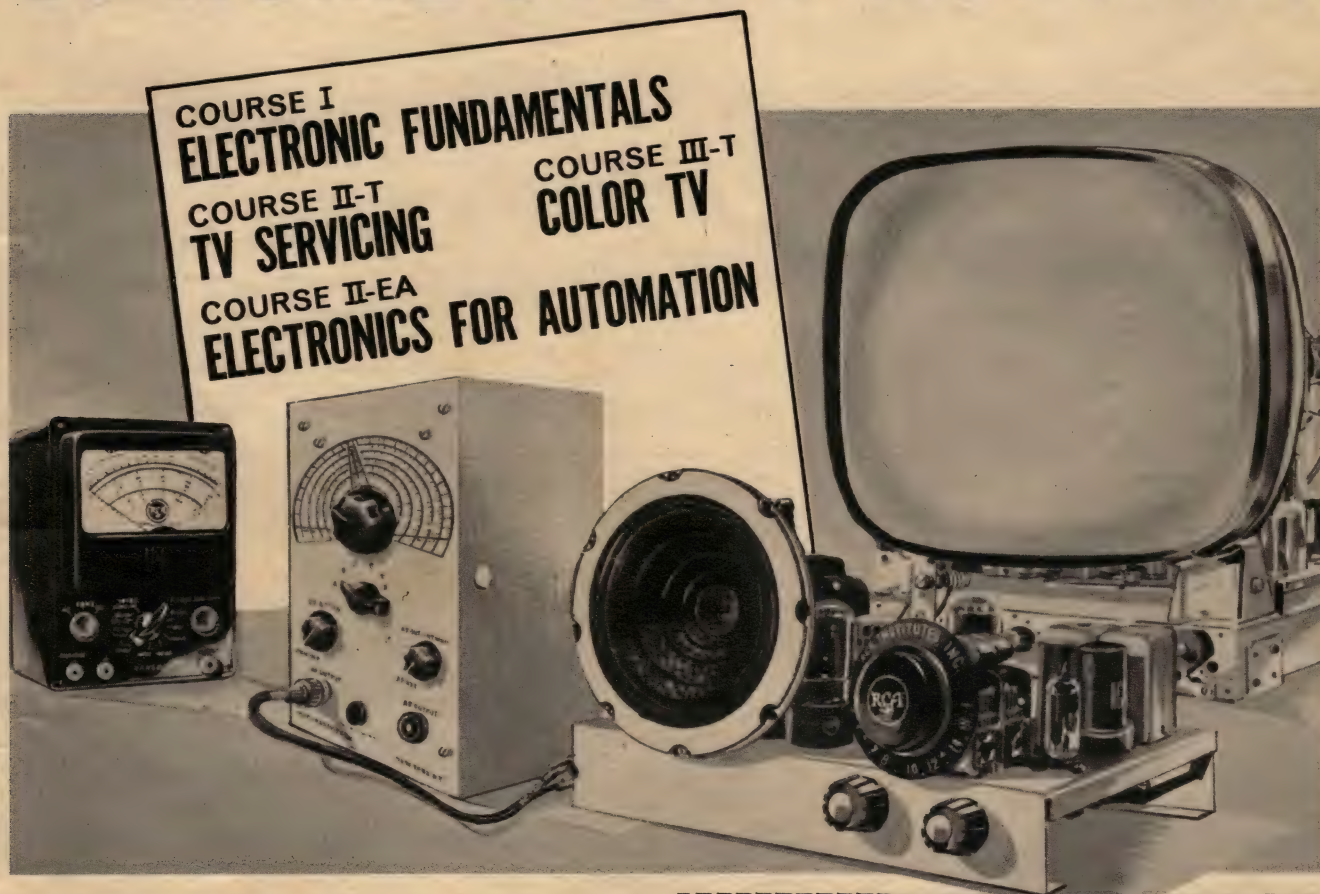
"California's the spot for you," Douglas told him. "A man can make a fortune there raising grain and livestock. If you get in good with the Mexican Governor, he'll give you all the land you need free."

"Py Gott," Sutter said, his eyes gleaming, "I vill in California establish mine New Helvetia."

Getting there was the problem. The mountain passes were already blocked by snow and no south-bound ships were expected until spring. Douglas offered a suggestion. "The Hudson Bay schooner *Columbia* sails for Honolulu on the 23rd. You can easily get a ship to California from there. I'll give you letters to important people."

Hospitable Hawaii gave a rictous welcome to the flamboyant Swiss with the unquenchable thirst and insatiable desire. As for Sutter, the sight of the bare-bosomed Island beauties and the discovery that 14 was considerably beyond the age of consent drove him to a frenzy. The resulting orgy awed even the natives.

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It took him three months to come to a foggy realization that if a ship to California did not come soon, he was a dead duck from sheer exhaustion. In self defense he had to sober up and save himself. He went to William French, leading merchant and owner of Hawaii's first sugar mill.

"Der brig *Clementine* for charter is. You could a pig profit make on a cargo of fruits and sugar to California mit an eggsperit like me to handle der trading."

French agreed, with the stipulation that they go by way of Sitka where a rich Russian colony was hungry for something besides seal meat and whale blubber. The deal was closed and Sutter rushed out to celebrate it.

They sailed April 20, 1839, with both Sutter and the *Clementine* loaded to the gunwales. Someone had given him a savage bulldog and King Kamehameha had loaned ten stout Kanaka men to help implement his dream. Two of these brought their lush young wives. Sutter tried both and appropriated 16-year-old Manaiki as his steady mistress with the tolerance, if not consent, of her genial husband.

SITKA welcomed him with open arms and purses. Governor Koupereanoff staged a grand ball where everyone spoke French for his benefit and politely look away when he made passes at Princess Maksoutoff. Sutter found the Russian's liquor superb and their ladies lonely and made a valiant effort to work his way through both before heading south in a happy stupor.

By contrast, his introduction to California was depressing. A fierce gale nearly wrecked them beating into San Francisco Bay and Yerba Buena turned out to be a miserable huddle of filthy huts. A glowering Mexican port official clambered aboard. "It is forbidden to anchor here without a permit from Governor Alvarado at Monterey. Leave at once or face arrest."

By fast talking, Sutter won a grudging 48-hour stay to repair storm damage and permission to go ashore and present his letters to important American and English merchants. They all greeted him warmly and assured him the rest of California was as lush and beautiful as any spot on earth. This news, with a few slugs of brandy, restored Sutter's spirits.

At Monterey, Governor Alvarado proved surprisingly warm to his grandiose dream. "The Sacramento Valley is fertile and unsettled. Choose any spot there and start your colony. If you can succeed, return in a year, accept Mexican citizenship and I will grant you all the land you need."

Sutter went out walking on clouds until cynics pointed out the joker. The Valley was deserted because Indians killed every settler. If his colony did survive, it would be near enough to Sonoma to annoy the hell out of Military Governor Vallejo, Alvarado's uncle and bitterest rival. Sutter's jaw set with Teutonic stubbornness. "So? Py Gott, we see about dot."

He quickly sold the remaining cargo, sent the *Clementine* off with a profitable return load, then rode up to Sonoma. In one afternoon he charmed General Vallejo out of active hostility and drank him out of brandy. Returning, he achieved his finest con job by talking the firm of Spear and Hinckley into taking his unsecured note for thousands of dollars worth of supplies and equip-

ment and the charter of ships to deliver it. That they were eventually paid was no fault of Sutter's.

When the expedition set sail up the Sacramento in early August of 1839, his little band of bulldog, Indian boy and Hawaiians had been augmented by a dozen bleary-eyed barflies seduced from Yerba Buena saloons by Sutter's oratory and his free drinks. It was, to say the least, a hell of a misfit aggregation to found an empire that would rock the earth.

For days they inched upstream under a blazing sun, with barely enough wind to fill the sails. Sutter finally lost patience and set off with the frightened Manaiki in a skiff to explore the wooded banks and tributary streams. The ship captain was appalled. "You fool, that underbrush is probably swarming with savages waiting to get someone within arrow shot."

Sutter shrugged. "Mitout I find the Indians, how can I to them eggsplain we are friends, *hein*?"

The next day he found his Indians and gave an incredible exhibition of cool nerve. The skiff was close to shore, creeping past a clearing, when suddenly 200 armed and painted warriors burst out onto the bank, howling and aiming their arrows. Escape was impossible. Manaiki collapsed, whimpering. Sutter's fierce bark stopped his rowers from snatching up guns. He stood up, lifting empty hands.

"*Amigo*," he called in Spanish. "Friend. Are there among you any who can speak the tongue of the Mission Fathers?"

Most tribes, he had heard, contained a few renegade Mission Indians from the days of the padres. After a moment a warrior replied in halting Spanish. Sutter sprang down and calmly waded ashore, smiling without a trace of fear.

In no time he was shaking hands and exchanging pledges of friendship with the fiercely handsome Anashe, chief of the Walagumne tribe. Despite the dark forebodings of the ship's crews, there was no treachery. On August 13th Anashe led them from the Sacramento a short way up the tributary American River to an old Indian campground on high land where Sacramento now stands. Sutter stared mistily around and

murmured, "*Gott sei dank!* Here I my New Helvetia will commence."

The news of his peace with the Indians brought an influx of settlers and border drifters. Sutter fed, liquored and worked them all and his colony grew amazingly. One of its additions was a blond son, presented to him by Manaiki. Sutter was not exactly overjoyed. During her encouchment he was solaced by a comely young squaw, the gift of Anashe. Sutter was so delighted with her talents that he made a deal with the chief to sell him any young captives taken in raids on other tribes.

One of New Helvetia's infant industries was, naturally, a distillery for converting the wild grapes of the region into brandy. Sutter tasted the first run and almost strangled. "*Donnevetter!* It ain't goot, but it's Gott tamn powerful yet." Either the brandy improved or his taste dulled, for he practically lived on the stuff thereafter.

The results of his first year delighted Governor Alvarado. Sutter had tamed the Indians and his growing colony had General Vallejo on the verge of apoplexy. In gratitude, Alvarado rewarded the Swiss with 50,000 rich acres and a captain's commission to raise and maintain his own defense army.

SUTTER rushed back to begin a bigger fort with an outer wall of adobe over logs, 18 feet high and 3 feet thick, measuring 160 by 300 feet. The old stockade inside was roofed over and partitioned into shops and quarters. It soon housed a trading post, carpenter and blacksmith shops, bakery, saloon and, critics said, California's biggest brothel.

With Anashe's village moved close, some colonists adopted the slogan "Familiarity breeds" and so many young squaws were lured from husbands that relations with the tribe grew strained. Sutter was the worst offender. No Indian girl could escape his gargantuan desires. Manaiki finally took the baby and left him in disgust, returning to her husband.

New Helvetia grew and so did his debts. Two years of floods wiped out crops so that by 1841 he owed over \$50,000. His characteristic reaction was to buy Fort Ross from the Russians for \$30,000—on credit, of course.

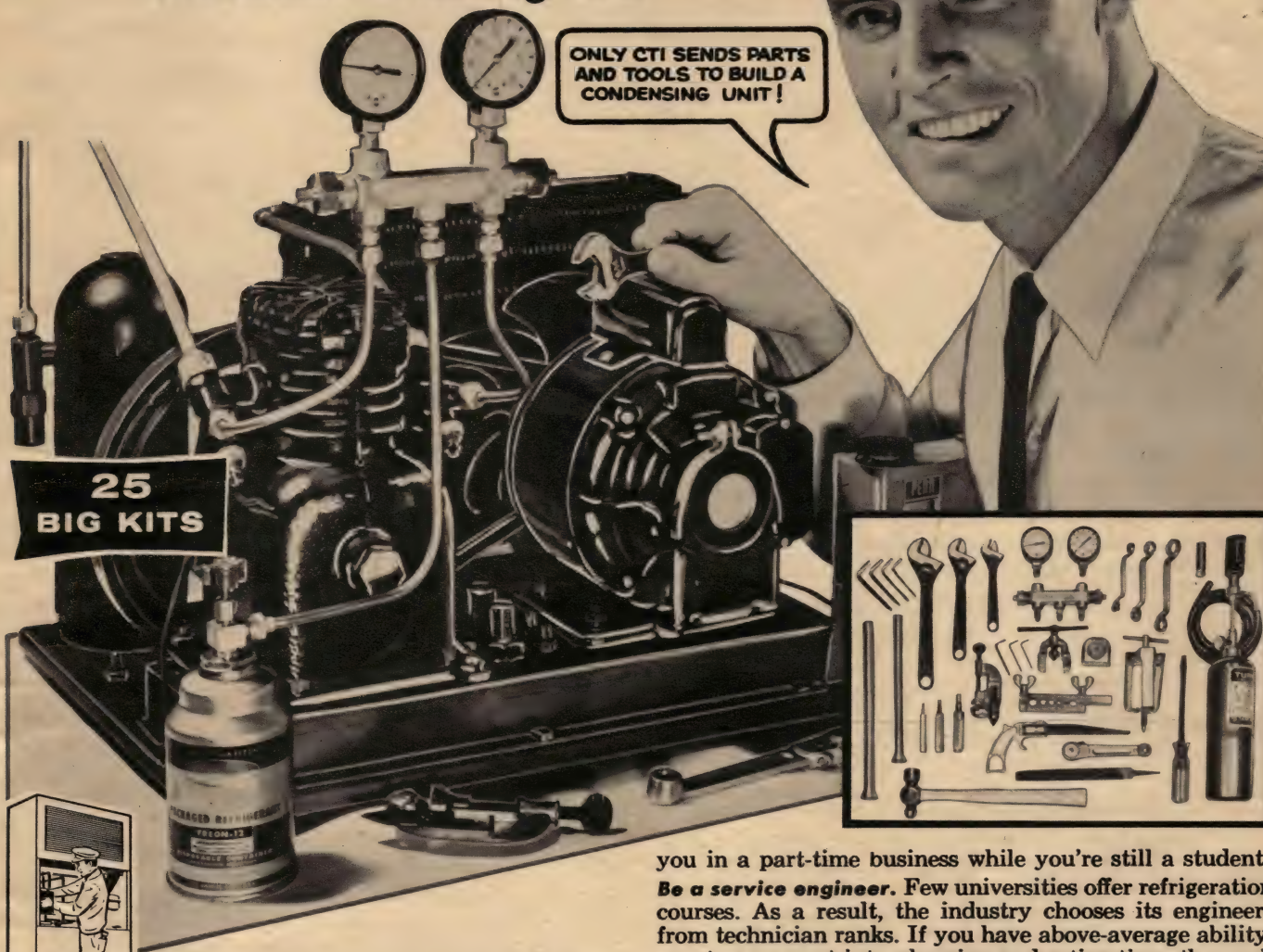
Fort Sutter stood on the immigrant trail from the east and a rising tide of wagons rolled in. Because it gave him a feeling of importance to play the rich host, he fed and supplied all comers free of charge. In the terrible early winter of 1846 he spent a small fortune trying to get a supply train to the Donner Party, trapped in the pass, and doomed to death.

A year later things had suddenly begun to look up. The United States had seized California and an influx of Americans were bringing a promise of new prosperity. The weather was kind, Sutter's vast herds were fat and sleek and he could look to the farthest horizon over fields of ripening wheat. With the prospect of being able to pay his debts, even the Russians held off a move to seize New Helvetia for the unpaid \$28,000. A new flour mill waited to grind the wheat and some 45 miles upriver James Marshall was finishing a sawmill that would soon start rafting lumber to the fort. But his pride and joy was the new village of Sutterville taking shape.

At 45 the marks of dissipation seamed his



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The news is spreading fast: America's finest opportunity field is now Air Conditioning and Refrigeration! Today there are over 150 million domestic and industrial units in use. Over 6 million new freezers, refrigerators and air conditioners are manufactured annually. So quickly is the industry expanding that 20,000 service technicians must be trained each year. Yes, air conditioning is a big, uncrowded field where the opportunities are as large as the paychecks!

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Write for new catalog. Your opportunities in the air conditioning and refrigeration industry are thoroughly covered in our big new booklet. *Mail coupon for your free copy.* We'll also send a lesson sample so you can see for yourself how easy it is to learn this top-pay, secure craft. Be sure to mail coupon today.—Commercial Trades Institute, Chicago 26, Illinois.



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bloated face. He was almost constantly drunk. His sex orgies were wilder than ever, though his latest mistress, Indian Mary, kept the worst excesses under cover and unwillingly supplied the young Indian girls his lust craved in order to keep him from openly raiding Anashe's village.

Then, after celebrating New Year's of 1848 with a monumental drunk, he sobered up, got a grip on himself and prepared to face his first real promise of solvency. The evening of January 18th he was pinned in his quarters by a violent rainstorm. This time he sipped sparingly at the brandy and faced his mountain of indebtedness with rare optimism.

Suddenly there was a pounding on his door and a hoarse voice bawled, "Cap'n Sutter, big news! Open up!"

Sutter threw open the door. "*Mein Gott! Marshall, was ist?*"

James Marshall dug a knotted cloth from his pocket and untied it with shaking hands. Inside nestled a mound of dirty yellowish flakes and lumps and grains. Sutter stared at it blankly. "Vot is it yet?"

"Gold," Marshall whispered. "Pure raw gold right out of the American River. I turned the water out of the new tailrace to deepen the channel and this was caught in the riffles. I took better'n an ounce out of just one little crack in the rock."

"*Gott in Himmel!*" Sutter yelled. "Gold in the American? Ach, no! Fool's gold, maybe yes, but not gold. *Nein.*"

"It's gold," Marshall said flatly. "Fool's gold is brittle but we hammered a piece of this out thinner than paper. We gave it every test we knowed—acid, lye, fire. Test it yourself."

"*Lieber Gott*, what will happen now?"

"Happen, for crissake?" Marshall yelled wildly. "You'll be the richest guy in the world, that's what'll happen. Get your jacket and come on. I'm riding back to the mill tonight."

"Tomorrow," Sutter said, twisting his hands. "Tonight it is late and storming and I must think about this. Tomorrow."

MARSHALL snorted, drained the brandy bottle and stamped out, slamming the door. In a daze, Sutter opened a new bottle and dropped into his chair, torn between wild elation and a dark premonition. Gold was worth \$16 an ounce. How many ounces would it take to pay nearly \$200,000 in debts? There could not be that many ounces in all the rivers of California. Or could there?

He was suddenly frightened. He had read and heard of the madness of gold fever, of crazy stampedes and cities abandoned over nothing more substantial than a rumor. His fields and his herds represented solid wealth, freedom from debt and worry, but only if he had the manpower to garner the harvest. If all his help dashed off to hunt gold now, he would be ruined. At all costs, this secret must be kept until his crops were in.

He slept little that night and was off before dawn. Marshall was waiting and led him straight to the channel from which the river had once more been turned. More gold lay on the bottom, in places so thick Sutter could spoon it out. Afterward he followed Marshall upriver and saw the same yellow flakes on river sandbars and on the bottom of the little mountain streams that tumbled

down from the High Sierras. Sutter could only mumble, "Goot Gott! Goot Gott!" Some of the gold fever began to burn in him.

The Mormon workmen finishing his mill were sober, solid men to whom a dollar in hand was worth ten perhaps. By offering double wages, Sutter got their promise to stay on until the sawmill was operating and to keep the gold a secret. This done, he rushed off to dicker for mineral rights with the Indians who controlled the lands along the American.

The secret of Sutter's Gold was kept for five days, and even that was a miracle. Teamsters freighting supplies to the mill saw the gold being washed, collected some for themselves and carried gold and news to the nearest saloon. The shrewd Sam Brannan, excommunicated Mormon elder who had leased space for a store at Sutter's Fort, raced off to spread the story, knowing a gold rush would boom his business. The man Sutter dispatched to Monterey to record his claims got drunk and babbled the news on shipboard. By mid March Sutter's

THE HOOD WHO BURNED HIS BLONDE BEHIND HIM

Rich, young Georges Rapin came from a respectable French family, which annoyed him a good deal, because his only ambition was to become a hotshot Paris racketeer. He got his chance when lovely, love-for-sale Dominique Thirel asked him to be her "protector," to take charge of her earnings and dig up customers. Dominique laughed when Georges accused her of holding out on him, whereupon, in a crime that shocked and startled even blasé France, Georges gave her the unfunniest hot foot in history. **CRIME CLASSIC IN DECEMBER MEN**

ter's Gold was being headlined across California and the madness was on.

What had happened to John Sutter in the past proved to be only a warmup for the blows that began to rain on his bloody head now. His workmen and colonists deserted en masse, leaving his herds untended, leaving forges to cool, meat to rot on hooks in the slaughterhouse, hides to spoil in the tan-vats. The Indians stayed for a short time but when a lawless mob of toughs poured in, robbing and abusing and killing, they slipped away to some retreat in the mountains, leaving Sutter all alone.

There was no one to oppose the bands of organized rustlers who moved in and openly ran off more than \$100,000 worth of his finest livestock. With flour bringing \$36 a barrel, there was no one to operate his fine new mill, built to grind 40 barrels a day, nor even to harvest his wheat. Close to \$120,000 worth rotted in the fields.

On the heels of these disasters came a third. Governor Mason, the American representative at Monterey, notified Sutter that the mineral claims leased from the Indians could not be officially recorded or recognized. California was still in process of being transferred from Mexican to U.S. ownership and it might take years to clear up the tangle of old land grants and establish rights and titles. When this news leaked out,

a whooping horde of miners descended upon the rich streams Sutter had paid so dearly to preserve for himself.

He was slowly going to pieces under the bludgeonings of multiple disasters but there was still a remnant of the old Teutonic stubbornness and determination. "*If der Gott verdammt law cannod prodict me, den I vill a gompany organize und find mine own gold, py Gott.*"

Sutter was too befogged to wonder why Sam Brannan, the sharp, tight-fisted ex-Saint who had been excommunicated for stealing the Mormon church funds and who would be San Francisco's first millionaire, was suddenly so eager to lend him the financing. He was only grateful for the funds and for a generous supply of liquor which Brannan thoughtfully included.

WHEN sober, Sutter found it hard to resist any appeal for help. When drunk he was a pushover for every sharp who came along. Within weeks he had poured close to \$100,000, most of it Brannan's, into his own gold company or in backing other miners. All the recipients of his generosity seemed to prosper but when Sutter came for his share, there were sad stories and no gold. He washed out a few ounces by himself and robbers got it at gunpoint.

Sutter stumbled back to recoup by renting rooms and space in the fort and by selling supplies to the miners from his store. Tough men like Brannan were charging exorbitant prices and cleaning up. Sutter was too soft to resist appeals for credit. His stock vanished and left nothing in his pocket but more bills. The Russians were preparing to foreclose and now Sam Brannan took off his mask of geniality.

"You owe me a lot of money, Sutter. Either pay up in full or I'm attaching the fort and all your properties."

Sutter stumbled off on a futile trip to raise funds. No one would give him a penny or extend another dollar's credit. When he rode wearily back to the fort, a slim young man with an oddly familiar look walked hesitantly out to meet him. "Captain Sutter?" he said in German. "You would not recognize me, but I am your eldest son, Augustus."

Sutter burst into tears and threw his arms around the son he had deserted 14 years before. "My son, my son. Ach, that you should see your father like this."

Young Johann Augustus was made of sterner stuff, toughened by years of poverty. "In Switzerland and everywhere we heard of John Sutter as the richest man in the world. I saved enough of my wages to come and see. Now I have seen the truth and I have talked with a few men who are your real friends. I can still save you if you will sign over all your property to me. Since I owe no one, no one can seize it from me. When I have gotten everything straightened out and all the debts paid, I will hand it back to you. It is the only way." Then he added stiffly, "I sent away that Indian woman I found in your bed, and the others as well. I am sending at once for my mother, my sister and my brothers."

"*Lieber Gott*," Sutter moaned. "We must have a drink."

"I don't drink," his son said coldly.

Young Augustus plunged into the job of saving New Helvetia with superhuman energy. He collected overdue debts, rented

First Pictures INSIDE THE LIVING BALD SCALP



Medical Proof

Biopsies shown came from a test group who volunteered with the hope their experience would benefit other bald people. YOU don't need to undergo surgery using Brandenfels' Plan.

1. Surgical Removal of Section of Scalp for Microscopic Analysis

Many individuals, with varying scalp conditions, volunteered to participate in the Brandenfels tests conducted by medical doctors and technicians. One phase was removal of a small section of scalp tissue for microscopic analysis. The picture above shows the incision after the tissue had been removed.

4. What This Research Means

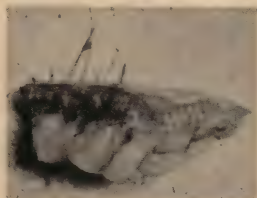
Microscopic analysis of these scalp sections proves it's possible for hair roots to be alive yet not growing hair.

5. Results Proven: After use of the Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under direction of medical doctors, many of the test volunteers experienced an increase in hair growth, and other scalp benefits.

Prove Hair Roots Can Be Alive!

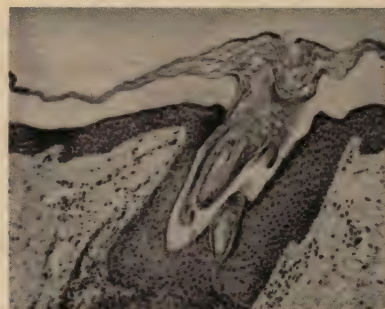
This is a report of a remarkable medical test made to find out why many people—even totally bald—have been able to grow new hair after use of the Brandenfels Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage. It was discovered that even though your scalp may be entirely smooth, your hair roots (follicles)

may actually still be alive beneath the skin, lacking only proper stimulation to again grow hair. Carl Brandenfels has 23,467 letters and statements (CPA audit) reporting renewed hair growth, lessening of hair fall, relief from dandruff scale and benefits in other scalp ailments. Now read on...



2. Scalp Section

Biopsy section surgically removed. Since scalp conditions of test group varied widely these sections provided comparison of normal scalps and those not showing normal hair growth.



3. Unproductive Hair Follicle

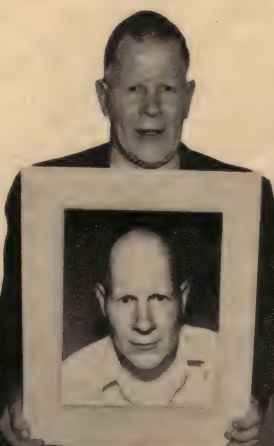
Microscopic examination of tissue from bald area revealed follicle openings clogged with sebaceous gum. Also, follicles were noted distorted from proper form and position. Hair was not growing but these follicles (hair roots) were actually alive beneath the skin!

"I have photographed the miracle of hair regrowth"

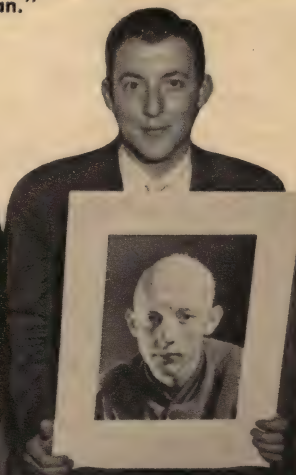
"I am Von Smith of St. Helens, Oregon. As the photographer who took pictures of these three men I can verify that Roy Smith (no relative), Oiva Wittika and Eldon Beerbower have actually regrown hair, thanks to the Brandenfels Home Plan. I have seen how true it is that even on smooth areas it is obvious the roots were still alive when new growth followed use of the Brandenfels Plan."



Hair regrowth for Roy Smith, rancher, was so marked after almost 20 years of near-baldness that friends could hardly believe what they saw.



Air Force doctors were unable to help Oiva Wittika when he lost all his hair, and he was bald when he was discharged. What a change!



From complete baldness to light fuzz in 8 weeks (picture he's holding), Eldon Beerbower's final reward was a full head of hair.

Brandenfels' HOME plan of Scalp Applications and Massage offers real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial number of cases although as with any remedy, results may vary with individuals—because of systemic differences, general health or localized scalp conditions.

If you have excessively falling hair, a rapidly receding hair line, or other unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT. Send right now for a 5-weeks' supply and immediately begin use of these wonderful formulas and special massage method—at home! Only \$18. Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

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☐ I enclose \$20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).

☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman the \$18 plus postal charges.

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Address _____

Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

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C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postal regulations).

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Explore Oregon — Centennial Exposition 1959

out every foot of space in the fort and began to sell off unused parcels of land. On a new firm-price cash policy the store began to prosper. Almost 12 months to the day from his arrival, Augustus paid off the last dollar of his father's debts and gave back the remaining property free and clear.

The incredible feat was accomplished at terrible cost. The men who hoped to rob Sutter of everything fought tooth and nail to prevent his solvency. Sutter himself, more than a little mad from the ravages of his debaucheries and from being cut off from his squaws, turned bitter. The strain finally drove Augustus to drink and when the last debt was paid, he collapsed with a nervous breakdown. Upon recovery he fled from California to go into business in South America.

In January 1850, Anna arrived with daughter Anna Elisa and the other surviving sons, Emil and Alphonse. After the first embarrassment Sutter felt a strange warm pride in seeing his handsome children. Anna was a stranger, worlds removed from the ardent girl who had tumbled with him so eagerly in the woods of Burgdorf. Now she was gaunt, cold, severe, her every look and word a reproach.

In the cleanup, Fort Sutter had been sold and converted into Fort Sacramento, a U.S. Army post. Sutter had transferred his headquarters to Hock Farm, named for the Indian tribe of the region, 45 miles up the Feather River. Here he had built a fine mansion as a home for his family.

Even now his demon of disaster was not done with tormenting him. A new survey revealed that Sutter's proud New Helvetia had been incorrectly located and almost none of the land he had so painfully developed even belonged to him. Squatters poured in and seized his choicest property. They formed a powerful association and fought eviction with guns and then in the courts.

Lawyers and court costs ate up the last of Sutter's money. The California legislature finally kept the family from starvation by voting \$15,000 in the guise of tax refunds, making it payable in small monthly allotments to prevent Sutter from pouring it into some new crackpot scheme. With, all the other misfortunes, the fine new home at Hock Farm caught fire and burned to the ground.

IN final desperation, Sutter drafted a petition to Congress to pay him for the lands he had developed and for his part in bringing the Golden State into the Union. Augustus sent them a little money to go to Washington and press the claim.

In the spring of 1880 word came that at last Congress had promised to act upon Sutter's modest claims. He raised the cash and went to Washington alone, buoyed up once more by hopes.

On June 18th Congress adjourned for the summer, leaving a mountain of unfinished business. Somewhere in that mass was the bill for John Sutter's land claim.

When the news was brought to his hotel room he sat for a long moment staring into the shadows of the past. Then, slowly and quietly, he tipped forward and slid to the floor.

The golden curse of John Sutter had at last completed its course. The man who built California and gave a nation its wealth was at last to know peace and rest. **END**



75 miles from Vinnitsa. They went ashore with the other sailors.

They had some drinks before slipping away to the big municipal library. Bogdanov read a few books on the Ukraine, learned that Vinnitsa was an industrial center of 92,868 citizens set in the midst of flat farming country. He didn't dare to ask any specific questions that might draw attention to his interest. The two French agents bought third-class railroad tickets to Berdichev the next morning. There, 24 miles from their goal, they secured a Vinnitsa telephone book and memorized the names of several prominent residents. They also read the local newspapers carefully, culling any bits of information about Vinnitsa that might help their bold plan. Bogdanov knew that he needed a reason to go into such a heavily guarded area. His idea was to play the part of a Red Army veteran seeking his sister who'd disappeared during the Nazi invasion. It was a simple but realistic scheme, for many Russian families had been shattered during the war.

The *Deuxième Bureau* operatives actually succeeded in doing what no other Allied agent had achieved. They reached the town of Vinnitsa. It was crawling with security cops, secret police and M.P. teams. Nobody in the city spoke of the espionage center, and it took three days to learn that there was some sort of special military installation nine or 10 miles southeast of the city. Bogdanov and his partner, a man whose name the French have never revealed, set out on foot after dark. They saw the outer fence of the spy school at 11:40 P.M., and studied it carefully for an hour. They noticed the guard towers every 300 yards around the perimeter, watched the powerful searchlights in these towers sweep the area incessantly.

Nicki Bogdanov decided that he'd tunnel under the barrier. If he succeeded, he'd be inside the first ring of defenses. But he might fail, and if he did the aroused security forces might also capture his comrade-in-arms. Bogdanov told his partner to retreat 1000 yards, to wait there ready to flee if anything went wrong. Somebody had to let the world know where the spy factory was, how it was protected. Bogdanov crawled up to the fence. It took him 30 minutes to negotiate the last 200 yards. He started digging.

"He must have hit a wire," his partner told the *Deuxième Bureau* later. "Those *cochons* must have buried their electrified fence under the ground too. All of a sudden I saw him freeze. Bells started to ring and searchlights focussed on him. His whole body was quivering under the current. He was dead even before the machinegunners in the towers started chopping him to pieces. As the first salvoes ripped him open, I ran. I ran like a crazy animal for two miles. I glanced back once to see half a

Suicide Raid on Russia's "U. S. A."

continued from page 19

dozen jeeps roaring out of the main gate. I knew what those *bâtards* would do if they caught me. I kept running and I didn't look back any more."

This man—sole survivor of eight agents sent out to crack the secret of Vinnitsa—was a white-haired skeleton when he reached Istanbul in Turkey five months later. He was flown to Paris where he reported what had happened, described the security-set up that killed Nikolai Bogdanov. Eight copies of his testimony—each numbered and stamped TOP SECRET—were distributed to senior Western intelligence commanders. Two of these reached American counter-espionage generals, who immediately began thinking of how to infiltrate somebody into Vinnitsa. They sensed that there was something special about this place. The Communists had a dozen heavily-guarded spy centers between Prague and Peking, but none had the elaborate security system that they had been built at Vinnitsa. Whatever the cost, U.S. intelligence had to find out why this military base in the Ukraine was so important.

IN 1953, three British agents were destroyed in attempts to penetrate Vinnitsa. Two were killed by the land-mines planted between the first and second barbed wire fences. The existence of these fields of explosive charges was added to the scraps of information on Vinnitsa in London, Paris and Washington. The third English operative was captured in Zhmerinka, 16 miles from Vinnitsa. He was questioned, drugged, tortured, finally executed Christmas Eve.

In early 1954, U.S. intelligence had a special unit in West Germany that was completing the final stage of preparations for a visit to Vinnitsa. Exactly 39 hours before the operation was to be launched, the brakes on a trailer truck loaded with steel ingots failed on the *autobahn* near Frankfurt. Careening along at 70 miles per hour out of control, the eight-wheeled cargo carrier rammed into the rear of a khaki U.S. Army staff car. The corporal at the wheel was killed instantly, but the major in the rear was thrown clear. Badly injured, he was carried to the nearest American military hospital. It was as he came out of the anesthetic an hour after surgery that a nurse noticed something odd.

The major was mumbling and raving—in Russian.

A language officer was called, and he confirmed the nurse's discovery. The local Army C.I.C. unit swung into action. Within 24 hours, investigation revealed an astonishing fraud. The registration papers for the staff car were faked. It wasn't a military vehicle at all. The Army identity card and dog tags of the dead driver were forgeries. There was no such person serving in the U.S. Armed forces. And the credentials of the injured "major" were completely phony.

All Hell broke loose. Russian-speaking G-2 agents equipped with tape recorders sat by the unconscious man's bedside day and night, listening tensely to every word he said. It was an astounding experience. He'd lie there silently for an hour. Then he'd suddenly start to recite a blow-by-blow description of every heavyweight championship contest Joe Louis fought from the night he beat Braddock to the day he retired. Then he shifted into English, and recited the plots of 28 different episodes in the "Dragnet" television series. Just as suddenly, he passed out completely. He began raving again two hours later, reeling off a long list of street names, hotels, movie theaters, night clubs, restaurants, police chiefs and mayors. Without a pause, he shifted to the baseball records of a group of men whose names seemed familiar.

One of the C.I.C. experts nodded in recognition two minutes later. The "major" was an authority on Chicago. He'd memorized thousands of facts about the city, the local government and the luckless Cubs. He was a walking encyclopedia. But who was he? Where had he come from? Why had he jammed his mind with all these odd details?

The mysterious "major" muttered incoherently off and on for two full days. Then he stopped talking. Seven hours later, he woke up, looked around the white hospital room and slowly grinned.

"Now what the Hell am I doing here?" he asked. He spoke with the accent of a native Chicagoan, seemed completely at ease. Only his gray eyes showed the faintest traces of caution.

"You were in an auto accident, major," the C.I.C. agent replied. He was dressed in the starched uniform of an intern, the same attire every intelligence operative at the hospital had donned to avoid attracting suspicion.

"You can thank Dr. Rogers here for saving your life," the trim Army nurse ad-libbed promptly.

THE man in the bed studied their faces, sighed. They'd called him "major." He was safe. "I don't suppose the kitchen here is up to the Pump Room," he joked automatically, "but I could sure eat an order of ribs or some fried shrimp. Coffee, too. Lots of good, strong coffee."

The food and a pot of coffee arrived 15 minutes later. The "major" wolfed it down. Soon he fell asleep again, and the scopalamine began to work. The "truth serum" in the coffee produced the first big break in the wall around the Russian espionage school at Vinnitsa.

In 1947, the Red Army Military Intelligence had decided that it simply couldn't count on Soviet sympathizers in the United States for the information it needed so badly. The ordinary Communist was less expert in avoiding identification than a professional spy should be, and many were already on F.B.I. lists of suspected subversives. New men and women—people with names and faces unknown to U.S. security teams—were essential. These agents should be both technically trained in electronics, nuclear warfare and missile mechanics and also "perfect Americans."

The answer was to build the school outside Vinnitsa, an "advanced institute" to manufacture "Americans" from the smartest young Russians that could be found. The

WHAT SECRET POWER DID THIS MAN POSSESS?



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
(A Rosicrucian)

WHY was this man great? How does anyone—man or woman—achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves?

Know the mysterious world within you! Attune yourself to the wisdom of the ages! Grasp the inner power of your mind! Learn the secrets of a full and peaceful life! Benjamin Franklin—like many other learned and great men and women—was a Rosicrucian. The

Rosicrucians (NOT a religious organization) first came to America in 1694. Today, headquarters of the Rosicrucians send over seven million pieces of mail annually to all parts of the world.



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project was sold to Soviet Joint Intelligence Committee in Moscow, and an initial sum of \$14,000,000 was appropriated to begin construction. Everyone was summarily booted off a plot of 590 acres of rich black Ukrainian farm land, and the area ringed by barbed wire fences. Soon freight trains started unloading hundreds of big crates. Trucks brought thousands of tons of construction material. Dozens of men arrived from Moscow to supervise. Every detail of every door and window, every piece of furniture and every magazine had to be authentic American.

It took 19 months for 600 men, all hand-picked and carefully screened, to finish the job. In November 1948, the "Advanced Language Institute" was finished. It was a fantastically accurate model of a small U.S. town. There were 80 private homes. A score of these were modern split-level houses, and a dozen more were trim, low ranch-house structures. There were 10 pastel-colored stucco houses that are typical of Florida or California, plus an assortment of New England "salt box" residences, three family brick structures and several big wooden rambling houses such as those seen in Ohio River or Mississippi Valley towns.

There were also two complete blocks of apartment houses ranging from four to 10 stories in height. The smaller ones had self-service elevators, laundromats in the basement and clotheslines in the rear. The basement laundries were equipped with standard Bendix, Westinghouse, G.E. and R.C.A. washers and driers. The taller buildings had uniformed doormen standing under their front door canopies, polite operators in the elevators and potted palms in the lobby. They were hand-made duplicates of fashionable apartment buildings on New York's swanky East Side and Chicago's posh Near North Side.

BOTH the apartments and the private homes were equipped with the latest U.S. furniture and household appliances. Foam rubber couches, low tile-topped coffee tables, toasters, dish-washers, modern kitchen ranges and sleek refrigerator-freezer units were bought in carload lots by pro-Communist agents in Central America. This equipment costing \$1,400,000 was then transhipped to the Black Sea port of Odessa, moving on faked bills of lading that described "agricultural machinery."

Every trim built-in kitchen cabinet and refrigerator was methodically stocked with a wide assortment of American food and canned goods. Spaghetti and meat balls, clam chowder, hot dogs, steaks, chili con carne and a hundred other common U.S. dishes were included. Bottles of ginger ale and Coca Cola, and seven different nationally known brands of beer, potato chips, pretzels and assorted snacks were heaped in every apartment and home.

Each residence had its own hi-fi set in addition to the loud-speaker in the living room that piped in music for three hours daily. Rock-and-roll hits of the day, popular classics such as "Star Dust" and "Million-Dollar Baby," show tunes from "Oklahoma," "Annie Get Your Gun," "South Pacific" and other Broadway smashes flowed endlessly into every home. In addition, 80 to 100 LPs stocked each phonograph.

The latest U.S. books and magazines were heaped on side tables in each house. One

apartment building was designed to simulate life in Manhattan, so every suite received copies of all the New York dailies every morning. Air-mailed by Soviet operatives in the States to Stockholm, the papers were forwarded by special transport planes so swiftly and regularly that they arrived only 48 hours late. Another apartment house was planned to be Los Angeles, and its residents got the California papers only 66 hours after they hit the streets. Similar provisions were made for Washington, Boston, Chicago, Miami, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Dallas, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Birmingham, San Francisco and Seattle.

THE top-secret "Advanced Language Institute" wasn't quite ready at the end of November 1948, the commandant notified Military Intelligence H.Q. in Moscow, but the Red Army was in a hurry and the General Staff ordered that the first class be admitted immediately. The students, 200 men and 150 women, were individually screened by speech experts who decided which showed the greatest promise of passing for Southerners, or New Englanders or natives of other parts of the United States. On the basis of four days of tests and interviews, the apprentice spies were assigned to live in the private homes and apartment houses of various American cities.

It was an extremely rugged 12 hour a day education. They practiced accents, vocabulary, grammar and slang for three hours every morning. They studied U.S. history, sports and social customs all afternoon. They ate lunch in a big cafeteria or one of four drugstores or perhaps the fake Automat. They ate dinner either at home or in a perfect copy of a Sheraton hotel restaurant. Everything they consumed was typical American food, ranging from tuna fish sandwiches and cheeseburgers and chocolate milk shakes at noon to shrimp cocktails and rare roast beef and apple pie for dinner. Breakfast, of course, emphasized corn flakes, wheat cakes, ham and eggs and coffee. Each student was paid between \$75 and \$300 a week in real U.S. currency, the precise "wage" depending on the "job" he or she was being trained to hold in America. The recruits had to pay for everything, a rule that not only forced them to learn how to handle U.S. money but also gave valuable practice in living realistically on one's income. Once in action, these spies would have ample secret funds but they would generally be expected to live a middle-class existence to avoid drawing attention.

Every tiny mistake was noted and recorded. No one was allowed to speak Russian, not even the teachers. The students didn't realize how important this regulation was until a well rehearsed "clumsy" waiter spilled hot soup on a young diner in the "Statler Hotel restaurant."

"*Sookin Sin!*" the scalded student snarled in pain as he involuntarily exploded with the Russian peasant's traditional epithet. These words meant "son of a pig," but they meant more that night. As soon as the burned customer cursed in Russian, the "head waiter" calmly walked over and slugged him to death.

The others stopped eating. They stared at the corpse, and they waited for some explanation for this stunning execution.

"He was probably one of those Russian

spies," the "head waiter" announced patiently. "It sure sounded like that Communist talk to me. Here we're all loyal Americans and we speak Uncle Sam's straight-from-the-shoulder English. Right?"

A buxom blonde in a strapless cocktail gown picked up the cue immediately. "I say send the foreign radicals back where they came from," she declared.

Word of the killing spread through the entire school within an hour. From that moment on, not a single word that wasn't garden-variety American English was ever heard at the "Advanced Language Institute" again. Day by day, week by week, the less-than-perfect were weeded out at the espionage school. By the end of two years when the first class graduated, there were only 39 left of the original 350. The others had been sent to various branches of the G.R.U., the intelligence department of the Red Army General Staff.

The fake "major" who babbled under the influence of truth serum in the military hospital near Frankfurt was one of that initial batch of 39 who passed all the tests given by the G.R.U., the R.U.M.I.D. (intelligence division of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs) and the M.G.B. (the secret police). He knew more about the sprawling city by Lake Michigan than any half dozen ordinary Chicagoans, and his forged papers were works of art that fooled a score of U.S. security investigators.

Every evening for three nights after he first started talking about the elaborately guarded spy school, the Red agent was drugged with scopolamine so that he'd answer more questions about the organization, the people, the program and the defenses of the weird "Institute" near Vinnitsa. On the afternoon of the fourth day, he casually asked a nurse to telephone his girl-friend in Wiesbaden to let her know that he was all right.

"She's a sweet kid, secretary to an Air Force colonel," the Soviet operative confided after he'd given her name and phone number.

EVEN before the telephone rang in Wiesbaden, one of West Germany's main aviation centers, a grim G-2 colonel was coding an inquiry about the "sweet kid" for Washington and a C.I.C. major was talking about the same lady over a scrambler-phone to Bonn. A West German lieutenant-colonel in the anti-Red Gehlen espionage organization climbed into an ordinary looking Mercedes-Benz, set off for Wiesbaden. Within eight hours, the girl's telephone was being tapped and she was under 24-hour surveillance. Her picture was being wire-photoed to Central Intelligence Agency h.q. in "Q" building in Washington. Army counter-espionage experts were punching up I.B.M. cards to trace her personnel records, and F.B.I. agents were checking a hospital, a school, an apartment house and a church in Cincinnati.

She didn't exist either. No such person was born in that hospital. Nobody with that name attended the school. No trace of her family appeared in the records of the real estate firm that had owned the apartment house for 30 years, and a somewhat puzzled minister insisted that he'd never married her older sister or anyone else of that name. The "sweet kid" was another well-trained product of Vinnitsa. That meant she was shrewd and dangerous.

"God knows how much damage and how many killings she's already pulled off," one U.S. colonel said bitterly as the last TOP SECRET reports arrived. "I say we grab them both now."

Senior intelligence brass disagreed. These two spies, the "major" and voluptuous "Betty" in Wiesbaden, had to communicate their information back across the Iron Curtain. Uncle Sam wanted to find out how this was done, who their contacts were, whether they were in touch with any other "ghosts" from the Ukraine. G-2 decided to take a chance, to go for the long shot. The "major" left the hospital at the end of March 1954, spent a few hours with his girlfriend and then boarded a plane to Rome. The C.I.C. agents tailing him noticed that he changed to a new uniform and new identity before he left Germany. Now he was an Air Force captain, a radar expert on his way to inspect Strategic Air Command bases in North Africa.

A week after he left, "Betty" found herself assigned to a new boss. He was a chubby, graying Lt. Colonel whose hungry eyes plainly communicated a male appreciation of her lush "Southern" charms. Playing the role of a passionate Dixie belle, she had no trouble in seducing him and winning his complete confidence. Using her body and her brain as professionally as she'd been taught at the "Advanced Language Institute," she sweated dozens of major and minor pieces of information out of her "eager lover." All the minor secrets were correct. Almost all the major pieces of information were just a little wrong, carefully angled so they'd look good to the brains

busy evaluating reports back in Moscow. Neither "Betty" nor her superiors behind the Iron Curtain had any idea that her "lover" was a U.S. intelligence agent methodically feeding her untruths, half-truths and quarter-truths while Army agents traced her associates and underground lines of communication.

IN late 1956, U.S. counter-espionage brass decided to shift "Betty" to Washington to see whether she could lead them to other Vinnitsa graduates. Federal authorities had already identified eight such phony "Americans" through this shapely young girl "from Birmingham" and "the major," five men and three women scattered from Anchorage, Alaska to the USAF base at Dhara in oil-rich Saudi Arabia. Now it was hoped that "Betty" would contact other Red operatives within the continental United States, perhaps in the Pentagon itself. The hard-drinking officer who'd been sharing her bed was "promoted" to full bird colonel, reassigned to Military Air Transport Service H.Q. in the District of Columbia. He told "Betty" that he was able to use his connections to have her switched too.

In the next 16 months, "Betty" made contact with three other "ghosts" in Washington and one in New York. But these were only a handful of the fake Americans being produced in the Ukraine. Soviet intelligence was spending over \$55,000,000 annually to hand-polish counterfeit Yankers. Over 1000 Russian students came to Vinnitsa as spy-candidates every September, and the school was graduating between 50 and 60 "Americans" per year. Some spent as little as two

years in the imitation U.S.A., but others remained as long as five. Nobody went "home" until they were absolutely perfect. The U.S. security men who followed those Vinnitsa alumni in touch with "Betty" and "the major" had to admit that the fake "Americans" were extremely good. Some had even married U.S. citizens and settled down, waiting for the day when they'd be ordered to commit one vital act of espionage or sabotage.

It was a frightening situation. Federal agents had 15 men and women from Vinnitsa spotted. But there were another 450 to 600 "ghosts" operating all over the world.

In June, 13 super-spies from Vinnitsa were grabbed all over the world. The two fake officers in Paris were collared in this big sweep. One woman working in a mid-West defense plant succeeded in biting her poison capsule, and she was dead in eight seconds.

The secret war against the incredible men and women from the "Advanced Language Institute" in the Ukraine continues. Several recent graduates have been identified in the last few months. One was a certified public accountant, another a salesman for an electronics company and the third a strip-teaser who picked up extra-change as a call girl. No one can guess what new tricks the Soviet spy school will try, Western counter-espionage experts agree grimly, but they know that the Red nightmare center in the Ukraine will be in there pitching. And pitching rather dangerously too, according to reports. The Advanced Language Institute at Vinnitsa has four soft-ball teams of its own.

END

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"S. S. Eastland Is Drowning"

continued from page 27

the dock shook his fist in a gesture of mock anger.

From the port side, toward the middle of the river, two short whistle toots told the Captain that the tug boat *Kenosha* was ready to tow the *Eastland* out into the lake. Below the wheelhouse, on the top deck, the Captain saw passengers running over to the port rail to watch the tug take a line. "Damn fools!" he muttered. The ship yawed to port and Martinel called to the first mate to have the passengers cleared to the starboard side to restore the balance.

The mate and a couple of the crew herded the passengers back to the right side of the deck. From the bow of the *Eastland* a deck hand flung down a line to the tug as a matter of routine.

Back on the dock side yelling had started. Captain Martinel was certainly in no mood to be shouted at. He had to get out to the lake as fast as he could so that his ballast tanks could drink in great gulps and make his ship's bottom heavy enough to correct the ship's tilt. He could not be sure, but he was afraid that the reason his ballast tanks weren't filling was because his ship was sitting on the muddy bottom of the Chicago River.

From the starboard rail he saw a caller. It was Harbormaster Winkler, with a megaphone. "Captain Martinel! Correct your list, or we won't open the Clark Street Bridge for you."

Mad enough to bite, Martinel turned back into the wheel house, cursing little politicians who tried to run his ship in front of 3000 passengers.

BELOW decks in the engine room Joe and Pete Erickson were reading the ballast tank gauges, opening and closing valves to test action, and trying to decide if pumping some water out of the tanks might free the clogged intakes. Suddenly there was the roar of water against steel plates: number three tanks began to take water and the list to port began to straighten out. For a delightful second the *Eastland* righted—then started listing to the starboard. Through the speaking tube they could hear Captain Martinel thundering from the wheel house. Both of the brothers were dripping sweat. Neither had time to answer.

Between the captain on top and the engineer on the bottom there was not too much concern for the ship's roll from side to side. Most of the passengers had heard about the ship's rocking and tilting before. The owners had pointed out two years before that she had carried 200,000 passengers by that time without a real, serious mishap. In her 12 years as an excursion steamer all her antics had done were to scare a few landlubbers who knew nothing about ships.

From the fourth floor of the W. F. Watson warehouse across the river from the *Eastland*, David Durand noticed the trouble. He called his helper Perry to the window. Moving Perry's head into position he showed him how

to sight a straight line across the *Eastland* using the side of the window frame.

"Now, just stand there and watch her move. See . . . See, there! See her moving toward the middle of the river. Something queer, Perry. That tug better not haul on that rope. Pull her clean over, Perry." While Perry squinted with one eye, David turned and saw that the clock of the timeclock read 7:16.

They watched the people on the top deck, all on one side, their backs to the dock. "If there was no trouble, would they push them over to the other side like that, Perry? I'll be damned if that boat is right this morning."

Perry thought, "Another cute excuse to get me to handle the whole inventory this morning while he stands watching for the end of the world." It was always that way with David. He liked to make wisecracks.

Perry went back quietly to his cases of sardines. "I'll just leave the ship-leveling to you this morning, David," he said.

Two minutes later the *Eastland* looked so strange to David that he forgot he was miffed at Perry. He called to him with a note in his voice which brought Perry running. David just pointed. The *Eastland* rode at about the angle the minute hand on the clock makes when it shows ten minutes after the hour.

Policeman John H. Sester had been watching from the walk of the Clark Street Bridge. Now he had seen enough. He hurried to the fire alarm box at the corner of Clark Street and the river and pulled a "still" alarm. Next he went to the police call box and told his sergeant that the *Eastland* was turning over in the river. . . . "and John, all available forces—it's going to be bad." Even as he spoke voices from the *Eastland* assured him that he was right.

The *Eastland* was rolling over like a playful dog spilling passengers into the water.

Riding on the "L" across the Fifth Avenue Bridge, reporter Martin Bowes watched for the *Eastland*. His paper had assigned him to cover the departure of the picnic fleet. He was late and hoping that they had not yet pulled out. His watch read 7:25. As he caught sight of the ship past the drops of rain on the window, he saw that she leaned out toward midstream at a crazy angle. Without knowing that he did it, he stood up and said "My God!" "L" passengers around him looked up in surprise. By the time they turned to see what he was staring at, the *Eastland* was almost out of sight.

The conductor on the train had seen it though. He came into the car and said, "The *Eastland* is tipping over." Bowes lost his footing and cracked his forehead as the old wooden car hit a slight curve entering the Loop. He was still dabbing at it to see if it was bleeding as he called his editor from Zimmerman's Saloon at the foot of the stairs leading from the Randolph Street "L" Station.

Most of the people turned away from the *Eastland* were boarding the *Theodore Roosevelt* on the other side of the bridge.

Many passengers aboard the *Roosevelt* were herded below decks with no explanation and kept there for more than an hour as the upper deck of the *Roosevelt* became the first emergency morgue for *Eastland* victims.

By that time they could hear the foremen from the Western Electric Plant who were running the picnic calling "Western Electric picnic cancelled! Picnic off today!" Thousands of late excursionists were pouring off street cars and "L" trains, not knowing of the tragedy. By the time the *Roosevelt's* passengers were released from below decks, her top deck was already half covered with soggy corpses.

On the bridge behind the *Roosevelt*, a *Chicago Tribune* camera man was standing with his camera on a tripod and a plate in his hand forgetting to get his picture. What he saw couldn't be happening.

The captain of the Anchor Lines freighter *Schuykill*, unloading across the river from the *Eastland*, watched the ship turn over, the people jump into the river at first, and then fall as the angle increased and the panic spread. "After she hit a 45 degree angle, she went fast," he said. "Passengers didn't seem to feel the danger until it was too late. They were just dumped into the river like a load of sand dumped from a wagon."

Captain McDonald ordered the stevedores unloading his cargo to throw in everything which would float. The current carried these floats to some of the survivors. The *Schuykill* put her lifeboats over the side and its crew managed to get many others to safety. On the other side of the river the food merchants took their cue from the *Schuykill* and hurled wooden crates, chairs, benches, and anything else which would float into the river.

On the tipping *Eastland*, 11-year-old May Pelabet's deck chair began to tilt the way her mother was always scolding her about—but she wasn't doing it. Being an experienced chair-tilter she knew she was about to go over so she reached out and caught the wrought-iron grill below the rail. The lady next to her was slower. She felt herself going and grabbed May's chair without thinking. She kind of whooped, the way women do sometimes when they lose their balance. Then May and the woman went skidding down the deck with her father calling her.

AFTER May hit the water she felt herself being pulled out, and the next thing she knew she was standing on the funnel of the steamer with her father next to her. There was steam coming out of the half that wasn't filling with water, she could feel it rushing out through dented metal under her shoes. She hardly realized where she was as a man in a row boat asked her if the man with her was her father and took them both aboard.

Joe Lannon at the soda fountain on the *Eastland's* lower deck had seen the band skidding across the dance floor. He held onto the fancy porcelain spigots of his fountain to keep from taking the same route. Luckily, the fountain wouldn't move. But his ice box, with 300 pounds of freshly-delivered ice, started to give way as the one on the top deck had.

He and his partner, Phillip Fuchs, tried to steady it, and they did for a minute while they shouted to people to get out of the way. Then it ripped the floor out, tearing off the end of the soda counter as it went. It disappeared after it splashed into a family struggling to stay afloat in the water.

Phillip Fuchs was wiry and nimble. He slipped off his starched coat and his shirt and worked his way up to the porthole which was now a skylight. Balancing on the brass rail of the fountain, he beat the port hole open and wiggled through to the side of the ship, now the roof. He and Joe Lannon began the business of passing small adults and children who would fit through the 18-inch porthole up to safety. Joe threw the metal top off one of the ice cream bins and used it as a step. His feet turned blue from the ice in the bin before he was through.

Inside the ship, women and children, who outnumbered men four to one, were acting crazy. Many children managed to scramble up to hold themselves out of the water by an edge of molding or a hand railing here and there. As Lannon watched he saw men out of their heads pulling at the children, trying to get their handholds from them.

From the *Eastland* came the cries of the passengers, on shore the sound of running feet on the empty Saturday morning streets. William Raphael, broker for Arron's Commission House at 77 South Water Market, heard the strange noise and hurried over. He saw the boat on its side and the passengers out beyond the boat floundering in the mud-green stream. Near where he stood two women in white summer dresses were trying to get to the dock.

He walked off the dock without even thinking that he was going into the river. When he reached the first one, she clung to him with a grip which clawed through his coat, shirt and undershirt and gouged four perfect impressions in his shoulder. Her companion held onto the first woman's waist and Mr. Raphael

began splashing back laboriously toward the dock.

He felt himself pulled under suddenly by someone who had come up from under the boat. He could barely see the greenish face of a fat man through the filthy water. He kicked and struck at him until he let go. When Raphael surfaced, the first woman was still holding on, but the second woman had disappeared.

At the dock he was astounded to see 10 policemen standing on the dock watching the whole thing, not raising a finger. Then they came to their senses and helped Raphael and the woman out.

Frank Spenser had come on the picnic with his girl, Ruth Jena, and her mother. Her mother was afraid of boats and wanted to stay out in the air, in spite of any drizzle. They saw the baggage handler cast off two stern lines before the first mate stopped him.

WHEN Spenser saw that the boat, as it turned over, had snapped one of the three-inch hawsers and was slowly lifting a piling out of the river bottom, he climbed over the rail to the side of the ship, which he could see was to become her top. His girl and her mother remained standing on the tilting deck as the ship turned. With the *Eastland* almost over, it became obvious that they could not cling to the rail much longer. Spenser pulled Miss Jena up onto the side and then slipped down to the deck to push Mrs. Jena up while Ruth pulled.

They stood on the dry starboard side plates of the *Eastland*, the first three in such a mad position, riding her as she settled. Beyond them the river was a splashing field of sur-

vivors. Amazingly, heads and shoulders kept appearing from nowhere, even though they were not falling from the exposed decks. It took a moment to realize that the passengers were being released from under the side of the ship. The first rush of passengers had already drifted under the La Salle Street Bridge.

As they watched Spenser and the Jenas heard the jingle of engine room bells and saw the tug *Kenosha* back water carefully, picking up those around it and pulling to the stern of the *Eastland* to form a bridge to the dock for hundreds who were scrambling onto the starboard side as they had.

John Kosiba and his wife were among the few who couldn't imagine the enormity of the disaster even as it happened. They had been sitting on the middle deck. Although the boat's tilt seemed crazy, the Kosibas kept calm. The danger dawned on them in stages. There was something about the closeness to everything in the city, and the ordinariness of the morning which led Mr. Kosiba to say, "We were both sure that we weren't in for much worse than a ducking. We could hear the street cars going over the bridge all the time. We both knew how to swim well enough to stay afloat in a calm river not 30 feet from shore.

"When we could see that we'd be trapped if we stayed where we were, we stopped holding ourselves back and let ourselves slide under the rail and over the side. I dragged a wooden bench with us as we went so we could float safely until one of the boats came.

"I guess we looked so secure, and we weren't crying for help, that the boats let us float while they went after the desperate ones.

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"At first my wife was upset about spoiling her dress which she'd been working on all spring on and off. Of course that was all forgotten when we saw that instead of a ducking we were in for a real disaster.

"I will never be as dumfounded as I was when the woman came up next to us and almost strangled Marie to get her hold on the bench. For a minute she coughed and gasped. I swore at the woman, but she was out of her head. The current began carrying Marie away from us. I swam out to help her, but before I reached her she was gone. I swam underwater in the poor way I knew how, but all I could see was trash, and I could only see that when it was inches from my eyes."

Mrs. Kosiba's body was recovered the next day pinned by the current to the wire net which the city had spread across the river downstream at Fifth Avenue to catch the bodies.

Back at the *Eastland*, rescue operations were beginning to take definite form. Faint cries and tappings were heard through the hull plates by rescuers pulling people out of the water. J. H. Rista's experience was like many others who tried to get adults through portholes which measured 18 inches across. Rista stood on the overturned *Eastland* watching to see if any survivors would surface near him. He almost fell when he stepped onto the glass of a porthole. As he looked down he saw the face of an old lady shouting at him as she pounded on the glass with her umbrella.

He tried to tell her to move back so he could break the glass; evidently she couldn't hear. He took the end of the pike pole he had borrowed from the bridgetender and smashed the glass. She was not hurt by the glass. He heard her crying and praying in a foreign tongue. He was appalled to see that she grabbed the jagged edges of the porthole as though she couldn't feel the cuts they tore

into her hands. He tried to get her out but she was too big to fit through and he only succeeded in cutting her arms and scalp on the glass in the struggle. When he told her to hang on until he brought help, she seemed to understand because she groaned and let her gouged head and arm drop back inside the ship.

The fireboat *Gramie Stewart* was among the first fire units to heed the "still alarm" Policeman Sester had put in. Rescuers saw the *Stewart* stop at the La Salle Street Bridge and wait for a matter of minutes before approaching the *Eastland*. Next day's newspapers accused the firemen of being afraid to come closer because they expected the *Eastland's* boilers to explode as they were hit by the cold water of the river. The boilers would have exploded too, just as the firemen were accused of expecting, if it had not been for the quick thinking of engineer Joseph Erickson who flooded them when he saw that the disaster could not be avoided. The crew of the *Gramie Stewart* later explained that they had been afraid of injuring survivors with their churning propellers.

Within the first half hour after the alarm, the Police Department had mustered 50 "black Maria" patrol wagons to the scene. These were used as ambulances throughout the day.

Billie Johnson saw rescuers trying to cut the *Eastland's* hull plates with fire axes and recognized that it was almost useless. He remembered the new Oxi-weld acetylene torches which he seen used by the Acme Wrecking Company on State Street. He dashed up the stairs and commandeered the first car he saw. Within half an hour he and the driver of the car were trying to get through the police cordon with one Oxi-weld outfit and the company's truck was on the way with two others.

Police refused to allow them to go to the

Eastland for 12 precious minutes. Finally they ran the line successfully and began cutting the first of eight huge holes in the hull plates of the *Eastland*, which released hundreds of survivors.

When Captain Martinel finally was moved from the *Stewart*, his police car was surrounded by a guard of 20 police to protect it from the mob, by now after blood. In spite of the precautions, one man managed to slip through and punch Martinel square in the face as he got into the car.

Ed Barclay of the Fire Inspection Bureau, found it all he could do to keep up with Louis Schuchert, his boss, on the way to the *Eastland*. They had run almost a block when he saw that Louis was crying. Ed remembered that he'd said something about his family going on the Western Electric picnic a week ago. When they arrived at the *Eastland*, Louis flashed his badge and threw his weight around until he got himself a recently unloaded Oxi-weld acetylene outfit and Ed a fire axe. Together they started working furiously at a hole in the hull, just as the first ones were being begun. One passenger had been arguing with the men cutting up near the bow, but something about their uniforms and Louis Schuchert's sobs warned him away.

The last edge of the hole was still hot when they scrambled through. Ed remembered because he burned his hand on it. He'd seen Louis grab it to help himself down, but he hadn't made a sound if he was burned. Once inside Schuchert had begun to lose his head. There were still people crying and hanging from anything which would hold them out of the stinking river water. The *Eastland* was half full of water, the compartment dark except for round spots of light from portholes and the square flap of steel they had cut in the side.

SCHUCHERT knew the ship well. When he called his wife in the compartment they broke into and received no answer, he became very upset. From the way he headed right for this part of the ship, Ed figured that he thought he knew where they'd be.

He told Ed that he was going underwater into the next room. Ed asked where the doorway was and followed. On the short plunge of less than three feet through the doorway Ed almost drowned from fright when he got tangled up in a snarl of human hair.

Crawling, swimming, and shouting for almost 10 minutes, Schuchert incredibly found what he had been looking for near the Grand Stairway. His wife's dress was all that showed—caught in a splintered stair when the stairway collapsed. While he tried to get her body out, he spotted his daughter floating face up, her bare feet bumping rhythmically against the dance floor which formed the wall. Ed hadn't known what to do at first. When he'd tried to help with Mrs. Schuchert's body, Schuchert screamed at him to move away. It was when Schuchert began to blubber and slip under water as he hugged the two bodies that Ed began to pull him away. He had a fight on his hands but finally he stunned Schuchert enough to get him out.

The heat of one of the torches set off the interior woodwork about that time, and Ed went to work with the firemen of the First Battalion and put it out. The smoke was suffocating.

The ship was 38 feet wide at the widest

SNOW, STEAK, SAND, SOUTH SEAS

MY TWO YEARS IN CAMP SNOW-AND-SLAVERY—Gustav Herling was one of the thousands of "political" prisoners shipped away to Siberia to rot. He was clubbed by the "urka" keepers, who staked the prisoners' lives on a card hand, and fought with his own friends for a scrap of food. Then the camp boss, Ivan Glow, told him: "And now you will begin to suffer." **MALE'S HAIR-RAISING BOOKLENGTH SPECIAL.**

"FOR CHAMPAGNE AND STEAKS I'LL BLOW UP YOUR ENEMIES"—Greedy Tim Toolen, millionaire soldier of fortune was hired to kill, and for 20 years he romped through Arab sheikdoms and Geisha palaces, stocking his cellar with old whisky and his couches with young women. **ADVENTURE ACROSS THE GLOBE.**

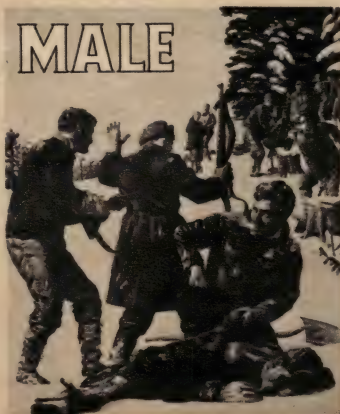
ONE-MAN ARMY WHO STORMED THE MONGOL EMPIRE—Col. Stoddart was dying on a leash in the Asian desert licking feet, begging for opium, and everybody in England had written him off—everybody but an oddball hero named Wolff who said: "By God, I'll bring him back." And meant it.

THE DAUGHTERS OF "SWEET-LIP COVE"—A wounded Canadian flyer crashed into a paradise of fruit, jongoes and soft-limbed Tar-tuk women. The wrinkle: They all belonged to a renegade with steel fingers and no mind.

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MALE

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place in her hull, and the water from the river filled her to a depth of 17 feet 9 inches at that point. From the surface of the water inside the hull to the holes in the ship's side above it was about 20 feet. Fortunately, the depth of the water sealed other parts of the ship off from the area filled with smoke.

The rescuers worked through the day. Men who stripped off their coats and ran down to the river at 7:30 still carried stretchers up the torturous steps to the street level at nightfall. During most of the day the stairs carried a double row of stretchers: empty carried down the steps, sagging with covered corpses up the stairs.

Although good swimmers proved to be best equipped to handle the rescue operations inside the *Eastland's* hull, within an hour it was obvious that a professional diver would be necessary to explore the staterooms and decks on the river bottom. Tom Stenstrom had started up river from 15th Street, with his launch pulling a diving scow. As he passed a bridge on the outskirts of the Loop, someone shouted down to him that the *Eastland* had turned over in the river. Soon Tom and his partner Maurice Daly ran into the crowd of tugs and fireboats working at the rescue.

A fire captain from one of the fireboats told him he was needed to help. He tied the launch up to the wheelhouse of the *Eastland*, which lay half submerged and Maurice got him into his heavy rubber suit. He stood perspiring while Fire Chief Pat Egan shouted instructions to him about what to look for on the dive. Check every stateroom to see that it wasn't sealed off with someone unable to get out. Free passengers caught in the rigging. See if the *Eastland* was resting on the bottom, or

whether she might settle farther as she lost air pockets. "They went on and on," Stenstrom recalls, "I was sweating so much I couldn't have remembered half the stuff they were shouting at me. Maurie clamped the brass helmet on me and did the latches. I took an 18-foot pike pole and climbed carefully down the ladder of the scow to get cool and see what a thing like that would look like under water.

"First thing I saw a guy caught to the boat by his leg, drowned, but with his cigar still tight in his teeth. How could you drown without even losing your cigar?

"The water was only about 20 feet deep. It

was like the river bed everywhere downtown. You hit a layer of black mud and ooze that runs about up to your belly. You always walk bent way over so you can keep your balance. Pretty rough going. The boat looked like it was in the bottom of a glass of beer, there were so many bubbles pouring out of it. About 10 feet behind me I see something big and square and white. I walk down, and there's a big icebox, like they have in saloons, loaded with pop.

"I don't like the idea of getting my lines fouled down there with no help around yet, but finally I step over the rail of the deck which is resting on the bottom. I think it was the second deck, because there was another deck above which didn't stick out so far. It is very dark in there. It is very dark in such muddy water to begin with. There's plenty of people trapped against the sides of the ship that laid over. They've got enough air left in them to make them want to float and they're like balloons stuck to the ceiling. I walked along nudging them out so they could float up. Maurie told me that they were popping up all around the scow.

"Every 10 feet down there I'd have to walk back and get my airhose around the other side of the supporting pole that held up the decks. I was stooping anyway, but I had to stoop lower to look through one of the portholes that wasn't bubbling the way the others were. I think they still might have been alive in there. Dark as it was, I could make out an elbow pressed against the glass, like there was somebody lying on the wall. I know the elbow moved as I looked and I had the feeling that it was dry. It wouldn't have helped anything to bust the glass, so I just went on.



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"I noticed all kinds of bread and newspapers floating around. I was afraid I was going to vomit after a while and that might plug up the air intake, so I pulled three times when I got clear, and Maurie pulled me up."

"I told them about the people in the state-room and they got very excited about me going down after them from the inside of the hull. It took them a good long time to get the equipment from the scow to the side of the hull and I was all sweated up again, but I tried it."

"I never was sure I found the same room. All I know is when I opened the first state-room the belch of air was so strong it belted me against the opposite wall hard enough to make me take water through the helmet. It was up to my chin by the time they got me out and I didn't get to dive again until Monday when I got the helmet brazed and the glass replaced."

Michael Izzo, one of the boys from the fruit market who dived in to rescue the first of the *Eastland's* survivors, stayed in the water for hours afterward helping with the work inside the hull. "My hands and feet got to look worse than the ones on the poor withered up floaters we were bringing out. At first the floaters were still soft so you could put their arms or legs the way they had to go to get them through small openings. After a couple hours they started coming up stiff. We had a devil's time trying to push and shove them so we could get their bodies out with their arms and legs sticking out hard in funny positions."

"I never did anything important like this before, so at first I was so excited about the tragedy that I never thought about handling the dead ones. There was no way to tell which was which anyway. Lots of them might be dead or not, you couldn't tell until the docs gave them a shot and checked them for breath with their little mirror."

"When I'd come up for air sometimes I'd sit on the turned-up side of the boat watching the doctors. If there was some life left they'd call for a lung motor and the firemen would go to work. If they was gone for sure, the doc'd squeeze their throat to see if they had died of drowning or of suffocating."

"There were a number of other boys, mostly from the market. Some of the best swimmers of all were the Greeks. They could stay under water the longest. One of the Greek boys showed me the best way to get the bodies that wouldn't float, once we'd cleared out all the ones that'd been floating. He'd tread water until his foot would strike a body he'd churned up. Then he'd do a quick dive we used to call the duck flip and he'd grab it before it sank down again. He'd surface and call up for a pike pole or grappling irons so they could pull it up."

"After a while they brought things to cover them up, but at first they were all just laid out, babies and grandfathers, and young boys and girls—all like fish set out to dry in the sun."

THE water inside the hull was as foul as you'll find, all full of the sickness of the people as they'd died. After noon they came and made us get out and go home. The doc gave me a card and told me that my life depended on getting a typhoid shot on Monday, and not to forget it.

"When it came to leaving, I found my pants and shirts and shoes were gone from where I had stuck them on the dock. My

teeth was chattering bad, so the doc wrapped me in one of the blankets they had for the dead there and got me a ride home in a squad. He said if he'd known how long I'd been in the water he'd never have let me stay so long."

"The people in my neighborhood had got the second EXTRA by the time I came home with the policemen. They wanted me to tell all about it in our kitchen where my mother was giving me some coffee and heating water to scrub me. When I started to tell them is when everything first hit me—all the terrible things I'd saw. I got too tired to talk. It was a long time before I could ever think about it again after I woke up."

Not everyone was as brave as Michael. Sergeant John Buckley had been detailed from police headquarters to control the pickpockets reported among the crowds at the disaster scene. A fireman who had been carrying bodies up from the river stopped him and told him that there was a man going through

HOWARD GULL AND THE AMAZON WOMEN OF BASS STRAIT

There were thousands of them on rocky Australian islands of Bass Strait—fear-crazed natives fighting a bloody war against the 100 seal hunters who chained and burned them. And the beautiful Amazon women who led the natives had sworn to keep the war going until they'd sewn a rat in the stomach of every sealer. All the Governor of Tasmania wanted Howard Gull to do was walk into the middle of the war, raise his hand and say: "Stop this silly slaughter at once." And Gull, who liked a nice walk as well as the next man, set out to do it. **STARTLING ADVENTURE IN BIG DECEMBER ISSUE OF MEN**

the personal effects of the bodies waiting to be carried up by stretcher.

When the sergeant went down to find him, he did not see the man for several minutes. He began looking inside the holes cut into the hull. In the third opening he saw a man going through the pockets of two male corpses stacked on the wall which was now the floor of a small pantry. The Sergeant arrested Bert Altmeyer, 18, the charge "pickpocketing," for want of a better name.

As dusk began to fall on the *Eastland*, the Commonwealth Edison Company illuminated the scene with 10 huge arc lamps. The Illinois Bell Telephone Company provided dockside service for the hundreds of relatives who were seeking children or parents.

A pontoon bridge was rigged across the river so that bodies could be carried directly across to the temporary morgue which had been set up in the Reid Murdock Building. Each body had a tag with its number attached to its toe as it left the ship.

About midnight it was decided that the bodies were suffering from the heat of the summer night so they were moved to the vaults of the Boothe Cold Storage Warehouse farther east along the north bank of the river.

At the Second Regiment Armory, about a mile west of the *Eastland*, a permanent

morgue was being set up for the bodies, which now numbered well over 500. There, behind a canvas screen, the coroner began embalming. Outside, the line of searching mourners stretched for blocks.

Since there was no way to tell curiosity-seekers from real relatives, the long line served as a first testing ground. Police reasoned that hours of waiting would weed the sincere from the sensation-minded. At that, it was necessary for the coroner to implore people in the line next morning "for the love of God" to go home if they don't have a victim in the armory.

That day the newspapers carried dreary pages of official numbers and descriptions of the more than 580 unidentified in the morgue.

Mass services were held in Chicago during the next three days, with as many as 26 buried at a single funeral. Trucks draped in solemn black transported the victims to cemeteries.

The remains of a small boy, number 398, remained unclaimed and unidentified. Chicago's boy scouts volunteered to give him an elaborate scout's funeral. Wealthy citizens came forward with offers of a casket and money for arrangements. Two little boys appeared at the funeral parlor where the body was held, asked to see the body, and identified him as Willie Novatney. He had lived in their neighborhood until recently when he was thought to have run away. Exposure to water and the summer heat almost hid his features. His grandmother, Agnes Martenec, identified him positively by matching the second pair of trousers to his new suit.

While investigation of the disaster proceeded, the boat was impounded and sold at auction to the United States Navy in 1916.

Before the *Eastland* could be converted to wartime service as a convoy escort, as had been planned, World War I was over. Strangely, the Navy managed to get 30 years of active service from the *Eastland* before they decommissioned her. She was rechristened the *Wilmette*. Naval ROTC cadets from Northwestern University, Notre Dame, and other Midwestern colleges and universities sailed her more than 150,000 miles on the Great Lakes.

THE *Eastland's* successful career in the hands of the Navy must raise some question about what happened to cause the tragedy of 1915. In the summer of 1935 a little-publicized decision was handed down by a Federal District Court. The *Eastland* disaster, the court decided, was not the responsibility of the St. Joseph Chicago Steamship Line. The line would be held liable only to the extent of the salvage value of the *Eastland*. The boat was seaworthy, the court said, and the owners had taken proper precautions. The fault rested with the *Eastland's* engineer for failing to handle the ship's ballast properly. Through further court contests this decision has stood. The U.S. Supreme Court refused to review the decision. Many experts in marine law have expressed dissatisfaction with the case.

In 1946, the Navy decommissioned the *Wilmette* (*Eastland*). She lay stripped of any valuable gear next to the naval armory in Grant Park on Chicago's lake front, not two miles from the site of her greatest shame. On October 31, 1946, at the ripe old age of 43, she was sold for \$2500. The sale carried the provision that she had to be scrapped.

At 10:30 A.M. on November 1, 1946, the *Eastland* was towed under the same Clark Street Bridge to her doom. **END**

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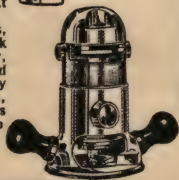
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Week the Sex Wind Blew

continued from page 41

on rail joints told him that was no hallucination. Or indigestion.

A strapping fellow despite his scholarly ways, he delivered what was expected of him, still feeling that it was all beyond the ken of normal men and that he would wake up any moment.

In time, the girls left him and went to the rear coach. He saw them sit down behind another traveler, a bronzed fellow from India who wore a turban. Fitch, getting dressed, wondered if the Hindu would yell for help or accept the women's attentions as a courtesy extended to all male tourists.

The geologist returned to his seat still in a daze. To his surprise, he now saw that the train had halted in a mountain meadow. Only a few passengers remained in his car—an old granny, a lame man, and some sleepy children.

Out beyond the open window Fitch saw haystacks and heard soft laughter and feminine shrieks behind the hay. Annoyed at this interruption of his trip to Zurich, he left the train and walked over a carpet of high grass and daisies looking for the conductor or any other member of the crew.

As he approached a haystack, a man's head popped up and the American recognized the blue peaked cap of the locomotive engineer. "What's the big idea?" Fitch asked. "Has everybody gone nuts?"

A BUXOM woman with jet-black hair, whom Fitch remembered as a fellow passenger, pulled the middle-aged engineer back in the hay and close to her extraordinary bosom.

"Come, *liebchen*, don't waste time on the American. Leave him be. He does not know the meaning of the *foehn*." She giggled. The engineer sighed like a lovelorn schoolboy and returned to her arms.

Fitch was thoroughly bewildered by such Alice-in-Wonderland behavior. Exposed on this open meadow to a hot wind blowing from south to north across the Alps, he now felt a strange heaviness in his limbs. Despite his session with the three girls on the train, desire again attacked him. His eyes became slitted, and his breath—like the engineer's—came in short gasps.

When an attractive woman of 30 grabbed his ankle and almost tripped him, the American laughed boisterously and tumbled beside her in the matted grass. He kissed her and paid her extravagant compliments. The things he said were utterly unlike prim Robert Fitch.

Her ardor was great. An hour later, a man walked up to the couple—still locked in an embrace—and said he was the woman's husband. He tried to pull Fitch away by the scruff of his neck.

The geologist, normally the most placid of men, picked up his little rock mallet and hit the husband in the temple with it. The man swayed and sank into the hay. Within minutes, he was dead.

Fitch tried to feel horror but all he could

do was titter foolishly. He knew only a great indifference. The wife, ignoring her husband's corpse, pulled the American closer to her own body.

When Fitch was tried for manslaughter on November 14, 1906, in the 14th Judicial District Court at Berne, his Swiss counsel entered a strange plea:

"Not guilty by reason of the *foehn*."

The plea was well understood that terrible year in Switzerland. People sympathized with the bewildered young instructor in the prisoner's dock who had no memory whatsoever of his amours or the killing. The three judges in their black, triangular caps nodded understandingly.

They too knew the frightful effects of the *foehn*, called the "devil wind" in that country, for it had brought unequalled disaster to Switzerland that year, whipping up an orgy of lust, thievery and violence surpassing anything known at *foehn*-time in 500 years.

Robert Fitch was given a suspended sentence and sent back to the United States. As Presiding Judge Walter Gerking later told the press: "It could have happened to any of us. The *foehn*, that accursed wind, always plays hob with men's lives. But our scientists agree that this year's wind was the worst ever." He shrugged. "What other verdict could we bring in? Herr Fitch is but one of many people who killed without meaning to, after the wind drove them temporarily mad: Satan's own breath, *nicht wahr*?"

Judge Gerking knew what he was talking about.

The wind was—and still is—a meteorological horror to all people in the mountains of Switzerland. The *foehn* (pronounced "fun") is an insidious hot breath which blows twice a year from north to south. It possesses mysterious qualities which torment, madden, exhilarate and depress susceptible individuals.

When the *foehn* approaches, a startling change comes over all life in the villages and cities. Bells toll a warning . . . dogs twitch and slink under beds . . . girls' eyes dilate with excitement, and even old men feel a long-forgotten upsurge of youth which results in queer courtships and even stranger marriages.

Indeed, the town council of Gros Schlee passed an ordinance in 1957 which prohibits the marriage of people over 55 during the week of the wind. "Men and women are not responsible for their emotions or deeds when this evil wind is blowing," Burgomeister Karl Dupard told this writer. "We must protect older folks against their own folly at *foehn*-time. Our ordinance helps."

The first hint of trouble that year came on Tuesday, May 16, when the sultry dry breeze suddenly whistled out of the Mediterranean and down the Alps, leaving spring floods and avalanches in its wake. This season, the wind made people virtually drunk with its perfumed breath.

"This is no usual *foehn*," grumbled Hans

Kroll, a whiskery grandfather in the village of Grindelbohm. "I've lived for 73 years but never saw one like this." Even as he spoke, a peculiar change came over the old gentleman. The briar pipe dropped unnoticed from his gnarled hands and an incandescent glow flared up in his blue eyes.

When the shapely young wife of the Burgomeister, Johann Fromm, came down the street with her market basket on her arm, Grandpa Kroll said slyly: "Annette, my child, you never looked lovelier. If you will step into the alley behind the Kissing Arms, there is something I would like to show you."

The puzzled young woman had known the old fellow since she was three years old. Dutifully, she walked with him into the dark passageway. Here, with a maniacal strength none knew he possessed, Grandfather Kroll assaulted her after beating her severely when she resisted.

A week later, after Switzerland's worst *foehn* in history departed as abruptly as it had come, the Burgomeister refused to sign a complaint against the bewildered old man.

"That wind was the worst ever," said Herr Fromm, shaken but grateful it was all over. "Under a spell like that, *himmel*!—poor Kroll could have murdered my Annette and still been innocent. Who can blame him when the *foehn* was the true culprit?"

Despite an acquired sense which tells them if a *foehn* will be light, average, or severe, the Swiss people had no idea that the big wind of May, 1906, would plunge practically the entire nation into grief.

Over in the lovely town of Shaffhausen, schoolmaster Herman Wobber felt the wind draw near and dismissed his classes. "Go straight home, *kinder*," he said firmly. "This one will be very bad, I feel it in my bones. Stay in your houses until it is over."

Wobber was a bespectacled pedagogue who had never strayed from the path of rectitude. At 40, he was a fixture in Shaffhausen, like the town fountain or the *Landwehr* Marching Band in which he played the oboe. Now, as he prepared to lock up the little school building, he felt his identity literally slipping away.

"It was as if my old self was evaporating and a new man—a bad man—was being born," he later told the examining magistrate. "I was powerless to stop, once that damned wind was in my nose, skin and hair."

WOBBER proceeded to arm himself with a rifle stolen from the house of Gustave Wexler, the president of the school board. He next climbed a crag overlooking St. Gotthard Street. From this vantage point, using the telescopic sight on the gun, Wobber killed Franz Ostereich, the village postman; two housewives, and wounded Peter Landberg, owner of the Fugelman Inn.

Throwing his weapon into a clump of weeds, the school teacher got down on all fours—imagining himself to be a wolf—and crawled 300 yards to the cottage of Alois Wendt, a paralyzed youth. He fell upon the cripple like a beast, biting Wendt's throat and then strangling him with fingers of steel.

When Wobber returned to his own modest dwelling, he locked himself in and didn't emerge until the *foehn* stopped blowing days afterward. He finally came out, a pale and troubled man, with no recollection whatsoever of his crimes.

"Herr Wobber, I must arrest you for the murder of four of our townspeople," said Fred Schwinn, the sole gendarme of Shaff-

hausen, holding the school man's arm sympathetically. "Yes, it was the *foehn*, I realize, but the law is the law."

In his jail cell which adjoined the town hall, Wobber hanged himself that night with a new flowered necktie. The tie had been a gift from his pupils just two days before he went berserk.

As has been related in Hobart Van Dill's book, *The Foehn and Its Effect on Living Cells*, the murder rate in Switzerland soars, the number of rapes increases four-fold, and auto and other accidents are multiplied by 10. Schools close in many cantons. Watchmakers leave their benches, unable to concentrate because of the dark emotions or mental depression caused by the wind.

When the *foehn* is blowing, surgeons put aside their scalpels and radio announcers make amazing bloopers on the air, some of them quite vulgar. Suicides shoot up to five times their usual quota.

The cruel wind plays strange tricks on the eyes and ears. Some people see visions or mirages. Others hear celestial music, women's voices in the sky, or the words of long-dead parents, friends, or sweethearts.

During the week of the *foehn*, mountain climbers reported they were terrified by the most simple ascents during the big blow of 1906. Wrote a noted British Alpinist, Henry Treves: "As the wind started to howl, my skin prickled and my heart thudded. A great sadness and despair swept me, and even lifting my foot for the next step seemed impossible. At a small crevasse I sat down and wept.

"Old and almost-submerged memories came to life. I thought I saw some long-dead friends and school chums. As the wind blew stronger, I ran to the edge of a precipice to greet Simy Henderson, a friend at Eton who had died in 1901 after a hunting accident. Had my companions not pulled me back, I would have leaped to my death on the rocks 2000 feet below."

ELSEWHERE during the 1906 visitation the Swiss police battled roving gangs of children, aged eight to 12, who swarmed through towns and cities, stealing, setting fires, maiming dogs and cats, and attacking adults with rocks, knives, and brickbats.

In Zurich, 42-year-old August Nitsch had been a conscientious cop for 18 years. Now a sergeant, he was on duty when the *foehn* pounced upon the old city. The wind was hardly a new sensation to the sergeant; he had lived through trying *foehns* before. But this was subtly different, as most observers said afterward, when the deaths, injuries, and damages were totaled up.

A change came over the stocky, moon-faced man. Brother officers said his features seemed to alter and become those of a crafty stranger. Stealthily, Nitsch unlocked the stationhouse vault when he was unobserved and took out a set of safecrackers' tools.

Late that night, two policemen saw a candle flickering on the premises of L. Wolfsohn & Sons, Hide Merchants. Entering quietly, they discovered Sergeant Nitsch crouched in front of the company safe preparing to blow it with nitro.

As he turned and confronted his colleagues, the sergeant opened fire with his police pistol, killing one officer and wounding the other in the throat. A third policeman, hearing the shots from the next street, hurried up and felled Nitsch with a bullet in the chest.

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On his death-bed at St. Joseph's Hospital, the sergeant told his superiors with complete sincerity and bewilderment: "I hardly remember doing such terrible things . . . the wind came, then I got a headache . . . something came over me like a dark cloud . . . I wasn't the same man. *It was like being two people at the same time, good and evil together.*"

For centuries, scholars and scientists have studied the bizarre breeze which raises such hell in the mountains of Switzerland. Today's researchers concede they are also baffled by the quirks and alterations the *foehn* produces in human personality.

The wind mounts to tornado strength as it swoops down from 14,000-foot peaks to the valleys, achieving speeds as high as 100 miles an hour. Other times, it changes quickly into a vagrant, heady breeze, gentle as a kitten, but filled with power to wound and destroy by the spell it casts on men's minds and hearts.

IN that earlier visit, the *foehn* generated a terrific heat within its dry whirling center and cut the air's humidity by as much as 65%. To the problem of rape, murder and pillage was added a new horror—fire.

"No smoking of pipes or cigars, no lighting of stoves," announced the police and mayors of a hundred Swiss towns that year. Most people obeyed, for the Swiss have had tragic experiences with forest fires and city holocausts touched off by the dry wind.

But a Frau Helene Brett in the city of Berne, newly-arrived from Germany, took this 1906 fire warning lightly. To give her husband a warm supper, she attempted to light the stove though her neighbors dutifully ate cold meals and heeded all fire warnings.

"No sooner had I struck the match when the very air of the house seemed to explode," the horribly-burned woman said in a dying

statement to the Berne fire marshal. "The whole house was ablaze in seconds. There were no chemicals, no paints, no fumes in the air to burn. But the air we breathed went up like flaming oil!"

Fiery tongues from the Brett residence leaped to a six-story apartment building next door. Within minutes, the entire structure was ablaze and tenants were roasting to death or leaping from the roof and top floors to the cobblestones below. Fourteen perished and 30 were burned and injured in this one building alone.

The *foehn* carried the flame to a soccer field three blocks away. Here the very earth caught fire. Flames feeding on dry grass raced toward the soccer players who tried to outrun the blaze. Only the score-keeper escaped. The other men became human cinders lying on the scorched athletic field.

As the hours and days of the death wind wore on, the Swiss newspapers learned by telegraph and mail of the baffling and gory events triggered by the *foehn*. In Basle, a musical review, "Helen of Troy," was in progress at the Olympic Theater before a restless audience.

In the midst of her famous song, *Au Revoir*, the show's star, Yvette Bellons of Paris, calmly disrobed on stage and displayed an amazing expanse of epidermis to the shocked but interested Swiss. Men cheered, women hissed. As she sang and winked, Mademoiselle Bellons bent down and pulled a straight-edge razor from the garter of her black net stockings.

Before a hushed audience of 1000 people, she slit her throat with it while the final words of her great song ". . . I'll ne'er kiss you again!" burbled and trailed off as she coughed up blood. She collapsed and died as the curtain was hastily rung down.

"*Foehn* madness," diagnosed the house physician. "Empty the theater. People become

imitative under such crazy circumstances."

But for a young peasant couple from Kandersteg, it was already too late. Seated in the gallery, the 22-year-old farmer put his arm around his wife and slowly choked her to death while nearby patrons watched the suicide on the stage.

The slayer was placed in a mental institution with other *foehn* patients and was discharged three months later. He was never prosecuted for the slaying of his wife in Row 30, Seat E.

In Geneva, Chef Heinrich Gussman was known for his specialties—green *haricots mangelout* and *omelette au confiture* with brandy sauce. A dignified, gray-haired man, Gussman presided over the kitchen of the Hotel Empire with the iron hand of a benevolent despot.

On the night of May 18, the chef prepared a banquet for the 20th birthday of Suzy Trendler, the daughter of a leading newspaper publisher. After the final coffee was served following an excellent repast, the headwaiter, a frozen-faced man from the Tyrol named Sigmund Arle, hurried into the kitchen and bolted the door.

"That Trendler wench, she must be mad!" he snorted. "She followed me behind a potted palm and tried to get me to take off my clothes. They're all going crazy out there tonight, chef. Take a look for yourself."

GUSSMAN chuckled and peeked through the small glass pane of the door. He saw a scene which is still remembered with bitterness by the family which owns the stately hotel.

The guest of honor, auburn-haired Suzy herself, was dancing the can-can atop a marble table, nude to the waist. Guests from the most respectable echelons of Geneva society were sprawled about the dining hall in the most abandoned postures, making unabashed love and pawing at each other.

The Princess Nathalie Resposso of Rome, a visiting socialite, was screaming: "I am a female tiger! Does any man want to hunt me? Come under the table and get me." Since the princess was fat and 40, with horn-rimmed specs and buck teeth, Chef Gussman succumbed to a fit of choking laughter.

Somebody called the police and eighteen guests were herded into patrol wagons and taken to the station.

"I do not understand it at all," muttered Headwaiter Arle. "It started out quiet as a church dinner. They were not drinking. And now this—it is disgusting. What happened?"

Gussman didn't reply.

Two days later, all of Geneva learned what had really happened following a chemical examination of the *haricots mangelout* by police technicians. Chef Gussman, it seemed, had flipped his lid because of the *foehn*.

"Yes, I put an aphrodisiac in the food," he confessed, "just to see how the guests would react. It is disgraceful of me, but I was not myself. The wind filled my mind with shameful thoughts. I acted foolishly; it was unforgivable."

The hotel manager thought so too and fired Chef Gussman. However, because the *foehn* was adjudged the cause of his quirk, Gussman was not arrested. He went to South America so he would not again be tempted to play pranks when the warm wind blew.

The upsurge of illegitimate births attributed to the wind's stimulus is described in the monograph, *Psychological Aspects of the Foehn*, by Herbert Kessler, professor of psy-

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chiatry at the University of Basle. He writes:
 "This unnerving breeze seems to act as a goad to lust and passion. In a survey of 11 receiving homes for unwed mothers, we noted that babies conceived during the days the *foehn* blows exceed the conception rate of other periods by 10 to 1.

"Doctors and teachers should advise parents of teen-agers to keep their boys and girls at home when this wind blows, or face the consequences of the passions it stirs."

But when the *foehn* arrives, it also plays strange tricks on elderly people who have been safe from the desire of the flesh for many years. At the Oldershutte Institute for the Aged in Lausanne during the big 1906 wind, one of the most tragic crimes occurred during the unprecedented *foehn* of that season.

A man nearing 85, Gerhardt Hohmeyer, a retired furrier, developed a sudden passion for an 18-year-old serving maid in the dining room of the institution. "I cannot stand the old goat this week," the girl complained to the superintendent. "He leers at me, paws my skirt, and says the most terrible things in my ear."

Herr Hohmeyer was ordered to keep to his room until the *foehn* wore itself out and his sexual aberration cleared up. Instead, he followed the maid when she left the premises to return afoot to her cottage in the nearby Kirchenfeld Forest.

Here, old Mr. Hohmeyer seized the girl, held the sharp ferrule of his walking-stick to her throat, and forced her to submit to him. Becoming frightened at the sound of approaching footsteps, he hit her with a rock and then rolled her body into the Schanzli creek which runs through the wooded area.

Here she was found the next morning, still clutching a man's handkerchief bearing his initials. When he was questioned the doddering old man scratched his head and said slowly:

Ja. I have a dim recollection of being in the forest last night. But why, I do not know. Why was I there?"

THE kindly doctors at the Oldershutte Institute never told him. "Why should we?" asked Dr. Theo Ruppert, the medical superintendent. "What good would it do to arrest the poor man? He was a victim of this wind just as much as that girl he killed."

Among other effects of the *foehn* was the tendency of some people to disappear from their jobs, families, and home towns, seemingly for no reason at all. One of the most curious disappearances occurred when Mrs. Ian Tremaine, a celebrated British actress, was appearing in *Macbeth* at the Comus Theater on the shore of Lake Maggiore during that year's Shakespearian festival.

An exceedingly attractive woman with mobile, gentle features, Mrs. Tremaine walked off-stage at the end of act two and just vanished. Her friends, police, family, husband, newspapers and colleagues found no trace of her. "Tragedienne in mysterious disappearance," was a familiar headline in 20 countries. There were many reports and rumors:

She had become faint and fell into the lake where she drowned.

She had eloped with a secret lover.

A jealous actress in the cast had murdered her and hidden Mrs. Tremaine's body.

All such stories failed to hold up. In time, the vanishing act of Geraldine Tremaine became just one of the many mysteries and



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oddities left in the wake of that year's disastrous *foehn*.

Four years later, Theobald Harris, a roving correspondent for the British magazine, *Today's Theater*, visited one of the most notorious dives in the Montmartre section of Paris. The place was the infamous Red Fork, long since closed by police order. It was then the hang-out of harlots, pimps, pickpockets and hashish users.

On a platform declaiming Shakespearean poetry in a voice made coarse by drink, hardship and drugs was the long-missing actress.

"Where did you go when you left Lake Maggiore?" Harris asked. "And why are you here, Mrs. Tremaine?" She looked at him blankly. "Don't you know that every police department in Europe was looking for you?"

"Get away from me, chum," she said indifferently. "I don't know what you're talking about. My name is Betty Cox and I've never been in Switzerland in my life."

Harris cabled her husband at once. He came by the next boat, and the actress was placed in Dr. Freud's own clinic at 56 Hallerstrasse in Vienna. In time, under hypno-therapy which took six months, Freud succeeded in restoring much of her original identity and personality. She vaguely recalled paying a Maggiore boatman to spirit her away.

"I don't know why I did it," she said. "That terrible wind had depressed me, my head hurt. My whole personality seemed to dissolve, that's all." Her words were almost identical with those used by other victims of the *foehn*, in describing their sensations just before the wind caused them to commit unusual, terrifying, or criminal acts.

During the time of the *foehn*, the mountains became the setting for memorable suicides and murders. On the *Frohnalp*, Ziegler Weiss, a veteran operator of the funicular railroad at Grimsel, became melancholy and bitter as the wind continued to blow. His wife begged him to shut down the railway cable car and rest for a week.

"Are francs so easy to earn that you conjure them from the thin air?" he demanded. "No, there are tourists here, I must keep the car running."

AT 2:00 P.M. on May 20, Weiss took 14 Italian and English tourists across the 4300-foot gorge in his small but sturdy car. They clicked their cameras and gaped at the magnificent scenery.

Suddenly, Herr Weiss pulled a lever and the cable car halted in the middle of its journey across space. All around was a frightening panorama of rocks, ice, snow and water thousands of feet below.

"Here, now, what's the meaning of this?" asked a testy colonel from Liverpool. "This ruddy car is swaying. Get us across to the other side at once!"

Without replying, Weiss brought forth a tin of cable oil and sloshed it around the wooden car. Women screamed and men tried to grapple with him. But he had prodigious strength now. Breaking loose, the cable operator struck a match and the stalled car became a fiery death trap for himself and the 14 passengers.

Those who leaped from windows fell almost a mile to become bloody smears on the valley floor. And the eight who stayed in the car, including five women teachers on holiday, were black-flaked skeletons when rescuers pulled the car back to Grimsel late that night.

A coroner's jury returned a unanimous ver-



CAPELINI

dict: "Death by suicide and murder, by virtue of *foehn*-induced insanity."

Just 12 miles from Grimsel, another appalling event attributed to the wind took place almost at the same time people were dying in Weiss' cable car. It occurred at the Cafe du Qualite in Brunig where a waitress felt herself "coming apart at the seams," as she later told police.

The specialty of this restaurant was *Meringue Chantilly*, a frothy dessert known throughout Switzerland. While the *foehn* was blowing, a party of 12 visiting Americans and Canadians from the International Monetary and Fiscal Conference at Geneva arrived to sample the charms of the spa and to enjoy the scenery.

They had a most enjoyable luncheon. Nine of the debaters ordered the *Chantilly* upon the recommendation of the cafe manager. They were served by the jittery waitress, 45-year-old Josephine Marburg, mother of six children.

One hour after the meal, the guests who ate the dessert were observed clutching their bellies and groaning in the most excruciating pain on the veranda of the cafe which overlooks the Oberhofen Range.

"Their torture was hard to watch," the manager told the public prosecutor. "I tried to help but one by one they died, before a doctor could be summoned from Spiez. This terrible woman, Frau Marburg, sat laughing as my guests died. She calmly told me that she had sprinkled rat poison in the dessert. In our wonderful *Chantilly*—imagine!"

The Marburg woman, still laughing and weeping alternately, was taken to the canton's primitive mental hospital where she remained for six months. She talked to herself and took imaginary orders for *Meringue Chantilly*. Upon her recovery from the madness which was charged to the *foehn*, she was blacklisted by the Swiss Confederation of Culinary Workers as a person especially susceptible to the wind. She became a laundress and experienced no further trouble in the *foehns* that followed the big one of 1906.

Many Swiss business firms, banks, hotels, cafes, and department stores maintain "*foehn* lists" of employees who are likely to show instability, suicidal tendencies, morbid desires, sex aberrations, and other dangerous symptoms when the wind comes twice a year. These people are laid-off, with pay, at *foehn*-time, though there have been abuses by some

workers claiming to be "foehn-prone" when actually they are well-adjusted and resistant to the most insidious of these winds.

Banks, as a rule, are hesitant about allowing depositors to withdraw money when the so-called "devil wind" blows. As Hugo Bendelheimer, chairman of the Swiss Banking Commission, told this correspondent:

"People lose their sense of values during the foehn. We remember the 1906 wind when there were 23 runs on strong, well-managed banks in five days. The depositors were seized with a crazy desire to spend their money recklessly, without regard for thrift or prudence. To us Swiss, that is unforgivable."

As news of Switzerland's 1906 plight made headlines, many people tried to help with suggestions, most of which were useless. Meteorologists, psychologists, faddists, doctors and cranks in many lands cabled their ideas on counteracting the foehn. In Basle, a wealthy manufacturer, whose wind-crazed son had derailed a train, listened to a gypsy soothsayer who told him:

"Satan is the cause of it all. You can end this disaster in your country by making a supreme sacrifice."

The father, horrified that 11 people had been killed in the crash caused by his boy, agreed to any proposal. Building a wooden platform in front of his ornate town house, he withdrew from the Goldschmidt Freres Bank all his wealth—some 2,000,000 Swiss francs. He saturated the mounds of currency with kerosene and applied a match. As the money burned, he cried, "See, this is my sacrifice!" and threw on more kerosene.

The blaze spread to the house and stables. His wife, two young children, and three servants perished in the flames. The father spent the rest of his life in a mental hospital.

However, the 1906 wind was not without its lighter moments. In Geneva's Hotel du Parc, during the International Maritime Law Conference being held in May of that year, the delegates from 14 nations were restless and inattentive as the breeze coursed over the city. A dignified Scot, Sir Malcolm Glencannon, chairman pro tem of the session, casually peeled off his clothes as he read from his lengthy manuscript.

By Page 13, he was completely nude. When police were summoned to bring order into the meeting, Sir Malcolm fought them wildly and had to be subdued with a night-stick. He was swathed in a blanket and taken to jail for two days until the foehn was gone. He had no memory of his strip tease act before shocked colleagues of both sexes.

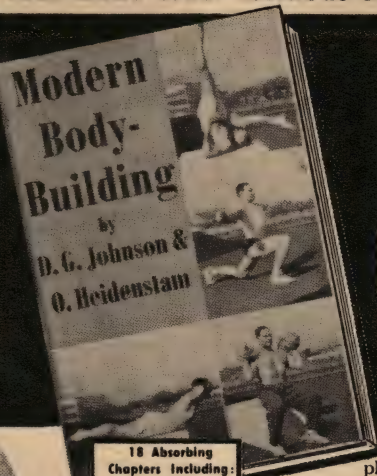
ON May 22, the foehn blew itself out and the saddened Swiss pulled themselves together to count the dead and injured.

The wind's toll was staggering: 315 murders had been committed; 1,401 rapes reported; 48 cases of arson were chalked up; and approximately 1145 suicides were listed. Property damage from wind-caused accidents, fires, and vandalism totaled more than \$7,000,000.

Today when the foehn blows, the Swiss look uneasily at each other and the oldsters silently go into their homes and bolt the doors.

"It may never happen again as it did in 1906," the burgomeister of Gros Trefelt told me, "but if it does, I want to be out of people's way. I have seen what men can do to each other when the foehn is at its worst." **END**

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Operation Vengeance

continued from page 15

kains. Others wore blue cotton coats and baggy trousers. Others wore the cylindrical, Siamese-type *longgyl*, and *lava-lavas* scantily concealing narrow brown hips. A lithe Chinese-Malayan woman with a willowy body sheathed in a tight divided skirt of black silk worked with threads of gold, moved tightly up against Grunninger and cautioned him to silence by placing her fingertips softly on his lips.

"Please make no sound. They must believe you are dead and won't look for you." She stuck out a pink tongue, then sucked in her breath so as not to defile the air about Grunninger's face. She must, he thought dully, be a Tibetan woman.

A huge, pocked Chinaman, obviously a Manchu from his great size, lay watching Grunninger. He had a shaven, scarred head, sallow cheeks and eyes sunken with opium smoking. He grinned unpleasantly, made a suggestive slicing motion with a curved kris.

"Take him below, Toi-kan," he said. "Keep him alive. Stay with him. He is American and so a *taipan*, worth much *fapi*. If he dies, I'll give you to the island monkeys to play with."

Toi-kan lowered slanted, kohl-darkened eyes. "Yes, *Er Fu*," she said.

The Manchu struck her across the face. Blood unthreaded from the corner of her lips. "*Kundun*, I am *Kundun* now, you miserable female, you filthy slut of a woman. I am *Kundun*."

Toi-kan's sharp nails dug into Grunninger's chest, then he was dragged cautiously to a small hatch opening and dropped into the after compartment, onto a thick bamboo matting. It was a dark hole stinking of burning opium, the fumes from a crude oil lamp, the odor of three joss sticks burning before a little brass Buddha.

THE bedding consisted of sewn dog skins and a Chinese padded blanket; but first Toi-kan gently and unobtrusively helped him out of his clothes that were sodden with the stink of sweat, mud and blood. She cleansed his wound, bathed him in perfumed water from head to toe, and slowly, soothingly rubbed scented oil into his body. Her flesh gleamed softly in the yellow shadows as she unfastened the silken *khata* that bound her firm high breasts and wiped the oozing sweat from his face.

"Toi-kan help you forget the pain," she whispered. She crawled under the blanket. Her warm, quivering nakedness shivered and clung to him in the dim light. Her hands began doing skillful things to countless sensitive body nerves.

He was already forgetting the pain. . . .

Later she put a cigarette from a tin of Capstans between his lips and lit it. She brought him broth and cool little cups of rice wine, and gave him two opium pills.

"You fight like Dhowjan the Demon,"

she whispered. "You must be very big *taipan*." *Taipan* was the Chinese equivalent of big-shot. "You must get well and strong again. Toi-kan is here whenever you want her."

The pirate junk was heading north-easterly through Joss House Bay that night, tacking precariously between Lamtung and Tin Ha Shan Islands, the destination being the centuries-old pirate base of Bias Bay less than a hundred miles from Hong Kong. But it was over two weeks before they reached their ancient stronghold. Patrolling Jap planes and boats forced them to lay over for days among a group of islands near Tong reefs.

By then the affair between Grunninger and Toi-kan had ripened into a steady relationship. And its continuance depended on the permanent disposal of the Manchu. His name was not *Er Fu*, a term Toi-kan had used to designate his position as second officer of the junk, but Wen-chi. The women all called him *Ta Bether*, which means Big Nose, and at other times *Wamba*, or tortoise, there being no stronger word of abuse in Chinese.

It seemed that Wen-chi, motivated by the belief that all Americans are wealthy, intended holding Grunninger for ransom. And as soon as he found there was no one to pay the ransom he'd have Grunninger killed. Wen-chi had been second-in-command to the pirate leader Chuang Cheng, who had been captured by the Japanese and executed.

"Were you one of Chuang Cheng's wives?" Grunninger asked.

"Yes," Toi-kan said. Her cheek rested on his chest as she stroked his sides soothingly. "All of us were the wives of Chuang Cheng. He was a great *Kundun*."

"Whose wife are you now?"

"I wish I were yours," she said. "But the wives of a *Kundun* may only marry a *Kundun*. And now there is no *Kundun*."

"What about Wen-chi the tortoise?"

"He wants to be *Kundun*. Unless he is challenged perhaps he will be. The other men are afraid of him, but then we have few men now in the clan. They don't want him as *Kundun*, no one does. But they are afraid of him."

By January 20, they were still unable to slip back into the stronghold of Bias Bay because of Jap patrols. Grunninger lay in the dark listening to water swishing from the hull and the muffled shouts topside. Wen-chi opened the hatch, now and then, squatted up there on his heels grinning, his scarred shaven head shining, his body silhouetted up there, not like a tortoise at all, but more like a huge naked ape's. "You are keeping the American happy and well, Toi-kan?" he would ask.

"Yes, *Er Fu*," she would reply.

"*Kundun*, you crawling worthless animal!" Wen-chi screamed. And then he

would order her topside. Grunninger could hear the blows falling. She made no outcry. She refused to call Wen-chi *Kundun*.

"He could kill me, I could never call him my master," she said.

His wound had healed over, but his thigh was stiff. Toi-kan continued her administrations which were as effective as ever. He forgot pain, and he even began to forget Teka, but he wanted to forget her. It wasn't good to remember the loved dead. The important thing was not to forget the living butchers. Particularly one called Toshio.

As spars creaked and cordage sang and the junk heeled over to the wind, Toi-kan told him about the social life of the pirates. It was a system centuries old. They had no over-all chief. They were organized in colonies or clans tied together by blood relation. But marriage to a woman of the clan made one a pirate by blood. Each clan was ruled by a pirate chief called a *Kundun*, or sometimes a *Bönpo*. The *Kundun* headed a small administrative body known as the *Kashag*, or grand cabinet. A *Kundun* ruled, not by hereditary right, but by right of proven piratical cunning, skill and bravery, and his contempt of death. A custom as old as universal piracy was that whoever killed the *Kundun* became a *Kundun* until he was, in turn, killed by someone else.

A pirate colony was crewed entirely by blood relatives in order, as Toi-kan explained, to lessen the chances of treachery and insure a greater degree of loyalty. The casually designed marriage code served the same purpose and also kept the accumulated treasure in the family. Any marital arrangement was acceptable. Brothers, sisters married the same partner. There was no limit to the number of wives. The point was to keep the family loot intact.

Everything added up, she said. Grunninger should get rid of Wen-Chi, take over Chuang Cheng's widows and pronounce himself *Kundun*. Toi-kan had already sounded out the other wives who were much taken by the idea. The few timid males remaining in the colony would have to accept the arrangement—as long as

Grunninger could defend the title. But Toi-kan was certain he would be a great *Kundun*, and that under his leadership they could kill many Japs and the fleet could accumulate much loot and *japi*.

Wen-chi, a giant almost six-and-a-half feet tall and usually crazed with opium, was no pushover. Furthermore, Grunninger could hardly consider killing a man simply for his title. But there were other very important considerations, not the least of which was the fact that when Wen-chi found that Grunninger couldn't be exchanged for *japi*, he would certainly try to kill him. He took Toi-kan's word for this. But in any case, one look at Wen-chi was convincing enough.

HE listened to the huge single oar grinding in its lock as they *yuloked* along. Toi-kan brought him a bowl of rice and chicken in fiery curry sauce. She also showed him a teakwood box containing pearls, Persian turquoise, rubies, diamonds, coral, sapphires and Prussian amber. "These will be yours also," she said. "Yours, my *taipan*. A woman has no voice except her husband's voice."

Grunninger's mouth was dry. He was not thinking so much of power or of treasure, but of St. Stephens. Of raped and mutilated women. Of slit stomachs and entrails ripped out. Of soldiers and civilians with their hands wired together as they were shot and piled up in a foggy courtyard. Of water being forced down a man's nose while a towel was held over his mouth until his stomach bloated like a balloon and the water was stomped out by hobnailed boots. And always, even in his dreams, he thought of Toshio the Butcher.

He could be the absolute ruler of a formidable fleet of fast junks, double-decked, armor-plated, built of Honduras mahogany, and bristling with cannon. Some of the cannon were old but a gun that had sunken British frigates could sink a Jap. He could equip those junks with high-speed auxiliary engines salvaged from Jap boats. Jap guns and armor could be picked up.

Grunninger told Toi-kan to leave the hatch cover unhooked when she went up. Before she went up she presented him with a curved *krise*, bowing as she did this as if the huge blade lay on a velvet cushion.

He waited a few minutes, took a deep breath, then slammed open the hatch cover and climbed onto the deck. He was scared as he stood blinking in the sun that he hadn't seen for over 14 days.

There was a boisterous wind and the junk, with two women sweating over the huge tiller, must have been hitting five knots. It was heeling steeply.

He braced his legs. He smiled as he felt the salt and the sea on his lips and his eyelids and the beating of wind in his blood. He felt the powerful fullness and glut of being there, of being alive, and of the things he had to do.

The crew of women and a few men, at least 40 in all, spotted the untidy deck, some of them playing *mah-jongg*, others squatting on hatch coamings, others with their bare legs hanging in the water. They watched him. But they did not seem to be watching him. The *mah-jongg* players continued to play. No one moved, except the women of the tiller.

Wen-chi stood on the lofty poop, surrounded by rusty steel plates, and muzzle-



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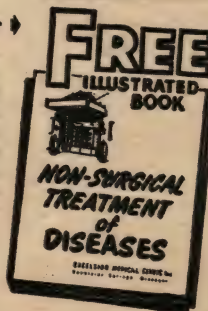
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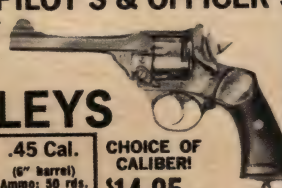
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loading cannon that had decorated a frigate of Nelson's day. The scars on his shaven head stood out like slashes of gray chalk. He wore the pants and coat of a soldier from the old disbanded army of Chang Hsueh Liang. But the uniform was far too small, and the sleeves had been cut off of the jacket, the buttons were missing, and he was barefoot. He drew his kris from his belt. His arms came out from his sides, his legs bent at the knees, his chin dug into his thick chest, the veins in the top of his head pulsed.

"You let him out, Toi-kan," Wen-chi yelled. "Later I will cut off your ears, peel the skin from your face." Then he screamed. "Take him, kill the foreign devil, kill!"

No one moved. Toi-kan had been telling the truth. They didn't much care for Wen-chi. Grunninger picked his way along the deck through a litter of bundled reeds, straw, rolled-up bedding, heaps of clothing, tin cans and dog skins. An odd thought that seemingly had little to do with the occasion went through Grunninger's mind. A night in Singapore when he had sat eating Bombay duck, sweetmeats with chutney and washing it down with *tuak*, a cider made from sugar palm.

THEN Wen-chi sprang like a leopard. The kris missed, but then Grunninger saw the knotted, 2-inch rope in his other hand whistling round. Blood ran out of Grunninger's nose and mouth and he fell half-blinded to one knee. Roaring, Wen-chi came in swinging the kris with a ferocity designed for decapitation, but a bare shapely leg tripped him, and he fell into Grunninger's up-coming knee. His big nose crunched. Grunninger rabbit-whacked the thick neck, *thup, thup, thup!* Wen-chi crawled back sputtering to his feet and headed back to the poop deck. Grunninger ran in, missed Wen-chi's throat, slashed across his right arm, cutting it to the bone.

Wen-chi grunted, stepped back, clapped his hand to his arm trying to stop the thick spurt of blood. Grunninger came up with the knife with all of his weight under it. It slid into Wen-chi's belly and ripped upward, grating between the ribs. Wen-chi fell on Grunninger and gripped him, implying he would never let go.

Grunninger sobbed for breath and felt frantically on the deck for the knife. Instead he found one of the baskets of scrap iron used as cannon shot. He brought the basket down repeatedly on Wen-chi's skull until the bone appeared naked, and the contents spilled out—doorknobs, nails, nuts, bolts, assorted hunks that clattered over Wen-chi's skull and rattled down the deck. Blinded, Wen-chi staggered to the rail wagging his head like a crushed snake's. Then he fell forward into the sea.

That night in one of the pirate's strongholds, one cave in a network of caves above a small lagoon, Grunninger became *Kundun*.

The former wives of Chuang Cheng became his wives. Toi-kan would willingly share him with the others, but that night he had eyes only for her. She had red caste marks painted between her eyebrows, and a red flower tucked behind each ear. She and the other women danced for him and covered him with sea roses. He was presented with tiger bones and tiger balm and shark fins. Small censers dangling from the cave beams expelled lazy spirals of fra-

grant smoke. Gangsa bells sang under the impact of small leather-headed hammers. Then the *trompong*, or alto bells, joined in. Over *kepisha* drums the players' fingers fluttered as fast as the wings of hummingbirds. The music swelled, gongs clashed and shivered as the *joblang* sobbed in the smoke. The nude dancers writhed and twisted in the shadows. They danced the exotic abandoned *lelong* and called on the nymph goddess, *Laksmama*, to inspire them in the pleasuring of their *Kundun*.

Eventually, Grunninger got down to the serious business of piracy.

By the end of 1942 he had established information centers with old acquaintances in Hong Kong, Kowloon, Canton and Macao. A courier system was set up, enabling him to check on Jap supply routes and schedules. He established a coded communication via short-wave radio with a band of British who somehow managed to maintain an active, 11-square-mile consulate territory in the Portuguese-owned island of Macao.

On the night of October 4, 1942, a Japanese ammunition ship, its engines throbbing powerfully, approached Chung Wan Harbor north of Kowloon, its port running lights glowing like red eyes. What appeared to be two cargo junks came silently out of the mist, fast, in a quartering wind. The crew of the first junk consisted of one man with a black beard who swung the junk directly into the path of the oncoming ship, fixed the tiller with bracing hawsers and dropped the lateen sail. He waited. He could see both running lights, red and green, and knew that the ammunition ship was on a collision course with him. He continued to wait until the ship's bow appeared to angle in toward the side like a monstrous meat cleaver. That was close enough. He dove over the side and boarded the other junk which immediately beat away to windward.

A few minutes later the foaming bow wave of the ammunition ship struck the junk, the bow and gunwales of which had been plastered with Jap magnetic landmines that exploded on contact. There was a sudden gathering rumble. Blinding light went up through the night like a mushroom, like a preliminary version of an atomic explosion.

By February of 1943, over 50 Japanese cargo junks and sampans heading up the coast to Foochow disappeared forever and



"I'd like to leave my brain to the medical center, my heart to the research institute, and my bones to my old friend and loyal companion."

mysteriously in the night. A number of oil tankers, freighters, cargo barges blew up. Coastal patrol and radio stations, wharfs and warehouses were wrecked by time bombs.

On the night of April 5, 1943, Grunninger's watch read 11:03. The lower rim of the moon rested on the mouth of one of the innumerable rivers that wind out of the mountains along the coast of South China. A light breeze had come up. Grunninger spotted the barges' lights winging a mile offshore even before he heard their engines. He signaled with his flashlight, and motioned his junks out of the river.

"Take the tiller, Toi-kan honey," he said.

"Aye, my *kundun*," she said, smiling.

Crouching behind steel plates in the lofty poop, women gunners manned old fashioned muzzle-loading pieces, crude breechloaders, battered relics that had once thundered broadsides aboard proud men-o-war. Coarse native powder was pushed down the barrels of muzzle-loading cannon, some of Chinese manufacture, others of British and French make marked with a crown and dating 1812 and 1798. The unwieldy type of mounting had been improved. The guns were now on pivoted wooden turntables clamped to the deck. The recoil was taken up by a strong steel helical spring. The turntable permitted these guns to be rotated inboard and their charging made more rapid than if they had had to be run backward and forward, in and out of ports by means of the old block and tackle.

Grunninger called out for the squaresail to be adjusted. The junk pulled less then on her rudder. He watched the barge lights flicker on and off. He looked at the moon, waiting for it to move into the cloud bank. They would have to move in, do the work and get away fast. Meanwhile they were in full view of the Jap-held coast only a mile away. They were in Jap-prowled waters.

The gunners stuffed wads of newspapers, English, Chinese, American, even Sanskrit, down the barrels against the powder. The soft rhythmic thud of wooden hammers sounded as the junks moved with a rugged swift beauty of their own, like ghostlike wraiths of the sea. Their patched lateens caught every breath of the dying northeast trade. Blocks squeaked and lugsails strained as they sailed on one tack, some on another crossing and re-crossing each other's course with perfect precision and style, yet with never a shot or warning yell.

JAP bombers and patrol boats ruled the waters in daytime. At nights the pirate junks had certain advantages. They looked like thousands upon thousands of other innocent junks. They made no sound compared with throbbing Diesels.

Shot poured into the cannon mouths. It didn't matter what size or shape providing it could be crammed into the barrels. The cannoneers waited then to apply flame to the touchholes.

Halliards slapped against the mast, sails snapped as the junks worked to intercept the barges that were now turning in toward shore. Most of the crew now hugged the rails equipped with an odd assortment of weapons including Mausers, Jap grenades and light machineguns mixed with Malay tulwars, pikes, kris and daggers.

The moon slid under the clouds. Grunninger checked his watch once more. Every-

thing had been prearranged and his fleet was well-trained by this time. According to the information gotten from Macao, there were four 80-foot barges. Two junks would attack each barge, and he had three junks waiting in reserve for attack and rescue.

A mist began blanketing the glassy sea.

"Barge, two points off the starboard bow," whispered pretty Li Kau, his chief officer or *Ta Fu*.

"Thanks, baby." Then Grunninger called out a bit louder, "Prepare to man the guns."

The squaresail came around, hung flapping on its batons, as they headed straight in for the barge, then wheeled and the sail fell.

"Ready grappling hooks!" Grunninger yelled.

The long flat bulk of the barge loomed up like a wall as Grunninger gave the order to fire. The junk decks flared as lighted sticks were applied to the touchholes, while mates stood nonchalantly by to swab out the guns. The junks shivered as 32-pounders, several 100-pounders, rifled Blakelys and eight-inch smoothbores thundered. Thick black smoke clouded the scene.

WHILE half the cannons fired, the others reloaded. At the same time a number of breech-loading culverins with eight-inch barrels sent thousands of lead balls whining across the barge deck.

Simultaneously from each junk roman candles went off. These were perhaps the earliest and crudest form of firearms ever devised. A length of hollow bamboo wrapped with rattan to give it strength, with mixtures of tow, wax, gunpowder and evil-smelling ingredients pressed in alternate layers down the length of the barrel. It made an excellent incendiary weapon. The contents of the tube were ignited at the mouth, the tube aimed at the barge to belch cataracts of sputtering fire and burning wads of dripping tow.

Fires broke out along the barge decks, threatening ammunition and gasoline. Grunninger knew they would have to work fast. Out of smoke and flame came machinegun fire, raking the junks with white tracers of lead, banging off iron grating, splintering the mahogany hulls.

Grunninger realized that the barges, too, were armor-plated. "Lower, shoot lower," he yelled. "Below the water line!"

Then Grunninger heard the engines die in the barge. The sea was exploding, catching fire. One barge folded in two amidships, nosed under the water and sank. That wasn't good.

"Out grappling hooks," he shouted. The hooks hissed out in the smoke like three-headed snakes. As the junk pulled in alongside the barge Grunninger led the attack. Most of the women stayed on the junk. But behind Grunninger were 25 howling Manchus, most of them ex-soldiers and discontented farmers and waterfront cutthroats. They swarmed over the barge hurling grenades, firing machineguns and mausers and cutting off heads with kris.

Japs set afire by burning tow from roman candles screamed shrill and high, became cylindrical masses of flame and plunged away from the bow into the sea, came up like cloth-wrapped torches, still burning, rolling and screaming in blazing water.

Grunninger's trained crew began tugging guns and ammo from the smoldering hulks



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of the three barges. Winches squealed unbolted guns from the decks and into the waiting junks. It was a good haul, the first of many and even better hauls. They obtained large boxes of food and drums of gasoline, armor plating, four undamaged Diesel engines, 10 machineguns, five 20-mm cannon, a number of disassembled and crated 47-mm anti-tank guns, knee mortars, a number of rocket bombs, demolition and thermite bombs, and five crates of .31 caliber Arisakas.

Grunniger had lost 16 dead, five wounded. The Japs had sunk three junks. It was now 3:55, getting light, and no time to be prowling in Jap waters in full view of shore observation posts that would, in any case, soon be sending out planes.

As Grunniger's junks skimmed back toward the concealment of the mainland's forests, rivers, offshore islands, the sea behind them was dotted with a number of tiny red lights drifting beside the barges. They were dead Japs who had jumped out to swim ashore. The red lights on their life jackets were supposed to guide rescue boats.

Grunniger lay against the hatch coaming and Toi-kan brought him a pack of Maspero cigarettes and a tray of breadfruit with cold shrimp and baked turtle eggs, and a bottle of rice wine. She curled up against him and happily watched him eating and drinking. "You are bigger Kundun than Chuang Cheng," she said.

"We have not yet begun to fight, baby. Now we've got plenty of weapons and ammo. We're really ready to roll. And look for Toshio."

She gazed at him with fearful concern. "Who is this Toshio? Always you speak of him."

He lay watching the masts sway naked against the stars and said nothing.

OLD China had never been much concerned with her pirates. England disappeared but had no legal jurisdiction beyond the limits of the crown colony of Hong Kong. The Japanese with ample reason feared the pirates. By 1944 one pirate fleet in particular constituted a special headache in Tokyo. According to survivors, it was obviously a pirate fleet, but its actions were not typical. It seemed not so much interested in loot as in the systematic, well-organized harassment of the Japanese war effort. The fleet soon became Rising Sun's enemy number one.

While the Imperial General Staff released public announcements of Japanese subs shell-ing Santa Barbara, California, preparatory for an invasion and march on Washington, D.C., it secretly brooded over what seemed to be a sea-going guerrilla force operating already in Hirohito's back yard. The Occupation Corps, managing to separate some fact from rumors and fancies, knew this fleet to be led by a black-bearded foreigner whom the Chinese referred to as *Ndorosabranagan*. Or, *Kundun-from-over-the-sea*.

After the night of June 7, 1944, a standing offer of one thousand yen was promised for the head of the *Kundun-from-over-the-sea*.

On that night, Grunniger's flagjunk, which he called *Dung Ho*, tacked into an obscure and seemingly unimportant little harbor on the rugged eastern coast of the island of Hainan.

DUCCIO'S DESERT SERAGLIO

There was a lot of fighting going on around him, but Captain Rinaldo Duccio, of Mussolini's crack Ariete division, only wanted to be left alone in his isolated outpost. Duccio was certainly no coward. Every day, he was menaced by a band of nonsense, knife-wielding Arabs. The thing was, he had been put in charge of eleven luscious and man-lonely nurses, and he certainly wasn't going to expose those lovely girls to rapacious British soldiers when he alone could give them the loving, Italian care their patriotic hearts demanded. IN DECEMBER MEN

Before leaving Bias Bay he had called for volunteers. "There will be no loot," he said. "No loot. There will be plenty of killing, lots of dead Nips, and a hell of a display of fireworks. There's a good chance of few of us ever coming back."

Only his wives and a few vengeful Manchus whose families had been butchered volunteered. He forbade Toi-kan to go, but she sneaked aboard.

"You have found your Toshio," she said.

"Finally located his hangout, baby. In a private little villa all his own, up there with a fine view overlooking the sea."

Because of the needed silence, they sailed into the harbor at midnight, under a cloudy sky and a somewhat squally sea. In the harbor the *Dung Ho* was merely a junk among many others. But behind its ancient facade were Jap anti-tank guns, incendiary rockets, four machineguns, a .50 and .30 mounted on the poop. And whenever it was needed, high-speed Diesel engines for fast maneuvering and a final getaway.

Toshio's villa was high above the harbor, in a very expensive setting confiscated from a wealthy Chinese merchant whose head had been cut off. Grunniger had cased the area beforehand, decided to attack the villa from the north-east by climbing the steep, forested palisades. There would be too many Nips guarding the harbor side. But first, a little fun and fireworks in the harbor to divert the Nip's attention. And anyway, the Chinese loved fireworks.

A coast-watcher radio on Macao had given him the information. And he was right on time. Outside of cargo and fishing junks, some flat-bottomed sampans, the harbor was empty of everything but one rusted freighter and a big Jap ship that was pumping loads of aviation gasoline into the fuel pump which lay about three miles inland.

Grunniger stood on the rushing prow, his arm over Toi-kan's shoulders. "There's all kinds of petroleum, honey. Crude oil, fuel oil, 60-octane and kerosene. But that bastard's oozing 100-octane and when that stuff goes it's like a bomb, a big bomb. With the vapor of that stuff around, a spark from a shoe nail can send you to hell."

"Hell?"

"That's right, honey. And whatever the Nips call it, that's where a lot of 'em are going tonight before the dogwatch."

"You hate them maybe too much," Toi-kan said sadly.

"I don't hate them, honey. Not the average Nip who's much like the average anybody, except he's been turned into a zombie. I hate the military leaders, honey. They make the sad zombies dance. One of the Bushido buzzards has a special place in my heart."

"Toshio—"

"If we get him, Toi-kan, things will go easier then."

Jellied floodlights shone on the deck of the Jap ship and Grunninger watched it from a hundred yards to port through a pair of binoculars. He heard a bunch of wild ducks fly overhead, high up in the dark, heading toward the Yangtze. He saw the half-naked Nip sailors lolling beside the humming pumps. The junks glided in. Grunninger walked to the poop deck and hesitated, listening to the whispering of his wives, like little bird voices. There were now 23 of them. It was a good life. It was a hell of a good life, he sighed.

Then he took careful aim and dropped a Jap thermite bomb down the big tanker's throat. At the same time, Toi-kan swung the tiller hard to port and Grunninger rushed back, turned over the engine, opened the throttle. There was a snortle in the water as the powerful screw took hold. He cut in the other engine, gunned both engines and a tail of spray fanned out behind the junk. Behind them, the sky turned white and red. It was as if the entire island of Hainan had gone up into a fiery night pocked with thunder and screams.

The pump valves had been wide open. Flames from the exploding ship had traveled along the pipe lines toward the fuel dump. Three miles away, the dump and surrounding tanks, barracks and personnel totalling somewhere around 2000 Nips went up in flame.

The entire harbor appeared to be on fire but by then the *Dung Ho* was out of the harbor and putting into a mist-dimmed lagoon under the cliffs. And an hour later the sweating band approached Toshio's villa, the buildings and walls of which shone ghostly white in the moonlight beneath rows of dew-drenched palms. They carried machineguns, knee mortars, grenades and rifles.

Panic scurried behind the walls, confused shouting. The confusion increased as Grun-

ninger's attacking force sent hollow-snapping knee mortars soaring over the walls. Blasted bougainvillea ran down trellises like fresh blood as Jap bullets rustled the leaves. A machinegun opened up. They rushed the walls and gates firing rifles, heaving grenades.

Grunninger forgot the others as he ran between moss-grown limestone gateposts and across gardens where Japanese deer lay dead on velvety lawns. A hushed stillness fell as he slipped across a courtyard paved in pale yellow tile and through teakwood doors. He heard the mellow notes of a wooden bell. A dying Dutchman in a white mess jacket and orange cummerbund lay in the hall beneath carved ceiling beams covered with gold leaf.

Toshio the Butcher seemed unaware of butchery outside. He lay on velvet cushions, clad in a purple kimono decorated with chrysanthemums, his fat face flushed with sake, or perhaps with some rare imported Chablis. A teakwood table near at hand was decorated with gourmet delicacies, including ice cream, cheeses and peaches flaming in wine. A number of nude, dark women, like crushed reeds, lay about him, some of them bathing his feet in rose water, while others caressed him and toyed with his fat. They were frightened by whatever was happening outside the villa, but they were even more frightened of Toshio.

Monkeys in bamboo cages chattered. From each of five archways hung a bamboo cage imprisoning birds, a blue, a scarlet, a yellow, a white, and a green. The monkeys stopped chattering. The birds stopped singing as Grunninger came across the room with his .45 colt leveled at Toshio.

HE fired once. Toshio fell back on the cushions. Blood ran between his fingers and stained his kimono. From the walls of that room the faces of hideous and very old gods looked down from supporting scarlet and gold corbels and began to laugh.

Toshio screamed for guards. No guards appeared. He screamed for mercy. There was none. Blood dripped as he started to crawl away. Grunninger started to finish him off, but the women were there first. They shrieked and clawed over him, buried him in scratching hating flesh. They screamed and tore like hungry cats. They grabbed knives from the table. They were still working on Toshio as Grunninger backed out of the room. The last he saw of Toshio was his ribboned face and empty streaming eyesockets.

There were only 15 in the crew that sailed the *Dung Ho* back to Bias Bay. Toi-kan was not one of them. Grunninger was ill, brooding and morose for months. Toi-kan had not hated as he had hated. But she had wanted it the way it had been. Still, he couldn't forget her. There were other wives. None of them were like Toi-kan.

EDITOR'S NOTE: During the summer of 1958, Grunninger was still reported to have been operating out of Formosa. He was said to have raised a lot of hell in the Yellow Sea during the Korean war.

Whether or not he is still active in the China sea—or whether he is even alive—is a matter of speculation. In any case, with the Red Chinese Government rapidly developing a modern navy, the days of the pirates are numbered.

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Cobber Jones' 50,000-Mile Hunt

continued from page 25

seated on the curb. She dug her nails in the fallen man's face. Bystanders hooted and laughed. But Jones pressed on, not even stopping.

At 11:15 A.M., he knew he must slow down. Hurry was foolish. He had 30 minutes to waste. The bar of Papa Sheroof, its juke-box wailing Arab songs, was open. He walked in and sat at a table, wishing for time to speed up, as he touched his hip pocket. Then he saw her.

The girl looked him over and left the bar to sit uninvited at his table. To other men, she would have been a lulu. All flashing eyes and moist mouth, breasts pointed in a red sheath dress. But he barely saw her.

"My name is Sari Bemi. You buy me a drink, *effendi*?"

He signaled for a waiter and gestured absently at the girl. His mind was on the man in Room 54-B of the Ministry of Public Enlightenment. How would he look? Could 10 years erase that stare, the contempt in the narrow blue eyes? Did he ever remember, or regret, the past? Or realize the size of his crimes?

No, that kind never did. They were animals disguised as human beings. Well, he'd rid the world of one beast today. In less than 30 minutes now . . .

"*Effendi*, you are not listening to Sari!"

HE looked startled. "Sorry, lass. I'm busy, finish your drink like a good gal and buzz off."

The girl edged closer to him and placed a hand invitingly on his knee. He smelled a new fragrance—myrrh—and it was not unpleasing.

"You will like Sari, I know it!" she said archly. "Why do you not come upstairs with me? For a man like you"—she stroked his muscular arm and sighed—"the price is not so high. Maybe no cost."

He didn't even hear the bawd's invitation. His eyes were fixed on the back of a man drinking at the bar: burly shoulders, a crop of fair hair, a certain swagger. Cobber half-rose from his chair. His hand went to his back pocket and the gun as he licked dry lips.

Then the man at the bar turned around. He looked nothing like the Other One. This man's chin was weak and his eyes were myopic behind thick lenses.

With a grunt of relief—or disappointment—the Australian threw some money at Sari and stood up to leave. He trembled.

After so many years, it wasn't simple to kill a man, even though you'd rehearsed it every night for a decade. On those terrible, sleepless nights when your mind went back to Stalag 5.

At exactly 12 noon, the receptionist with the bushy eyebrows dug his fingers into a tin of the famed Cairo sweets, baklava and katayef, then looked up at Cobber Jones. When he saw the rangy man with

the cowlick and the crooked nose, he frowned.

"*Effendi*, are you the one who telephoned?"

"Tell El Nadek I am here. Tell him Schelweiss sent me."

The receptionist looked searchingly at Cobber for a moment before padding down a chrome-and-tile hall on slippers. He returned quickly.

"Yes, *effendi*, His Excellency Yussuf el Nadek is anxious to see you. Follow me."

They walked down an interminable corridor, stopping before a frosted-glass door which bore the words: "PRIVATE—KEEP OUT!" in both Arabic and English. The door had two locks. The guide withdrew a chain from his belt and inserted two keys into the door.

Cobber entered and the door shut noiselessly behind him. He was alone with El Nadek.

The specialist in public "enlightenment" sat at a bare glass-topped table. He was heavier than when Cobber had seen him last. And worried, too—that was obvious from the way he gnawed his fingers. But he didn't recognize his visitor.

He had dyed his once-blond hair coal black. There was a prayer rug on the floor on which he was supposed to pray five times daily as a good Moslem, at the haunting cry of the muezzin. Jones wondered if he'd ever used it.

He studied the chiseled features he remembered from an eternity ago. "Who are you? What do you want?" the seated man asked testily. "Why did Schelweiss send you to me? That was foolish. I have a new life now."

El Nadek looked anxiously at the cold face of his caller. Without replying, Cobber stepped forward, cutting off the other one's escape. Now he reached for his gun and the china-blue eyes of El Nadek widened in fear.

The Aussie felt strangely light-headed and happy. He brought out his gun and pointed it with a rock-steady hand at the official's pale face. . . .

The watch Gentleman Harry had hidden on the first day of his imprisonment at Stalag 5 showed 10:00 A.M. This was the worst hour—always—for the captured flyers. Regensburg paid his daily call promptly at this hour. He always found some minor infraction to justify his cruelty.

The little sergeant with the rodent features snapped "*Achtung!*" The prisoners stood up but Harry Gibbs, the slender, drawling son of an English earl, was slow in getting to his feet. Regensburg's last beating had maimed his left leg.

The camp commandant flanked by two aides entered the stuffy barracks room. Herman Regensburg looked with contempt at Harry who was struggling to rise.

"You decadent sons of a has-been aris-

tocracy are finished, *kaput!*" he said. "Which is just as well. All Englishmen are swine, anyway."

Harry let fly his wad of gum; it stuck to the commandant's Iron Cross, First Class. Hitler himself had pinned it on Regensburg.

"Tie this man to a post. We shall show the earl's son how the *herrenvolk* regard high-born Englishmen."

Gentleman Harry didn't flinch at the words. Cobber Jones, the big, somewhat shy fellow from Perth, Australia, looked admiringly at his fellow prisoner.

A relay of camp guards took turns flaying Harry with heavy lengths of chain. One man used a nail-studded pike and laughed in a girlish high voice as he smashed the prisoner's head time and again.

At last, the skull was laid open. Cobber remembered Harry's brains oozing down his forehead like broken eggs. The suffering man coughed several times, then winked at Cobber with one eye; the other orb hung by a thread of skin from its socket.

Harry died a few minutes after that ghastly wink.

This day, 10 years later in a Cairo office building, "El Nadek" asked with an air of puzzlement: "You intend to kill me! Why?"

"Do you remember an English boy at Stalag 5, Regensburg? Gentleman Harry, we called him. You had his brains clubbed out. This gun is for him."

The man nodded. "Ach, yes, I remember now. . . . And you are the quiet Australian—his friend?"

"Yes. And I was the friend of Sammy Kahn, too. Remember Sammy? He was our pilot and a damned good one. But he was Jewish and Schelweiss killed him. Your buddy, Schelweiss." He glanced around the luxurious office.

Regensburg said, "You would be a *verdammt* fool to try anything, Jones. I have powerful friends here." A click sounded behind Cobber as the door opened.

"Put the gun down, Mr. Jones. And step out of my way. I have a pistol of my own."

The Aussie let his weapon drop to the rug and turned to face the owner of the new voice. It was the receptionist.

"We've waited a long time to find Regensburg, Jones. You coves from Down Under are an impatient lot, much too eager. This man is ours."

"Just who the hell are you?" Cobber snapped.

"My name is Ashley Ford of British Intelligence. We want this man badly. But you came along and almost spoiled things."

BOTH men now looked at the Nazi who had tried to become an Egyptian. El Nadek—or Regensburg—toyed with his desk clock. It showed five after 12. He looked like a puffy, tired old man with dyed hair.

"I don't want to disappoint you men, but I have other plans," he said. "Go back to England or France for trial? *Donnerwetter*, do you take me for an idiot?"

For a man who had become fat, El Nadek was surprisingly agile. Ford tried to stop him. Cobber made a flying tackle and just missed Regensburg's legs.

In a moment, the German was on the balcony, eight floors above the busy Cairo boulevard. Seconds later he had vanished. There was a keening cry as he fell . . . a

pulpy sound on the pavement far below. In a few moments, excited Arab cries rose up to the waiting men.

"Better leave, Jones. This isn't a healthy place for us now."

The Australian didn't reply. He was methodically ransacking Regensburg's desk, flinging papers on the floor. One blue card held his attention. He read it and said: "Froelich is alive. That's what I wanted to learn. Very well, Mr. Ford, let's go. This man's score is settled."

And Jones penciled a line through the entry "REGENSBURG, HERMAN—No. 2" in his little notebook. No. One had been taken care of last month. The pleasure of seeing No. Three die lay ahead.

WHEN does a man's hatred reach the turning point and becomes an obsession to kill? To Australian military psychiatrists, the case of No. 5543, as Peter Jones is identified in their records, is a classic example of an easy-going, friendly human being pushed to murder by memories and emotions beyond his control.

"You're barmy as a coot, Cobber!" said the little Melbourne nurse, Binky Smith, when she learned of his plan for vengeance on the masters of Stalag 5. "Live for today, with me. Forget the past." But Jones couldn't.

When he was 20 in the fall of 1939, Jones sailed for England and joined the Royal Air Force. In the grim months of the Battle of Britain, after Dunkirk, and in the bombing of Fortress Europe, the lanky farm boy became a hard-muscled, well-liked bombardier affectionately called "Cobber" by his mates. When his plane was set afire by ack-ack near Dortmund, Jones bailed out. He and two others made it. The rest were riddled with bullets while floating down in chutes which had become shrouds.

At first, the placid Australian counseled jittery Sammy Kahn, the bomber pilot, to take it easy. "Those krauts know you're Jewish; don't let the Nazis rile you. There are rules of war, y' know. They've got to be decent to prisoners!"

But to the fanatical Nazis, the rules were suspended, especially for Jewish soldiers or airmen who were captured. One man at Stalag 5 in particular—Horst Schelweiss, a Gestapo officer—delighted in baiting Sammy.

When the pilot hit a guard who was taunting him, Kahn was interrogated by Schelweiss, a professorial type with pince-nez glasses and sinus trouble.

Kahn later told his pal Cobber: "They sat me naked on a stool. A man in a white gown took blood from my arm. I thought it might be for a sick man. He filled several bottles and held them up to Schelweiss."

"That devil said: 'What, it's not pure Aryan blood? Throw it down the drain, doctor!' My blood was thrown away and both men laughed. It was a good joke. And though I felt weak and dizzy, Schelweiss had them hit me. Here—" He showed the glowering Australian welts and bloody patches in his scalp.

Kahn's next beating came a week later, after Schelweiss "suggested" to the commandant, Regensburg, that the pilot be given additional "corrective treatment." They forced a quart of castor oil down Kahn's throat. Schelweiss invited all available camp personnel to watch the flyer die in agony from a ruptured spleen and bowel.



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In his book on war neuroses, Dr. Hubert Trent of the Melbourne Clinic for Nervous and Allied Disorders—who became Cobber's confidante after his long search was ended—has this to say:

"Stalag 5 and the brutality of the three Nazis transformed Peter Jones from a passive hater of cruelty into an instrument of vengeance. He made up his mind to kill the three men if it took the rest of his life to accomplish his aim.

"For years, this quiet but persistent fellow haunted the War Library at Canberra; wrote letters of inquiry to No. 10 Downing Street in London; and endlessly questioned Australian and British war veterans."

Cobber would ask: "Did you know three Nazis named Regensburg, Schelweiss and Froelich?" Always, the answer was no. In the summer of 1955, he spent his savings on a trip to Europe itself.

His luck improved, oddly enough, in Hamburg, Germany, when he spied Fritz Blechmann, the piano tuner, turning into a *gasthaus* for his nightly stein of beer.

A hard hand gripped the Hamburg man's shoulder.

"You are *Blechmann*! I want to talk with you . . . about Stalag 5," Cobber said softly.

When he learned the man needed a bicycle, he bought one for Blechmann. This loosened the ex-guard's tongue.

"I know only that one of the three is alive for certain," he whispered. "Go to Havana. Schelweiss is there. My cousin, a seaman, saw him. They went to the same school as boys. He now runs a jewelry store on the Avenida de Octubre. But not under his name. He calls himself Carlos Laveria. It is safer that way. . . ."

The big clock on the wall of the jewelry store had neon numerals. The man with the Spanish name and the bullet-head looked at the clock and thought about lunch. It was 12:15. He didn't know that breakfast had been his last meal on earth.

Passing out American dollars along the Avenida proved a sure way of getting people to talk. Said a bootblack, pocketing the money: "I know Laveria? *Madre de dios*, what a cold fish. But that is his woman, Nina, over there at the Bar of the Owl. Talk with her."

SHE was 30, hard of mouth and eye, and had been used badly by life. She accepted his invitation to drink. And she drank much. Later, thawed by his pleasant words and friendly interest, she told him something of Laveria.

Nina showed Cobber bruises on her arms. "Laveria is a dog, not Cuban at all. I think he is German. He likes to hurt people."

He entered the shop after giving the woman a \$20 and telling her to go downtown and buy herself a dress. Cobber knew Schelweiss at once. Now he used a feather-duster on his stock instead of a club on men's heads.

"*Buenas dias!*" said Laveria. "I have seen the *señor* before, no? What is your pleasure? A nice watch, a ring for your girl. Of the finest gold . . ."

Cobber leaned over the glass counter and gripped the jeweler by his lapels. "With *what* gold? The gold you stole from the corpses you Nazis burned? The fillings in their teeth? I don't want gold, I want you—*Schelweiss!*"

The man's pince-nez fell to the floor. The big wall clock showed 12:30. Trying to ex-

amine his customer's blurry face now, lacking his spectacles, the German babbled:

"I don't know what you mean! There's some mistake, sir. My name is Laveria. Carlos Laveria, and I'm a respectable businessman."

The pressure on the lapels tightened. "Remember Sammy Kahn, Schelweiss? You killed him with castor oil. Didn't you know you'd have to pay? Or are you Nazi blighters something special in this world?"

Horst Schelweiss remembered now. The Jew had a friend—a bitter young Australian. He had worried about that one with the hate-filled eyes back in Stalag 5.

"Yes, I'm Schelweiss. Let me down, please. Your hands—they hurt. What do you want?"

"Where is Regensburg? And Froelich? You were birds of a feather. And vultures should keep tab on each other."

THE German tried to compose himself and groped for his glasses on the floor. Cobber kicked them out of reach.

"If I tell you where Regensburg is, will you let me alone, *mein herr?*"

"My name is Jones. I asked you a question. I give no bargains."

Schelweiss saw a chance and took it. His tone became ingratiating. "Froelich disappeared. I can't help you there. But Regensburg, yes. He has a good job now, in Egypt, working for the government."

"Under what name?"

"He is now Yusuf el Nadek. He has become an Arab, a Moslem. For convenience. His war crime record was—er—unfortunate. You will find him in the Ministry of Public Enlightenment in Cairo."

Schelweiss backed up slightly in the direction of the door. Suddenly, he pulled a small silver whistle from his pocket and blew it frantically.

Two dark and gaudily-dressed men from the bar next door hurried in with knives ready. Cobber grimaced. Schelweiss must have expected trouble some day: he had bodyguards.

With his left foot, the Aussie kicked the knife from one crouching attacker's hand, following it up with a smashing blow at the fellow's temple. The man reeled dizzily. As his buddy dodged to Cobber's right, maneuvering for a chance to sink his blade into Jones' side, Cobber feinted and leaped aside as the hoodlum rushed him.

Catching the onrushing thug by the wrist, Cobber pushed the knife high in the air, twisting the man's hand . . . twisting . . . a bone snapped, and the blade clattered to the floor. The man sobbed with pain.

Cobber seized the other man and smashed their heads together. The sound sickened him. The men dropped into the gutter outside the store like empty suits of clothing.

The jeweler scuttled to the rear of his shop as Cobber moved toward him. Jones' hand went to his hip pocket and brought out the gun. Schelweiss peered hard at it and yelled.

"No, no, *mein Gott*, not that. Not to die like a dog in a strange land. Why? The war is over, *kamerad!*"

As he retreated, eyes popping in fright, the man careened into a display case filled with watches. Off balance, he broke the glass with his elbow and fell into the mass of watches amidst a tinkling symphony of shattering panes.

One long shard, dagger-sharp, sawed

across the Gestapo man's throat as he tottered backward. It severed the big artery just above his starchy collar. The German's life gushed out in a pumping red spray. The blood splattered the watches, his tie, shirt and the floor.

"Gott, help me, please, Jones!" The words came through a red froth on his lips. "I didn't want to kill people. It . . . was . . . orders . . . from above."

"None of you ever were guilty," Peter Jones said softly. "Always, it was 'orders from above.' Liars, all of you. You loved the smell of death, Schelweiss!"

That smell hung heavy in the shop now. A few unharmed watches ticked yet, their dials bright with red droplets. Schelweiss coughed bloodily and died, sprawled in a broken show-case.

Cobber looked without emotion at the crimsoned body. Then he took out his notebook and drew a line through the first entry: "SCHELWEISS, HORST."

Number One was dead. Now he was Cairo-bound. . . .

The Egyptian newspapers played down the death of Yussuf el Nadek, upon orders from the authorities. His real name of Regensburg was not given out, following his leap from the eighth floor balcony.

"Distraught by overwork and attention to pressing duties on behalf of the new State, the devoted civil servant El Nadek took his life in a fit of exhaustion and despondency, doctors declare."

Cobber parted company with the British agent, Ashley-Ford, in the lobby of a third-rate hotel near Cairo's railroad station.

"You're an odd one, Jones," said the intelligence operative. "Somehow, I pity that third fella you're looking for. If I had it in my power, I'd keep you from hunting him down, even if I had to arrest you."

He sighed and lit his pipe. "But orders are orders, Jones. My job ended here when Regensburg took that leap off the balcony. Deuced awkward for me, y'know. Requires a bit of explanation back in London. They might think I pushed him!"

"Blame it on me if you wish," Cobber said.

Ashley-Ford smiled. "No, thanks awfully, chap, but I think we'll keep you out of this. My superiors might believe I mucked things up deliberately to let a mad Aussie barge in."

Later, in the plane heading south across the Sudan, the Sahara Desert, and on toward South Africa, Cobber Jones lit a cigarette and reflected on the very personal score he had to settle with No. Three.

Sweaty Willy Wump-Wump pounded the oil tin drum and glanced at the alarm clock on a ledge over the bar. The smoky Johannesburg shebang—a native saloon—was jumping tonight. Willy, grandson of a witch doctor, had a strange premonition that Bwana Bordius might show up soon.

If so, there would be trouble. An unquiet spirit was in the eyes of the other white man at the table in the corner. The clock showed 10:00 P.M. Trouble was to arrive one hour later. . . .

Cobber ordered another beer and listened as the swaying Willie pounded his oil drum and led the musicians in a Bantu ditty:

"Once it was a time, a very good time
De Monkey chewed tobacco
'an 'e spit white lime.

"'Twan't my time; 'twan't you' time,
Was old folks time—Da Ba! Ba!"

A GIRL in a blue dress, a most attractive girl with just the hint of duskiness in her face, brought Cobber his drink. She bent down and muttered: "Saah, it is not good for white bwana to visit native shebang. Bwana Bordius, the policeman, would be angry. He could jail us, have us beaten. The laws are very strict."

He slipped the girl a bank note. "Don't go. Tell me, what is this man Bordius like? How does he look, why do you fear him?"

The bronzed girl with the doe eyes and full lips weighed her words. "Ah, bwana, he is a bad man, ver' bad. He wears the uniform of the police and carries the stick called a baton. With it, he hits the Bantu men, and women, too, on the head. Always he writes names of offenders in his little book. Then those whose names are written go to prison."

The music droned on, not unpleasant, even exciting at times. Jones looked absently at the mass of yelling, thigh-rolling dancers. Here, in this squalid cafe which was off bounds to Europeans, the Bantus and Indians who drugged in the diamond and gold fields could forget their miserable toil for a few hours each week. One man at the bar, a good-natured, laughing Bantu workman, carried a puppy in his ragged coat pocket. Occasionally, he fed the dog a tidbit.

At sight of the animal, Cobber Jones stiffened. He was back at Stalag 5 in the winter of '44. Crouching at the barracks door, he listened to the retreating steps of the guard before bringing out the shivering, wet little mutt who had crept into their hut. Cobber had taken possession of the dog, Pluto.

"Look out for Froelich!" Gentleman Harry whispered. "He's a bad hat. Keeping that dog here can earn you a severe thrashing, laddy-buck."

"To hell with Froelich! I want this dog. The pup's as miserable as we are. Here, Pluto!"

He hated Froelich worst of all. The man lacked emotion. In civilian life, he had been a penitentiary guard in Danzig. His scorn for defenseless prisoners had carried over into his wartime duties in the prison camp. The strapping, dark-haired guard looked for opportunities to degrade and hurt the men he watched.



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The barracks door opened quietly and Froelich stood there. "I heard a dog whine," he said accusingly. "Who has a dog? You have three minutes to produce the animal."

Nobody gave an inch. They stood with frozen faces. Cobber prayed that Pluto knew enough to keep his little mouth shut. But the pup didn't. Hidden in a duffle bag, he now yipped plaintively.

Froelich's eyes narrowed as he walked over to the bag and pulled out the shivering pet. Slowly, methodically, with a real love for his work, he took his rifle butt and pounded Pluto as if he were churning butter. The blood-sticky butt descended again and again.

Cobber wept, even after the pup screamed no longer.

He felt Sammy Kahn's warning fingers dig into his arm. The men kept quiet as Froelich continued his thumping even after the dog was dead, just a smear of fur, blood and brains. The Nazi breathed with a heavy, unnatural excitement. "Who owned the dog?"

"I did." Cobber came forward. His feet were unsteady, for hate of the guard made him dizzy. He drew back to strike Froelich but the German smashed the Australian's temple with his gun-butt.

Cobber Jones was hardly aware of it. His thoughts were with Pluto as he dropped....

And he thought of the dog now, ten years afterward, reminded by the pup in the native's pocket. The music faltered and the dancing slowed, then stopped. Slumped in his seat, lost in reverie, Jones hadn't noticed the uniformed man who had entered the resort.

He felt a cold metal object press the short hairs at the back of his neck. A voice spoke mockingly. "Ach, it is the Australian from Stalag 5. When I heard a white man had been asking natives about me, I thought of an enemy, yes, but I didn't think of you."

"You have a good memory, Froelich." Cobber stood and raised his hands as the man took his gun away and patted his clothing for other weapons.

"Why do you want to kill me, *myrheer*?" Froelich asked curiously.

"There was a dog once. But you wouldn't understand that. And this nose of mine."

HE had kept the broken nose intact, flaunted it, as a reminder of his duty: to kill three evil men. One noon when he had protested that there was odorous filth in the barley soup, Froelich had smiled thinly and replied: "We will fix your nose, so it no longer sniffs bad things in Stalag 5. Then you will eat anything."

A truncheon across the face had smashed the nose, almost blinding Cobber to boot. When he recovered, the nose had a lump just below the bridge. At war's end, a doctor in the military hospital in Melbourne had told him the nose could be improved in appearance by plastic surgery.

"Let it alone!" growled Cobber. "I want it this way." Seeing his face and nose as he shaved each morning, he had been reminded of Stalag 5 and Froelich's cruelty....

"You will not have the chance to kill me, *myrheer*," said Bordius. "I am officer of the law here. It is forbidden for you, as a non-native, to frequent a *shebang* with these scum." He glared at the ring of silent, expectant natives.

"You will come with me, please, out that door into the alley."

Cobber said: "And then you'll shoot me, Froelich, and claim I tried to escape, eh? You pulled that on other men in Stalag 5. I guess you've used the dodge here in Johannesburg, too."

The gun nudged his shoulder. "Come along, you are wasting time. . . . Back, all you pigs, back to your pleasures. This is none of your concern!" the policeman snapped at the natives.

There was a rumble of resentment in the Bantu tongue. A woman yelled something derisive in a Berber dialect. A gigantic Sudanese pit boy with a ring in his nose moved his dinner-plate lips and glared in wordless hatred at Froelich.

As "Bordius" and his prisoner moved to the door, Willy Wump-Wump, swift and silent as an adder, glided from the bandstand and leaped upon the policeman's back. This surprise move galvanized the other men to action.

THE big Sudanese, his fez bobbing excitedly, grabbed the German around his midriff and raised him from the floor. With a massive ebony paw, he knocked the gun from Froelich's hand as if it had been a child's bauble.

The room seethed now with the mob sounds of hatred and blood lust. Thrusting Cobber into a corner, Willy pulled a knife and danced around the ex-Nazi guard.

"Speak, *Bwana* Bordius, how does it feel to be hurt, to be hated? Beg for your life!"

The German gasped: "Stop this, you insane dogs! You will all hang. You know the law."

A girl with many scars on her face joined the men. She carried a broken beer bottle and went to work with it on Froelich's cheeks. Five boys from the native quarter of Sophiatown—chanting a half-forgotten Zulu war song—began stomping on Froelich who had slipped to the floor.

Cobber, sickened, averted his gaze. In five minutes it was all over. Froelich, looking like the pup Pluto—an inert mass of blood, torn skin, and matted hair—lay grotesquely under a table.

The girl in the blue dress was excited by the killing. She said coldly to Jones: "Go, now, *bwana*, it is not safe for you here. My people may not stop with one death."

She dropped his gun into his coat pocket and he walked silently to the door, many hostile eyes boring into his back.

He stopped in a penny arcade and looked at himself in a cracked mirror. Now he noted how really ugly his nose was. *I'll see that surgeon*, he promised himself. *Might as well get it fixed at last.*

He took out the little note book and drew a line through Number 3—FROELICH, GUSTAVE. He pulled out the gun and looked at it as if seeing it for the first time. Not a bullet had been fired since he had brought it from Australia.

It made a bloke think. He hadn't killed one of the three . . . with the gun. But his presence in each case had been followed by death. It gave him an uncomfortable feeling. Did that make him a killer? He didn't know—and he didn't care now.

Cobber dropped the gun and the note-book into a nearby trash can. Feeling young and carefree for the first time in too many years, Peter Jones headed for the airline office on Great Bow Street to buy a one-way ticket to Melbourne.

END

"MACAO IS MY TOWN"

TRUE BOOK BONUS

continued from page 31

he explained. "I decided to see the world."

"But why Macao?"

"It's a wide-open town. And I've had my bellyful of authority."

Li Li looked up at him with round, innocent eyes. He was a big man with huge hands and a flaming mop of red hair. "You must be very strong," she said with admiration.

"Sure, baby." He picked up a silver quid from the change on the table. Holding it firmly in his powerful fingers, he slowly bent the big coin in half.

The hum of voices faded off. A hush seemed to sweep over the ship. Kane, thinking the passengers were awed by his trick, just stared at Li Li grinning broadly. Suddenly the ship's engines coughed and stopped.

Li Li smiled. "Don't look now, Mr. Kane," she said smoothly, "but we're being held up by river pirates." Kane swung around. Four armed Chinese bandits were quietly lining up the passengers. Kane rose slowly. At a gesture from one of the thugs, he put his hands on top of his head. Three bandits leaned casually against the wall while the fourth methodically stripped the tourists of their valuables. Kane, at the far end of the lounge, was the last victim.

The bandit, a moon-faced fellow, had his tommygun nestled in his arm. Deftly, he picked the wallet out of Kane's back pocket, stripped off a wrist watch and then ran his hand over Kane's body. He felt the thick money belt strapped around Kane's waist. Cursing in Cantonese, he ripped open Kane's shirt.

Inside that belt was over \$3000. As the bandit wrapped his dirty hand around the canvas money belt, Kane lost his head. A terrible anger shook him. Without thinking of consequences, Kane brought his knee up sharply. It smashed into the bandit's groin and doubled him over, groaning with pain. Kane twisted the gun out of the thug's hand. Grabbing the writhing Chinese by the throat he held him up as a shield. Kane held the tommygun in his other fist as though it were a pistol. He let loose a quick burst that caught one of the bandits in the belly.

KANE swiveled on the balls of his feet lightly. The other bandits let loose a hail of gunfire. They riddled their companion with lead, but Kane held the shuddering body high. The passengers dove for cover. On deck, the Chinese screamed. Kane's finger squeezed the trigger. His eyes had taken in the setup quickly. Only one door led from the deck. Another passageway went into the lounge on the far side of the room. Kane started backing into the corner. He could hold off a dozen bandits from there. His finger tightened a little more. He could almost feel the sear slipping to let loose the hammer. At that moment, his head seemed to explode. The gun dropped and Kane flopped to the floor.

He woke to the sharp fumes of ammonia held under his nose. His head felt as though a little man were inside banging around his skull with a hammer. Kane opened his eyes. A kindly-faced doctor held him down gently.

"Don't get up, son. You've had a nasty blow. Luckily, there's no fracture."

"I've got a hard head," said Kane.

"You were very foolish," the doctor chided him gently. "Why those river pirates spared your life I'll never know—especially after you killed two of them."

"Just what happened, doc?"

"Oh, it's nothing new. They boarded the ship singly and then after robbing everyone aboard, they smashed the engines and made off on a junk that had been standing by. I tell you the British authorities in Hong Kong will have to take some action."

"Sure, doc." Kane shook his head to clear away the cobwebs. "If you'll just take your hand off my chest I'll get up now."

"You'd better come back to Hong Kong, son. We'll put you into a hospital for observation—at least overnight."

Kane stuck his finger into his watch pocket. He felt the crisp, new \$20 bill he had put there for emergencies. He was broke, but not flat broke.

"Thanks for the advice, doc," said Kane. "But I'll stick around Macao."

The Portuguese colony of Macao is a tiny, festering peninsula at the mouth of the Pearl River on the south coast of China. At one time the largest port in the area for trade with mainland China, it now was the vice center of the world. Its one big, legitimate industry was the manufacture of fireworks.

Kane wandered around Macao aimlessly, getting the feel of the town. Along the docks, girls on sampan boats offered their services in loud, supplicating cries. A few on the docks tried to haul him aboard their small boats for a night of love.

On the Praya Grande were the estates of the wealthy, ruling Portuguese. The homes had an old-world charm and reeked of money. Inland was the Avenida Almeida Ribeiro. This was the famous half-mile stretch of the *San bu Kwan* district—the three don't cares—gambling, opium, brothels. It had more gambling houses per square foot than any street in the world. The biggest house of all was the 10-story Central Hotel. The Central was open around the clock, seven days a week.

At the entrance to the Central, Kane hesitated. "Do I go for broke with my last twenty?" he asked himself. He walked inside. "I go for broke," he answered himself.

Hundreds of Chinese were standing around the tables in each room. Some played bird cage. Most gambled on fan tan. The game of fan tan was wonderfully simple. The dealer had a large pile of white, bone buttons in front of him. He placed a bell-shaped brass cover over a portion of the buttons and separated them from the big pile. Then, using a short stick, he moved away four buttons at a time until only one, two, three or four remained. The gamblers tried to guess how many buttons would be left.

At some of the tables, the stakes were small. Kane moved from room to room. In the largest room, they played fan tan on three levels. Gamblers on the second and third floors had their bets lowered to the dealer's table in small baskets. They stood around the hole in the ceiling, watching the play on the

main floor. If they won, their winnings were hoisted up to them.

Kane stuck his finger inside his watch pocket and then stopped short. At one of the crowded tables, oblivious of everyone and everything was Li Li staring at the gaming table. Her face was perfectly composed, but she tapped her silver whip on the table with nervous impatience. She wore a golden, silk sheath, and around her throat was the same lovely, eye-catching necklace she had worn on the *Takshing*.

Kane wanted to whoop and holler and rush over. Something held him back. Instead he moved across the room to one of the Macanese house men. "Who is she she?" he asked.

"A beautiful woman," the house man said.

"A beautiful woman, yes?"

"Yes," said Kane. "Who is she?"

"Madame Li Li," said the Macanese. "She owns the biggest fireworks factory in Macao."

"What else does she do?" Kane asked.

The Macanese smiled. "We all have our little deals going."

ALL at once, Kane knew what held him back. Only one person in the lounge aboard the *Takshing* had been in a position to slug him. Up till now he felt only a suspicion. He had been unwilling to believe it possible. Yet it had to be true. She had to be a member of the river pirate gang. If she weren't, they would have stripped her of her necklace. Kane grinned. He slipped outside the hotel to wait for little Li Li.

Kane expected her to have a bodyguard, but she came out alone at two in the morning. Kane rubbed the bump behind his ear. Apparently she could take care of herself.

A rickshaw boy picked her up. When they left the busy Avenida Almeida Ribeiro, the boy began trotting. Kane lengthened his stride and managed to keep them in sight.

They turned toward the harbor that lies squeezed behind Ihla Verde. In back of one of the huge fireworks factories the rickshaw bounced out along a creaky, wooden pier. Halfway to the end, Li Li dismissed the boy and climbed the steep gangplank to one of the larger junks. Kane waited in the shadows of the factory until the boy trotted out of sight. He approached the junk cautiously. No one seemed to be on guard. Kane climbed aboard. At the prow of the vessel was an obsolete .30 caliber water-cooled machinegun. Kane, working quietly, removed it from its mount and cradled the bulky gun in his arm. He hung the cartridge belt over his shoulders.

Noisy voices came from the cabin under the poop deck. Pushing open the door a crack, he saw Li Li seated at a large lacquered table surrounded by a dozen men. On the table was the pile of loot taken from their pirate raid on the *Takshing*. Kane's money belt was on the pile.

Li Li was directing the division of the spoils. "The little wench," Kane thought. "She's the leader of those cut-throats."

Kane shoved a cartridge into the breech and pushed through the door. He crouched on the top step like some huge, menacing beast, his lip curled in a lop-sided grin. Li Li glanced up with an annoyed expression. When she recognized Kane, she didn't bat an eye. Smiling easily, she saluted him with her thin, silver whip. Kane moved down the steep stairway. He rumbled out an order. The men didn't understand his words, but they understood his intent. Without protest, they lined up against the wall.

"How did you guess, Kane?" asked Li Li. "Your necklace."

"Of course," she said. "I'm getting careless." Kane picked up his money belt and flicked it open. His money was still there. "You don't mind if I take back my dough, do you Li Li?"

"*Me yu fa tzu*," she said fatalistically. "It can't be helped."

Kane grabbed the loose bills on the table and stuffed them in his pocket. "For my pain and suffering," he said.

At the sight of the money disappearing into Kane's pocket, the thugs began growling and shuffling toward Kane. He fired a burst at their feet, and the explosions sounded shattering in the confined cabin. Li Li snapped out a command in Cantonese and they put their hands on top of their heads obediently.

"Sit down, Kane," she said calmly. "I want to talk to you."

"Sure, baby," Kane slapped the machinegun on the table, his finger resting carelessly on the trigger.

"Throw in with me," she said with simple directness.

Li Li outlined her operations. The fireworks factory was a front for wide-flung illicit rackets. She smuggled gold into Hong Kong and China; ran a dozen brothels and supplied girls for the houses. She bought opium in Canton and exported it to buyers around the world. She and her gang hi-jacked other small operators all along the coast of South China. And from time to time, she organized a raid on the British steamers.

"You're doing all right," said Kane. "You don't need me."

"You're a fool."

"Maybe," said Kane. "Sure, you're prettier than most sergeants I've known and smarter than most of the brass. But I told you before, I don't like authority breathing down my back—even yours. My answer is no." He paused. "Unless you're offering to make me your partner."

LI LI slammed her whip on the table. "Get out of here, Kane!" Her voice was flat and menacing.

Kane backed off and up the stairs. He bounded across the deck. When he hit the pier he was running. He ditched the machinegun by tossing it into the harbor.

In town, he checked into the Hotel Bela Vista, and emptied his pockets. It made quite a nice international stack—English and Australian pounds, Macao patacas and American dollars. Roughly, it totaled about \$2000. Added to his own wad, it made more than \$5000. Kane made a thick roll and shoved it back in his pocket. He stretched out on the bed. From the terrace below his window he heard the Filipino orchestra blaring out popular jazz tunes of the thirties.

"Yes, sir, that's my baby—" he hummed the lyrics and the image of Li Li came into his mind. He chuckled. That dame, he thought, is one big operator. I haven't heard the last of her.

Kane was just dozing off when the hotel house boy knocked. He carried a pot of tea and a thick picture album.

"Singsong girls," said the house boy flipping open the photo album.

Kane riffled through the pages of the album and picked out numbers 23 and 69. "And get me a bottle of Scotch and plenty of ice."

The Scotch came in first. Kane fixed him-

self a stiff drink. A half hour later numbers 23 and 69 entered. Dressed in elaborate costumes, their faces were enameled and their black hair piled high on their heads in a classic design. Behind them was an *ahma*, a serving woman, dressed in padded dungarees and wearing a long pigtail that hung down her back. She carried a large wicker basket.

The *ahma* squatted on her heels. Opening the basket she took out a *woo dip kam*—zitherlike instrument. Number 23 picked up drum sticks and sat in front of the zither. Number 69 pulled a bamboo flute from a small case.

"Now," announced number 23, "we shall play a Cantonese love song, 'Summer Laughter and Winter Tears.'"

The girls took turns singing. To Western ears it was completely off-key. To Kane it sounded as though someone were squeaking chalk on a blackboard. The wail of the flute hurt his ears and the pounding of the *woo dip kam* started his head pounding again. He stood the singing for about five minutes and then bellowed for them to stop.

"What the hell else do you girls do?" Kane demanded.

"We're singsong girls," said number 23 indignantly. "What else do you want for \$10?"

Kane slapped a \$10 bill on the table. "Okay, I've got a filthy mind. Take that ten-spot and scam."

Glowing, the girls stamped out of the room, followed by their *ahma*.

For the next week, Kane wandered around the town. He made no secret of the fact that he was looking for a good racket. He got plenty of offers. One merchant wanted him to invest 4000 bucks in buying a motor torpedo boat for a smuggling deal. Another offered to sell him a part interest in an opium den. Smuggling and opium smoking were both illegal, but Kane discovered that in Macao you could get away with murder if you greased the right palms.

One morning, a messenger delivered a small package to his room. It contained a beautiful watch with a gold wrist band.

"With the compliments of Madame Li Li,"

said the messenger. "She would like to see you this evening."

"Take it back," said Kane. "And tell her I haven't changed my mind."

"In that case," said the messenger, an elderly Chinese with a wrinkled face, "Madame wants you to wear it as her gift. She apologizes for striking you."

Kane chuckled. When the messenger left, he tried the watch on for size. He had already bought himself a complete wardrobe of custom tailored suits. He now dressed carefully. A merchant he met in one of the gaming casinos had a proposition for him.

Kane stuck an expensive cigar in his mouth, admired himself in the mirror and then walked outside the plush hotel. As soon as he stepped into the street, a Portuguese police officer took him by the elbow. "You are under arrest," he said.

"What in hell for?" demanded Kane.

"Please follow me," the officer insisted.

IN police headquarters, Kane was ushered into a small interrogation room. A huge East African policeman with bared bayonet on his rifle stood guard at the door. For more than an hour Kane was left alone. Finally the police officer led in an Englishman whose face was badly battered. The lieutenant held up Kane's wrist. "Is this your watch, sir?"

"Yes, yes. That's it."

"What is this, a frameup?" yelled Kane.

The police lieutenant slapped him hard across the face. "Quiet," he ordered.

Then pulling the watch from Kane's wrist, he handed it over to the Englishman. "We will deal with this thief," he said, leading the Englishman outside.

The lieutenant returned with two husky Portuguese cops. They twisted his arms behind his back and handcuffed his wrists together. Methodically they began working him over with rubber hoses. They knocked him to the floor and kicked him to his feet again, with no show of emotion. When Kane couldn't crawl to his feet, they dragged him into the cellar and tossed him into a pitch black cell. The floor of the tiny cell tilted at an angle of 45 degrees. Kane couldn't stand

CROWNING BLOW—Kane was letting the bullets fly till Li Li raised her bottle



"So you think I am too young?" the supple-bodied girl said to Kane. "Do you not know

and couldn't lie down. His face throbbed painfully. Every breath he drew sent a sharp pain flooding through his chest. They left him there without food or water for two days.

When they finally pulled him out, his legs were rubbery. A guard prodded him with a sharp bayonet and he stumbled into the lieutenant's office. Li Li sat in an easy chair at one side of the officer's desk. She toyed with the pliant silver whip she seemed always to carry.

"The lieutenant tells me you were indiscreet, Mr. Kane," she said. "I don't want to see you rot in prison for five years. I've offered to pay any fine he sets. If you agree, he will parole you in my custody."

THE lieutenant nodded seriously in this hoked-up situation. Kane started laughing. He had been made a sucker in one of the oldest games in the world. He kept laughing until tears squeezed out of his blackened eyes. Finally, he managed to gasp, "Okay, Li Li. You got yourself a new boy."

Li Li's expensive villa nestled against one of the low hills overlooking the sea. When they arrived, she sent her servants scurrying. In a moment, a table was set with steaming, aromatic dishes. Kane dug in without a word. He wolfed down the food—roast pigeon, filet mignon, lobster tails, and scores of delicious tidbits he didn't recognize. He washed the courses down with huge gulps of rice brandy. When he couldn't push down another bite, he shoved back his chair, loosened his belt and patting his belly happily, said, "I'm stuffed."

"*Chi bu sha fan chy*," said Li Li. "That means I cannot eat another bite."

She offered him an ivory-tipped cigarette and then led him upstairs to a large suite of rooms. "These are your quarters," she said. "I will see to it that you are made comfortable." She withdrew discreetly.

Kane looked around. The bathroom was done in black marble. The tub was a round

pool 10 feet in diameter. Water had already been drawn. Kane pulled off his blood-stained clothes and looked over his new apartment. He slid open one of the closets. There, hanging in neat rows were all his suits. In a drawer of a large chest were his other things.

Kane just shook his head. "What Li Li wants," he muttered, "Li Li gets."

While he was splashing around in the tub, Li Li returned with a smooth-faced young woman dressed in a short gown.

"This is your massage girl, Kane," said Li Li. "Hurry out of that tub and she'll rub away all your aches and pains."

The massage girl folded her arms and waited patiently beside the tub. Li Li sat in the bedroom and smoked a cigarette. Neither woman made any move to leave. Kane shrugged and stepped out of the tub. The massage woman threw a large towel over him and quickly rubbed him dry. Then she led him to the bed and flopped him on his belly. She placed her knee in his back and dug her slender fingers into his muscles. She pounded and pulled at his tendons with such vigor he couldn't help yowling. Li Li giggled. The massage girl pinched and pulled every muscle from the back of his neck to his heels and then flipped him over and dug in again. When she finished, she sprinkled a sweet-smelling tonic on her hands and rubbed the liquid into his skin. Then standing beside the bed she looked him over as though possibly she might have missed a muscle.

"What in hell you want now?" Kane roared.

The massage girl grinned and said something in Cantonese that Kane suspected was an admiring ribald comment on his physique. Slapping him on the belly, she strolled out of the room and banged the door shut behind her.

Kane was tempted to pull the sheet over his naked body. He changed his mind. If Li Li wasn't embarrassed, to hell with it.

He lay back on the bed. A wonderful sensation of well-being crept over him. His aches were really gone. His body felt relaxed. Li Li crossed the room. She sat on the edge of the bed and leaned over him. She cupped her hands around his cheeks tenderly and brushed her lips lightly against his. Kane reached up for her, but with a laugh, she slipped away from his arms.

She stood in front of him, dropped the shoulder straps from her gown and let the dress fall around her feet. She loosened her hair and the thick, black tresses fell across her naked shoulders. She stood there, unashamed. Slowly her body began to undulate in an easy rhythm as she hummed a soft melody. Kane tightened his fists. Sweat broke out on his forehead. Li Li swayed closer in her exotic dance. With an oath, Kane lunged across the room and took her in his arms. Passionately she raked her long nails down his back and sank her small, white teeth into his shoulder. Kane cried out with a mingling of pleasure and pain as they clung together.

KANE lost track of time as the days passed in pleasure. Servants attended every need and satisfied his slightest whim. Kane moved about the big villa like a king and wondered why he had fought this invitation so long.

Li Li was wife, mistress and friend. Intelligent, with an amazing fund of information, she also possessed a sharp sense of humor. She could spin yarns like a professional story teller. And she was an excellent listener. For Kane, the days and nights weren't long enough.

One day, while they were lolling about the living room, a huge, three-inch cockroach raced across the expensive Persian carpet. Instead of recoiling in horror, Li Li grabbed a porcelain bowl. Diving across the room in pursuit of the roach, she trapped the ugly bug under the dish. "What speed he has," she cried out. "What style! We'll race our black roach tonight, Harry."

That night, with their black cockroach in a tiny silver cage, they visited one of the smaller gambling casinos that featured cockroach racing. The place was jammed with Chinese wearing shiny, black suits. The racetrack was a 20-foot long table. A glass fence ran around the edge to keep the roaches from crawling off the top.

Li Li placed the silver cage on the table. "One thousand dollars U.S.," she shouted, "my roach can beat any bug in the house."

Kane roared with laughter to hear the challenge. A middle-aged Chinese with a sallow, opium-ravaged face covered her bet and placed a cardboard box on the table. Everyone crowded around to lay their bets. Kane estimated that more than \$10,000 was wagered on this one mad race. When the betting closed, a starter placed a high wooden board across one end of the table. Li Li let loose her roach. Her adversary opened his cardboard box to let loose his tiny steed. Both roaches scurried around trying to find some escape. The starter moved his board back toward the glass fence and when both roaches were trapped in the narrow confine, he lifted the board. For a moment, the roaches remained still, moving their long feeler about nervously. Then

TASTE OF LUXURY—"Name your melody," said the first woo dip kam girl



our proverb? 'Women are like potatoes; when they're big enough, they're old enough' "

Li Li's roach scurried down the table. The other roach hesitated and then he too moved off. Both bugs traveled in short bursts of speed and then paused to move their feelers. They zigzagged across the table and back.

Li Li's roach lost the lead, regained it, lost it again and then in one burst of speed almost reached the finish line chalked at the far end of the table. The din was terrifying as bettors rooted for their choice. Kane, too, was roaring at the top of his voice, begging his roach to come in first. As though almost understanding their pleas, Li Li's cockroach scooted across the line and was swept back into his cage by Li Li. All bets were paid off.

Another challenger hurried up. This time Li Li bet five thousand dollars. The spectators were shouting wildly and placing bets again. Once more the race started and again, Li Li's roach won in a breeze.

In the third race, Li Li's roach faced a bug that was at least five inches long. This time, Li Li's roach lost interest. He refused to budge. Li Li banged the glass rail to get him moving, but the roach refused to move. His opponent walked away with the race.

Li Li had lost \$4000 on the race, but she was still \$2000 ahead. Kane was almost tempted to go outside and find himself a cockroach to race. Li Li, however, was disappointed. She pouted.

"He has no heart," said Li Li. Bringing the butt of her whip down on top of the cockroach, she slowly crushed him to death.

Kane jerked her hand away, but it was too late. Scowling, he stamped outside. Li Li ran after him.

"You should have turned him loose," he growled.

Li Li burst into a peal of laughter. "You big, slobbering, sentimental fool. How many roaches have you stepped on in your life? And how many American companies make a living exterminating roaches?"

"What's that got to do with it?" he demanded.

"So I crushed a cockroach," she said. "You act as though I had murdered a fine Arabian steed."

KANE tried to explain, but whatever he said made him sound like a simpleton. He gave up the attempt. The roach had won money for them. It would have been sporting to let him go. Somehow that conception was beyond her. He shrugged.

One day Li Li told Kane that she expected a General Kwo to call on them. "He is a warlord. He's got an army of sorts," she explained, "and wants me to supply him with guns. But, the poor fellow has no money."

"What does he have?" asked Kane.

"We shall see."

General Kwo was a barrel-chested, pompous, little man with brisk manners. He breezed into the large living room with an air of confidence. When he was seated, a young girl brought out welcoming pipes. On her tray was her lamp, wick-trimming scissors and needles for manipulating the pills of opium. She heated the opium and deftly inserted the drug into the tiny bowls. The pipes were inlaid and the stems carved from rare woods and decorated with silver bands.

When the pipes were prepared she ceremoniously handed one to the general and the others to Li Li and Kane.

Kane sucked in the sweet-smelling smoke. In a few minutes it relaxed him and gave him a feeling of peace and harmony. When the pipes were removed, Li Li and the general exchanged compliments. This went on at great length until finally Li Li lapsed into silence and waited for Kwo to speak.

The general's proposal was quite simple. He wanted 5000 rifles and enough ammo to take over a province on the mainland. He wanted them on credit.

"But how will you pay for these munitions?" asked Li Li.

"Give me 100 rifles and 2000 rounds of ammo," said Kwo, "and I will pay you in opium and girls. Once you are paid you can deliver the balance."

The idea of subsidizing a little war so that General Kwo could shoot his way into power was nothing new. And the idea of giving him guns so that he could steal enough to pay for what he was buying appealed to Li Li.

"I will give you more than you bargain for, general," she said, "on two conditions."

The general smiled and Li Li continued. "The girls must be paid for in cash."

"Agreed," said the general.

"And," continued Li Li, "Kane and myself will go along to personally pick up the delivery of the opium—2000 bags."

"Agreed!"

The necessary arrangements were made and then more pipes were brought out to close the meeting. When the general left, Li Li danced about happily. "We shall have some action now, my Hurri Kane," she cried.

Li Li wasted no time. At her *godown* (warehouse) built around a central court, she supervised the loading of guns and ammo onto carts. Kane broke open one case. The rifles were brand new American surplus arms, still in their green wrappings and thick with cosmoline. Included in the shipment were tommyguns, pistols, and some .50 caliber machineguns.

Coolies pulled the carts to her pier and loaded the cases aboard one of Li Li's junks. Kane learned that she owned six large vessels.

Early next morning they set sail. Their destination was an abandoned wharf on the North River beyond Canton. It was a glorious morning. A spanking breeze took their 100-foot long teak vessel past the roaring surf and into the muddy Pearl River estuary. The three great mat sails billowed free. The tall masts angled forward as was the custom made the vessel seem to strain to move faster. Li Li stood next to the helmsman. Dressed in silk pants and blouse, with her hair blowing in the wind, she looked the role of pirate queen. Late that afternoon, when the wind died, Li Li ordered the auxiliary engines started and they chugged up the sluggish river. Along the shores were tiny villages and rice paddies as far as the eye could see. The sun blazed down. Kane and Li Li sat on a soft mattress under an awning hung outside the galley.

The cook brought them cool drinks and Li Li fed him pomegranates, grapes, and lichee nuts dipped in honey. Her men, their

arms well-hidden, gambled with the Chinese dice, stretched out on the deck, and leaned against the rail exchanging small talk with the men on other vessels that crowded the river.

At dusk, they sailed past Canton. The city blazed with life and movement. Thousands of sampans and junks filled the harbor. Many of the sampans had eyes painted on their prows.

"That's so they can see at night," explained Li Li.

When they left Canton behind, Li Li took over the helm. At 10:00 P.M. she eased the big boat toward shore and neatly brought it up against a rickety wooden pier. Kane, leaning over the side, saw huge water rats flop into the water and swim away in the greasy river.

ABOUT a quarter of a mile beyond the pier scores of campfires flickered brightly in the clear night. By the time they had tied up fast, General Kwo strode down the pier. He came aboard and after the ultra-polite, formal greetings, he went below to examine the arms. More than satisfied, he had his soldiers—coolies without land—unload and clean the guns.

"We'll march at dawn," he announced. "Tonight, you must come ashore and be my guests."

Leaving a skeleton crew on board, Li Li, Kane and 20 of her men walked to General Kwo's camp. Dozens of pigs had been requisitioned from the farmers in the neighborhood and were now roasting and turning over blazing fires. There was much singing and story-telling. Long past midnight, they finally called a halt to the celebration. Li Li and Kane cuddled under one blanket and, locked in each other's arms, finally fell asleep under the stars.

At dawn they began their march toward an obscure town in the Kwantung Province on the vast plain of China. After a three-hour march, they mounted a small rise. The town lay before them. A collection of mud and wooden houses inhabited by about 5000 people, it was primarily a trading center for the surrounding rural countryside.

General Kwo, barking orders, deployed his men into three columns to move into the town on three sides. Li Li, Kane and the river pirates moved behind the column led by the general. Warning shots were fired from the village and uniformed soldiers ran out to prepared positions surrounding their town.

Kwo's men, shouting and screaming, charged the prepared positions. When they had come within 50 yards of the trenches they flopped to the ground and began exchanging fire with the defenders. Out-numbered, the townsmen were no match for the automatic and semi-automatic fire from Kwo's ragged army. Still they stuck grimly to their posts.

Kane moved up a hillside when the fighting began. From his observation post, he followed the battle as an interested spectator. The column moving in from the west and led by Shi Tang, Kwo's chief lieutenant, broke through the enemy defenses first. Kane saw Shi Tang split his forces. Half pursued the retreating enemy. The other half led by Shi Tang swept through the



VILLAGE ASSAULT—"Touch her again," Kane shouted, "and I mince your heads"

town to hit the soldiers facing Kwo. Attacked frontally and from the flank, they broke from their trenches and fled. Some soldiers had taken up positions in the houses of the town. Firing from second-story windows, they forced Kwo's army into a deadly street-to-street cleanup. Kwo's men, having gained the initiative, gave the enemy no quarter. They cut down and slaughtered everyone opposed to them.

Gazing objectively over the battle scene, Kane suddenly spotted Li Li at the head of her small band of pirates. She had moved into the thick of the fighting and was now meeting a pocket of resistance holed up behind a barricade on one of the avenues leading through the center of town. She had set up a machinegun and was raking the barricades.

Kane raced down the hillside. By the time he reached the town, Li Li had cleared the barricade and was racing down a narrow side street. Snipers from the second-story windows were picking off her men like flies. Li Li waving her silver whip was urging on her men.

Kane sprinted up and grabbing her around the waist, carried her into a doorway. "You damn fool! Get your men out of the center of the street!"

Li Li screamed out an order and her men fell back close to the houses. But in the short time it took Kane to reach her, six of them had been killed and their blood stained the dusty gutters.

KANE shook his huge fist under Li Li's nose. "You stay here," he barked, "or I'll beat your tail with a rifle butt."

Li Li, her eyes bright with excitement and her breast heaving, just grinned at him. Kane darted into the street and grabbed a tommygun from one of the dead pirates. Lead spattered around him. He raced into a doorway. Then dodging from door to door, he reached one of the houses that held a sniper. Smashing open the door with his shoulder, he charged up a narrow flight of stairs. The sniper, kneeling next to the window, whirled, but before he could get off a shot, Kane tattooed his chest with lead.

The pirates caught on fast. They, too, began the dodging tactics from door to door

and soon the street was mopped up. Kane took over command. With Li Li at his side, he led the men toward the center of town. As they moved along the narrow streets, they routed more snipers and finally joined up with Kwo's men moving in from the east. Undisciplined, Kwo's bandits were pillaging the town.

As they moved toward the town square, Kane saw one brute dragging a young girl from her house. The youngster was screaming and begging for mercy. The soldier flung her to the ground and ripped off her dress. Other men gathered in a small circle and the soldier with a roar fell on the girl to rape her.

The blood drained from Kane's face. Li Li put her hand on his arm. "Let them have their fun," she said.

Kane pushed her away roughly and swearing at the top of his voice, flung the spectators aside. He pulled the brute off the girl and picking him up high over his head flung him to the ground. Then raising his machinegun, he blew the guy's face off.

Kane turned on the others, raging mad. They didn't understand what he was saying, but his face was contorted with a kind of madness. They turned on their heels and fled. The girl glanced at Kane with the frightened look of a fawn and then ran back into her house.

Kane had put an end to one act of brutality, but throughout the town, the soldiers ran amok. Li Li, dragging Kane into the town hall, made him promise to stay off the streets.

General Kwo had already taken over the mayor's office and was sitting behind a big desk like a great conqueror. The pillaging lasted all morning and when the soldiers had satiated their needs and greeds, they drifted in ragged groups to assemble before the town hall.

Slowly, townsmen drifted from their hiding places until the streets were jammed with excited, curious mobs. This attack was nothing new. These people, like those in other provinces, had served hundreds of successive masters. They were resigned to serving hundreds more.

By the second day, the townspeople were conducting their normal affairs. Kwo's

soldiers patrolled the streets while the general issued proclamations from his office. He had already taken over a warehouse bursting with raw opium and told Li Li that he had made this town his first objective because of its opium supply. He assured Li Li her 2000 bags of opium would be delivered without any difficulty.

Among the proclamations issued and distributed about the countryside was one which offered to pay well for young daughters of those families in need. When Kane learned what Kwo planned, he stormed into Li Li's bedroom. "I want no part of white slavery," he protested.

"It isn't what you think, Harry," she explained in conciliatory words. "We call them *mu tsai*—girl slaves, but they come with us willingly. It is very much like buying bond servants. And when these girls are sold into bondage, they bring their families much comfort. Everywhere in China," she went on, "there is poverty. These girls sometimes are the only means a family has of surviving. And if the girls serve me or any other master well and are prudent, they can buy their freedom at the end of five years. But you will see tomorrow, Harry."

Early next morning, fathers brought their daughters into the town square. The girls were in their early teens. A few wept, but most of them faced their grim future stoically. General Kwo's soldiers took up stations around the square.

Li Li, seeing the soldiers surround the townspeople, whispered to Kane, "I don't like this."

"What do you mean?"

"There should be no need for armed soldiers," she said.

GENERAL Kwo strode out of the town hall. He held up his hands. He spoke rapidly. When he finished a terrible outcry came from the fathers and their daughters. They began to mill around. Some tried to run out of the square, but were beaten back by the soldiers.

Li Li ran across to the general's side. Kane was right behind her. "You have no right to do this, general. You promised me that the girls would be paid for with cash!"

Kwo smiled. "But my dear Madame Li Li, where would I get the cash now?"

"Your men have looted the town. Take it from their pockets."

"I can't do that," the general protested. "Believe me, I will redeem my IOUs when I start collecting taxes. Each family will be paid in full."

The crowd was now wailing and crying out more loudly than ever. Li Li smacked the silver whip against her boot. Her face was a hard mask.

"If you refuse to pay cash, general, then I will pay them from my own funds."

The general frowned. Without waiting for his answer, Li Li dispatched one of her men to the junk to pick up the money needed for payment. Then shouting to the crowd for attention, she explained what she was doing. A mighty shout rang across the square. The general, his lips pressed into a thin line, turned on his heel and marched back to his office.

"We're in a dangerous spot, Harry," Li Li warned. "The general has lost face. We're going to be in for trouble. So be careful."

When the money was brought, Li Li had a table and chair brought outside. The girls lined up and their fathers each received \$100 U.S. As the money was paid over, the girls dutifully embraced their fathers and gathered in a tight little group. Fifty-three girls had been bought and were escorted to the junk.

That night Li Li and Kane slept aboard the junk. A full guard was maintained all night. Machineguns were mounted and armed. But the night passed peacefully.

By 10:00 that morning, no word had yet been received from Kwo. No opium had been delivered. Li Li waited inside her cabin calmly.

"It is General Kwo's move," she told Kane. "You can be sure he will make it."

LATE in the afternoon, Kwo's chief lieutenant, Shi Tang, came aboard. A bull of a man in his late twenties, he was the leader whose tactics had quickly turned the battle into victory.

Kane grabbed his hand and shook it hard. "I never congratulated you on your fine tactics on the day of battle," said Kane.

Shi Tang beamed and puffed out his chest. There was a trace of a smile on Li Li's face. Her glance told Kane that he had opened the parley well.

Li Li poured brandy and they drank. Almost apologetically, Shi Tang delivered his message. "The general begs your forgiveness for the delay in delivering the opium. Without fail, the opium will be placed aboard your vessel the first thing in the morning. Meanwhile, he invites you all to attend a victory celebration tonight."

Li Li accepted the excuse. She poured more brandy. When they had finished the bottle, Li Li got right to the point.

"Shi Tang," she said, "you are no fool. Neither am I. We both know that the general wishes to regain face. You and I both know what will happen when we gather at this victory party."

Shi Tang slapped his fist on the table and laughed. "I warned Kwo that you would not be taken in."

"Your general is an idiot and a liar," Li Li went on. "I will not deliver more arms to him. And do you know what will happen? The first troops with any discipline will drive you away in utter defeat. The victory Kwo thinks he has won will soon turn to ashes. But there is a way out."

Shi Tang was way ahead of her. "Suppose you were to deal with me?"

"I will live up to my end of the agreement. Deliver the opium and I will ship the arms to you personally."

"You are an honorable woman. I believe you," Shi Tang exclaimed. "But I must have \$1000 in gold to buy the loyalty of the men."

Without a word, Li Li went to a cupboard, removed a canvas bag and poured out a stream of thin gold bars.

Shi Tang replaced them in the bag and put it inside his shirt. "You will come to the victory celebration tonight. I promise to hand over Kwo for your pleasure."

"A little gold is soon eaten up," Li Li warned him. "But 5000 rifles means power for many years to come. It will be good to remember that."

Shi Tang nodded and bowing, left the junk.

"Suppose Shi Tang just pockets the gold?"

Suppose he doesn't have any intention of turning on his boss?" Kane said.

"We will walk into their camp tonight," said Li Li flatly.

"Why don't we forget this whole deal, Li Li, and chalk it up to experience?"

"Because if Kwo gets away with his doublecross, I'd be out of business tomorrow. The news would be all over Macao. Everyone would figure I was going soft. I'd be cracked down on by my competitors and by the authorities. Only the strong survive, Harry."

At 10:00 that night, Kane and Li Li marched into Kwo's headquarters in the town hall. Thirty of her men trailed into town and took up positions close by. They were instructed to charge the building in case of trouble. Kane had a .45 strapped to his hip. Li Li carried her thin silver whip.

A large banquet table had been set out. General Kwo, resplendent in a pale blue uniform bristling with medals, was a smiling and affable host. Shi Tang was wooden-faced. Kane tried to get some sign of co-operation from Shi Tang, but the aide avoided looking him in the eye. Li Li, showing no fear, chatted happily with Kwo.

The meal was punctuated by speeches and toasts. At midnight, armed soldiers drifted into the large hall. Kane felt trapped. He caught Li Li's eye and frowned, but she merely laughed at his concern. More and more rice brandy was consumed by the officers seated at the table. Kwo had dropped his facade of politeness and began making threatening remarks. Shi Tang stared morosely at the plate in front of him. The guards began to stir restlessly. Kane heard cartridges clicking into their breeches just outside the hall. Kwo had turned surly and was now making sarcastic and insulting references to women who presumed to play the roles of men.

Shi Tang suddenly stood up. "A toast to the greatness of General Kwo," he cried.

Li Li turned to Kane to have her glass filled. "It's now or never," she said softly. "Either Shi Tang is double-crossing us or can't find the courage to grab Kwo. When the general stands, Harry, let him have it right on the kisser—as you Americans say."

Kane moved behind the general who was now standing with his glass held high. Spinning Kwo around, Kane caught him flush on the jaw with a short, hard blow. The general dropped as though he had been hit with an axe.

Li Li held her glass up. Facing Shi Tang, she said in a loud, clear voice, "General Kwo is dead! Long live General Shi Tang!"

Absolute silence gripped the room. Kane expected the guards to cut him down. Instead, they stood there bewildered. Kane was never certain if Shi Tang had really bribed the men or whether he suddenly decided the time was ripe for action.

Shouting orders, he told the guards that Kwo was through. "I am taking over. Only I can buy arms to keep us in power."

Kwo began to stir and Shi Tang hauled him to his feet. "The general is yours," he shouted and thrust the limp body of Kwo into Kane's arms.

The general shook his head. His right eyelid was twitching spasmodically.

Shi Tang bowed and with unctuous sarcasm said, "*I loh ping an*—May your road be peaceful."

"Quick," Li Li urged Kane. "Hustle him out."

The soldiers in the square outside made no move to stop them. Kane, twisting the general's arm behind his back, forced Kwo to double-time down the road. Li Li's men drifted out of the shadows. In a moment, the general's hands were tied securely and a gag placed in his mouth. Aboard the vessel, Kwo was tossed in the cabin.

That same night Shi Tang supervised the delivery of 2000 bags of opium. The long, narrow cotton bags, smelling of poppies, were stowed carefully in the hold.

When the last bag had been slung on board, the junk threw off its mooring lines and chugged away from the pier on its journey to Macao.

Kane and Li Li stood on the prow of the ship. The river was luminous. A soft breeze carried the sweet, fresh smell of newly-cut crops. A million stars crowded overhead. Kane pulled Li Li into his arms. When at last she pulled away from his kisses, she was smiling gently. She had never looked more desirable or more feminine.

"Come, Harry," she whispered. "Now we must deal with a cheat."

In the cabin, Kwo had been stripped of his clothes and hung from a beam by his wrists. There was no hatred in Kwo's eyes. Only dumb patience. He had gambled and lost. And he knew that Li Li would be both judge and executioner. He refused to beg for mercy.

"I am going to turn you into meat, General Kwo," Li Li said softly.

She flicked her wrist. The pliant silver whip whined as it sawed through the air. The quick stroke cut open a deep gash on Kwo's cheek. Li Li plied her whip until Kwo's face was criss-crossed with gashes.

A half-smile played about her lips and the punishment she doled out seemed to give her pleasure. Kwo clenched his teeth, but the pain made him whimper.

Shocked by her cruelty, Kane stood there in stunned silence. Then he grabbed her arm and jerked her away. "Kill him quickly," he shouted.

Li Li said something softly in Cantonese. Her men grabbed Kane. By force of numbers they overpowered him and trussed him up like a pig.

AS he lay there, his chest heaving, Li Li bent over him, kissed him full on the lips and then bit his lip hard until blood mingled with her kiss. Kane groaned. He tried to push her away, but she clung to him, kissing his lips, his eyes and his throat. Then she turned away to continue her work.

Kwo's face had turned into a red mask. Kwo's soft whimper had turned into a terrible howl. Li Li grimly continued to flay him. Inch by inch she stripped the skin from his body with her silver whip. When he passed out, she revived him by tossing salt water into his wounds. Kane had known she was ruthless, but never in his wildest imagination could he believe her capable of such brutality. Her men watched the brutality in fascination. And when she had stripped the skin from every inch of his body, the general still clung to life.

She cut him down. "Throw him off the boat," she ordered. Her men rolled the torn body of Kwo in a canvas sheet and carried him to the deck. When the blood

"Can't a man take a pleasure cruise with his family?" Kane asked the police patrolboat.

had been mopped clean, Li Li untied Kane. He was trembling. He wanted to put his hands around her throat and kill her. But when she pressed her body close to his, he was stirred with passion. He hated himself. He hated his perverted reaction, but he squeezed her body to his and pulled her to the floor. There, where only a moment before General Kwo had been tortured beyond human endurance, Kane made love to Li Li.

When she slipped out of his arms, Kane stumbled to the top deck. He sucked in the sea air, despising himself. . . .

In Macao, the girls were quartered in a small supply building that adjoined Li Li's factory. Kane returned to the villa and moved about morosely. Consciously, he could not reconcile his acceptance of Kwo's torture as a just punishment. Li Li was well aware of his inner conflict, but for two days she let him mope about.

On the third day her pirates, scrubbed and dressed in their finest, streamed into the villa. Kane, who had been sticking close to his quarters, heard the excitement and came down the stairs. Li Li had shifted the chairs into a semi-circle. A seat next to hers was reserved for Kane.

"Sit down, Harry. We are about to assign the girls."

The girls waited in an ante-room. They had been bathed, perfumed and dressed in simple silk gowns. An *ahma* led the first girl in.

The *ahma* whispered a few words in the girl's ear. The youngster blushed, hesitated and then unhooked her flimsy dress and let it drop to the ground. She was thin, about 17 years old. Her legs were slightly bowed and her big brown eyes could not hide the unattractiveness of her heavy features. She tried to hide her nakedness and her hands fluttered over her body.

"You will work in my factory," Li Li announced.

THE girl was led off and another brought in. Slim-hipped, with light skin, she had a doll-like face that reminded Kane of the porcelain figurines the Chinese craftsmen made. When her robe dropped away the men shouted rowdy compliments.

"You will enjoy great luxury and comfort," she told the girl, "in the brothels of Hong Kong. And sooner than most girls you will buy your freedom and find a husband."

Li Li waved the girl to the far side of the room. As each girl appeared, she was assigned a place in factory or brothel. The last girl to be brought in took Kane's breath away. Seventeen years old, she was budding into maturity. She moved with the supple grace of a leopard. Kane leaned forward and Li Li smiled with a tolerant amusement. She called the girl closer.

"You, too, will go to a brothel, but first you will be the mistress of Harry Kane."

The *ahma* smiled and led the girl upstairs to Kane's quarters. Kane was startled. "I don't understand, Li Li."

"She will stimulate you, Harry. I know that men long for variety and I'm not fool enough to deny human nature. But you will come back to me more a man than when you left."

When all the girls had been assigned, 20 of them still remained in the room—those

chosen to serve out their bondage in the brothels. Then began a fantastic game.

A girl was led forward. Five pirates stood up to claim her. One of these men would win the girl and teach her the art of love. In this way she would be prepared for her future life. Of the five men, Li Li chose two to fight for the girl.

"They will wrestle for the right to win her," she explained. The men stripped to the waist and faced each other. They fought with fists and feet and there was no quarter given. Rolling and tumbling, they struggled desperately to pin one another's shoulders to the floor. The pirates cheered and yowled as the even match continued. Then at last, one of the wrestlers slammed his opponent down hard, knocking the wind out of him. In a second he flopped on top of him and held his shoulders down. He flashed a big smile, helped his fallen comrade up and then strode before Li Li. The girl was brought over by the *ahma*. Li Li took the girl's hand and placed it in the hand of the pirate.

"Do you agree to stay with this man?" she asked.

The girl nodded and the pirate, wrapping his jacket around her bare shoulders, led her off.

Each girl was fought for in this fashion. And each girl was asked if she would stay with the winner. Only one refused. The pirate who had won her was an ugly brute with a mis-shapen body. The girl shuddered and wept softly, but when asked if she would accept him, cried out, "No!"

The pirate accepted her refusal without anger and Li Li gave him 1000 patacas. "You can buy tenfold her charms in the Rua da Felicidade," she said.

The *ahma* waited outside his door. "The girl, Green Jade, has been prepared for your pleasure," she said.

In his room, Green Jade waited with downcast eyes. She wore a diaphanous silken robe. Her hair had been brushed until it glistened. She had the body of a woman, yet she was still a child.

Suddenly he boiled up in anger at the whole corrupt system of China that permitted the sale of a young girl. He wanted no part of it. He took her hand.

"You're just a baby," he said.

She smiled. She didn't understand what he was saying. She only understood that his voice was tender. Brusquely he pulled her to a couch. "You will sleep there!" He pushed her down.

Then ignoring her, Kane took off his clothes and flopped into his own bed. He tossed around restlessly and finally fell into a fitful sleep. As though in a dream, a faint trace of delicate perfume filled his nostrils. A sweet voice hummed a sad melody. Kane opened his eyes. Green Jade crept into his bed. She snuggled close to him and nuzzled his neck with her nose. She murmured in his ear. In the pale lamp light, he could see that her big, green eyes were flecked with gold. Her smooth, velvet skin next to his body sent shivers down his back.

For one brief moment, he hesitated. Then she stroked his cheek and giggled.

A phrase he had once heard came into his mind. "Women are like potatoes," it ran. "If they're big enough, they're old enough."

Green Jade was his. She was his property. He could do with her as he pleased. She was his *mu tsai*. The corruption of a system, corrupts the individual. His power over the girl pleased his ego and he couldn't deny himself. She was his slave girl and she recognized him as her master.

Kane swept her into his arms. He kissed her hard and his hands wandered over her supple figure. The girl shivered and gave herself up to his will.

For one idyllic week, Green Jade and Kane spent every moment together. And the Harry Kane who had been reluctant to defile innocence because she had been sold into slavery, now introduced Green Jade to every delight enjoyed by men and women.

Li Li had gone to Hong Kong. She remained away for a week. Oddly enough, when she returned Kane was overjoyed to see her again. Although Kane felt an overwhelming passion for Green Jade, he could only enjoy her body. He couldn't communicate with her. There was no exchange of ideas. She was just a peasant girl with a peasant girl's mind—for all her beauty. Li Li not only excited his passion, she stimulated his mind.

JOYFULLY, he left the bed of Green Jade to make love to Li Li. But perversely, he didn't want to give up Green Jade entirely. Her innocence and pliability pleased him.

Li Li ignored his confusion. She chattered about her trip to Hong Kong. She told him of closing a profitable contract for the sale of the girls to one of the most exclusive brothels in the British colony.

Kane could not bring himself to face the facts—that Green Jade would be shipped off with the others, as a brothel girl. He hated the image of other men pawing her body.

"Let me buy Green Jade her freedom."

"No," said Li Li firmly. "She has been your plaything for a week. That is the end of it."

"Then let her work in your factory."

Li Li laughed. "Do you think she would be better off?"

"Certainly!"

"You and your Western morality—sometimes you make me sick."

"Will you do it?" he insisted.

Li Li rang a small bell and a servant padded in, moving silently in his felt slippers. "Bring Green Jade here," she ordered.

Green Jade, looking more lovely than ever, entered the room and stood before them shyly. Li Li turned to Kane. "I will leave it up to her. In the factory, she will have to work 14 hours a day. Every day. Her pay will be small. It will take her five years to buy her freedom. In Hong Kong, a girl of her beauty will earn enough in two years to buy herself off. She will have enough money to bring her family every comfort. That is what I will tell her. She will have her choice."

Kane nodded in agreement. Li Li explained the choice to the girl in Cantonese. She also told the girl that Kane believed she would be happier at work in the factory. When Li Li finished, Green Jade smiled gently and bowed low before Kane. She then turned to Li Li.

"Hong Kong," she whispered.

That night Kane went on a monumental drunk. In the morning, he suffered a monu-

"Not in our waters," the cops shouted back. "Not with three junks full of hot wives"

mental hangover. Li Li brought him a tart drink. She forced him to drink it all. Within a half hour, the throbbing inside his head ended.

"Come along, Harry, I have a surprise for you."

It was then she took him to the Wui Chun Fong Restaurant on the Rua da Felicidade. It was there she offered him the partnership and warned him about doublecrossing her. Kane should have run like a thief, but he was hooked.

As for doublecrossing her he thought, "Why should I when I'm a partner?"

By the time he got back to the villa the picture of the little monkey and the fat merchant was a dim memory. Even the shipment of arms to Shi Tang did not give him misgivings. General Kwo had gotten what he deserved. Kane was really hooked.

Early Monday morning, Li Li filled Kane in on her maneuver to smuggle her "flower girls" into Hong Kong. They were put aboard three small junks and sent below decks.

"The British police," she explained, "patrol their waters to keep contraband out of Hong Kong. They have two motor launches on duty. We'll use my big junk as a 'love ship' to decoy the police boats. You'll be on that ship, Harry. While you keep the police occupied, I'll run the girls around the island and land them at Aberdeen."

Li Li had hired a dozen, heavily painted ladies of the evening to act as decoys. When they arrived at the pier, Li Li waved them aboard the big junk.

"Just feint toward the harbor," she instructed Kane, "but don't go inside the three-mile limit."

"Why put the girls on three junks?" Kane asked.

"I don't put all my eggs in one basket," said Li Li.

They sailed into the Pearl River estuary and the helmsman pointed the prow toward Victoria Harbor. The girls climbed to the poop deck and shucked off their clothes. When they sighted one of the patrol vessels, the girls began to sing loudly and dance about the deck.

THE police launch cut across their bow although they were still a good half-mile outside the three-mile limit. Kane drew closer and then veered out to sea. When the police launch turned back toward shore, Kane pointed his junk toward the harbor again. They repeated this little game three times and then around the bend of the island came the second police launch at full speed. Li Li's plan was working. Both police boats converged on the big junk.

The captain aboard one patrol boat hailed Kane. "Keep your vessel out of British waters," he shouted.

"Can't a man take a pleasure cruise with his family without being hounded by the cops?" Kane yelled.

"Not with those women," the cop bawled.

Kane held his junk just outside the three-mile limit while the launches rapidly patrolled a course parallel. After more than an hour, Kane saw Li Li's three junks sailing back toward Macao. The girls had been landed safely. Kane waved to the cops and took off.

Kane's new partnership made little differ-

ence in his life. He was, in fact, partner in name alone. Although he didn't want for anything, he never saw Li Li's book or shared in her profits. He had long since spent his own money, but as he never wanted for cash, it didn't matter. When he gambled in the casinos of Macao, Li Li made sure his pockets were full. He owned more than 50 custom-tailored suits and 30 pairs of shoes. Macao was constantly intriguing. Sometimes he just wandered along the streets, the vegetable streets, the flower streets, the jade streets, the marriage streets and the funeral streets. He visited the Western hotels and knew the girls in the brothels. He moved freely among the boat colonies. He tasted exotic foods on the floating eating houses and learned to play mahjong in the casinos.

Kane was waited on hand and foot. And at night Li Li brought him pleasures that even a king could not surpass. He never paused to think, however, that although he enjoyed all the benefits of wealth, that actually he was living on the bounty of Li Li and taking his pleasures only through her good graces.

The months slipped by quickly. Each time Kane grew restless Li Li figured out some plan to live things. One particularly hot and muggy day, while Kane was moping about his rooms, Li Li burst in and announced a wonderful surprise and treat. In a warehouse behind St. Joseph's Seminary, some flesh merchants were going to hold an auction of some white girls just flown in from the Philippines.

By the time Li Li and Kane arrived, about 20 vice lords had assembled. "You have unlimited credit Harry," Li Li whispered. She handed him her silver whip. "The auctioneer will recognize your bid when you signal with this," she said. "Turn it to the right and your bid is \$500. Turn it to the left and you will raise the bidding \$250."

The auctioneer climbed onto a raised platform and began his spiel extolling the beauties and virtues of the girls on sale. Kane looked about. One obese Chinese in a shiny black suit was sweating profusely and stared at the auctioneer with a leering grin.

"That is Ho," said Li Li. "He is out to buy a girl for his own pleasure."

After a long buildup the girls were brought out. Two were Filipinos. One was a White Russian and two were French girls. They were all in their late teens.

The auctioneer zipped off their dresses and then moving down the line turned them about callously. The merchants hurried in for a closer look, pinching and patting the girls.

"The French girl, Renee," said Li Li, "the redhead, is supposed to be a wonderful, exotic dancer. She has an exciting body, don't you think, Harry?"

Kane nodded and Li Li continued. "They will all bring high prices, but she is the only one with fire. Why don't you save your bidding for her?"

"And what happens if I get her?"

"She's yours," said Li Li with a lilting laugh. "Yours to keep, set free, or sell to a house in Hong Kong."

Kane leaned forward. All scruples about buying and selling human beings were gone. The Filipinos were auctioned off first and sold for a little over \$2000 each. The White

Russian brought \$5000. The French girl's price was \$6000.

When Renee was brought forward, the auction took on tempo. Quickly the bidding went to \$6000. Then to eight. By the time it hit ten, only Kane and the fat merchant, Ho, were still bidding. Kane kept raising \$250 at a time until they reached \$13,000. Then he started tossing in \$500 raises. Ho stayed with him. Ho's suit was now drenched with sweat. Ho bid \$15,000. Kane waved his whip twice to the right and the auctioneer called out, "Sixteen thousand, sixteen, sixteen, sixteen."

Ho signalled his bid. The auctioneer, a wiry, intense man with blazing eyes called out, "Sixteen, one. Sixteen, one."

Kane waved his whip twice to the right again. "Seventeen, one," shouted the auctioneer.

A HUM of excitement filled the large room. There was a hurried caucus around the fat man. Li Li grinned.

"They're forming a syndicate, Harry."

The fat man sat back confidently. On each side of him, his syndicate partners, however, did not share his certainty. They twisted their hands nervously. The bidding went up to \$20,000 and kept going up by \$500 leaps until it reached \$26,000.

Kane licked his dry lips. "How high do we go?" he whispered.

"The limit!"

Kane grinned and waved his whip to the right four times. Ho answered and the price quickly zoomed to \$35,000.

Ho and his partners again huddled. Li Li smiled. "We have them scared now. Scared they'll win and scared they'll lose. Give them a stiff boost and they'll run."

BEGGING BANDIT—"I have to do this to the general," Li Li apologized to Kane. "He was late with his payment"



Kane waved his whip and the price rose to \$38,000. A furious argument raged around Ho. Obviously his partners didn't want to be dragged along with him in the mad bidding. Their voices rose. Everyone in the room was now yelling and screaming with excitement. Kane's hands were wet with sweat and his mouth bone dry. His heart was pounding hard.

"Thirty-eight, thirty-eight thirty-eight," the auctioneer intoned.

The syndicate had split wide open and Ho left on his own, shouted "Thirty-nine!" forgetting his hand signal in his excited passion to win the girl.

Kane dipped the silver whip to the right twice. "Forty, forty, forty, forty," screamed the auctioneer. "Forty-forty-forty!"

Ho sank back in his seat. He was beaten. "Forty-thousand, once. Forty-thousand, twice. Forty-thousand, for the third and last time. Sold!"

"Wrap her up and we'll take her with us," quipped Kane.

"Come," said Li Li, "Everyone is invited to join us at The Great Shanghai for dinner. Buzzing with excitement, they all trailed down the street to the restaurant. When the meal ended, Li Li whispered, "You must take the check, Harry, and no matter what Ho says or does, insist on paying for the meal."

THE check was brought to Kane and Ho snatched it out of his hand. Kane grabbed it back. Ho pulled Kane to his feet and tried pressing a handful of big bills in his hand: Kane refused to take them. Ho raised a great outcry and dragged Kane to the cashier's desk, insisting that he be allowed to pay. Kane still refused. When they reached the cashier's desk, Ho was shouting at the top of his voice. Everyone in the restaurant craned his neck to get a look at them. Kane pulled out a roll of bills, shoved Ho away and paid the check. He didn't know what this hubbub was all about, but Li Li warned him about it and he wasn't going to let Ho get the upper hand no matter what happened. When the check was paid, Ho smiled graciously and retreated to the table again.

"What in hell was that all about?" Kane demanded.

Li Li grinned. "Ho was just being polite. It is a Chinese custom. In that way, he made sure that everyone in the restaurant knows that you paid for the meal."

After supper Li Li went on a shopping tour to buy costumes for Renee. "She will dance for us tonight," she said. "And it will be only fitting that Mr. Ho be invited."

When Ho arrived, champagne was served and they engaged in small talk until close to midnight. Musicians had been hired for the occasion. At a signal from Li Li they started a Spanish dance number.

Renee, dressed in a multi-colored gown, danced into the room. She was barefoot. Her wrists were covered with golden bracelets and tiny bells hung from thin chains around her ankles. The gown had been designed so cunningly that Renee had merely to touch a portion of it to have it fall away. Slowly, she began her exotic strip tease.

Lithe and graceful, her every gesture excited the senses. Ho's fat face glistened with sweat and his eyes were glued to her body. She had a trick of standing with her feet close together, her arms high over her head with her hands entwined and quivering.

Every muscle in her body seemed under control. The last shred of her gown fell away. Only tiny bangles hid the beauties of her body. She increased the tempo.

Li Li pressed her lips close to Kane's ear. "How would you like to take her and then sell her to Ho for a profit? The money will be all yours."

Kane turned his head. "All right by me," he said.

In the fall of 1949, the Chinese Communists were sweeping down across China. Every petty warlord and bandit with dreams of glory believed he could stem the red tide and set up his own little empire. The traffic in arms was brisk. Li Li's *godown* bulged with raw opium. Then in 1950, the warlords and bandits were destroyed or joined the Reds. The Nationalists were swept off the mainland. Smuggling arms into China became a hazardous operation. The trade in opium was taken over by a Red monopoly. The Communists maintained an official purchasing agency in Macao called the Nan Kwong Trading Corporation.

Li Li did everything in her power to establish contact with the Red leaders to no avail. As her own trade dwindled, she grew furious. As with other Macanese free-wheeling dealers, it was smuggle, hi-jack, pirate or die.

It was no secret that the Reds maintained a large opium *godown* in Canton. Once a month, they loaded a large freighter and shipped out huge supplies of opium bound for Macao and from there to the ports of the world. In June, 1950, Li Li worked up a plan to hi-jack a large shipment of the Communists' opium.

She and Kane supervised the arming of two large junks. Bales of cotton were hollowed out to cover machineguns in the decks. Li Li bought forged papers that would per-

mit them to pass a casual inspection by any Communist gunboats. The papers, supposedly issued from Peking, authorized her ships to fish in the China seas and sell their catch in Canton.

On the evening before their journey up river to Canton, Li Li and Kane boarded a sampan and traveled across to Bias Bay, a small pirate cover on the mainland. "We will burn incense there for luck," she said.

They walked up a sharp hill above the bay. Following a narrow path between dwarf pines, they suddenly emerged in a clearing. A ruined temple stood there. Against one weather-worn wall was a bronze urn filled with clean white sand in which some joss sticks were burning. Beside the urn sat a *tsien*, a holy man. He sat still and stiff as a tree. Legend had it, Li Li explained, that the *tsien* had been there immobile for hundreds of years. He was supposed to have discovered the secret of immortality.

LI LI placed a large basket of fruit, vegetables and eggs in a corner of the temple as an offering. She then burned some joss sticks in the urn. She gave Kane two joss sticks and told him to offer up his sacrifice. The old man stared out to sea, his eyes unblinking. He seemed to take no notice of them. Just as they turned to leave, the *tsien* beckoned Kane. Removing a brush from a bamboo case, he wrote a few words on coarse paper and handed them to Kane.

Li Li glanced at the ideographs. She turned to Kane and with a speculative look translated what the wise man had written.

"Better to die in poverty at home than to wander a thousand miles to burn incense here."

"The old boy has something there," said Kane. "But I'd rather live rich than die poor."

PRICE: \$40,000—"It's not fair," Ho screamed, "you bid too high for her"



News of a terrible famine had been coming out of Red China for some weeks. A drought in the north and violent floods in the Kwangtung Province had destroyed the crops. The Communists denied the famine, but on the journey up-river, it was evident that the floods were some of the worst experienced in China since 1932.

The Pearl River was swollen high above its banks. As Kane watched the countryside slip by, sometimes he could see only water stretching endlessly across the flat land. Hundreds of houses had been washed away. Very often they saw chickens riding atop crates. As they approached Canton, swollen corpses drifted by along the banks.

Around Canton, millions of coolies labored day and night, lining sand bags along the levees to keep the North and West Rivers from flooding the city itself. It was a scene of horror and confusion.

Li Li led both junks into Canton's harbor under the guns of the Red patrol boats. She pulled up close to the hundreds of boats that seemed to huddle close to the piers. They had traveled to within yards of the Red *godown*. From the top of the galley, through the masts of the other vessels, they saw lines of coolies loading a 2000-ton freighter.

"Is that our baby?" asked Kane.

"Yes," said Li Li.

At her bow was a three-inch cannon. The deckhouse was armed with machineguns. It was obvious they would have a fight on their hands to hi-jack the Red ship.

"How in the devil do you expect to board her?" asked Kane.

Li Li smiled enigmatically. "You will see."

While the freighter was taking on its cargo of opium, Li Li put her men to work tying iron ingots to a 100-yard length of two-inch hawser line. When the work was complete, she held a meeting in the cabin. The sheer audacity of her plan took Kane's breath away.

Just before dawn both junks set sail for the point of ambush. Li Li and Kane were aboard one vessel. A tough, wiry, cut-throat named Chang was in command of the other junk. They sailed to a narrow channel 20 miles south of Canton and dropped anchor. The navigable channel was only about 30 yards wide for a ship the size of the Red freighter.

CHANG had moved to one side of the channel. Li Li's ship was on the other shore. They had stretched the hawser between the two vessels so that it extended clear across the channel. The weighted ingots pulled it deep under the river to allow normal river traffic to pass unmolested.

While they waited, Li Li and Chang supervised their men in lining the rails of their junks with thousands of three-inch firecrackers all on a common fuse.

Late in the afternoon a lookout atop the mast shouted, "Here she comes!"

The freighter, a rusty old tub, was steaming down river with the tide at over 10 knots. Li Li barked out a command and her men pulled the hawser taut until it was lying just under the surface of the muddy river. The freighter drew closer. The pirates, bare to the waist, gripped their tommyguns. Men stood by the cotton bales ready to flip them over at the proper moment.

As the freighter passed their stern, Kane saw that her deck was well guarded by

about 40 armed men. A crew lounged on the gun turret next to the three-incher on the bow. Then the freighter passed between them. Its prow hit the hawser with a dull whoosh. The junks quivered. In a moment, the force of the freighter swept both junks into the center of the river. As the Red ship pulled against the thick line it pulled the junks close to its sides. The Red soldiers aboard their ship were taken by surprise and rushed to the rails to see what was happening. They jabbered excitedly. When the two junks were pulled to within five yards of the Red steamer, Li Li and Chang set off the firecrackers. They exploded like an army of trigger-happy GIs gone berserk. "Man the guns!" Li Li shouted.

Her men threw off the camouflage covers and opened fire. Others flung grenades into the milling ranks of Reds. The three-inch gun on the prow of the steamer, unable to swivel more than 45 degrees, was impotent or else it might have blown them out of the water.

The junks bumped into the steel plates of the freighter. Li Li led the attack, leaping over the rails and firing her pistol with deadly accuracy. Kane, right behind her, swept the decks with his tommygun. The pirates swarmed over the freighter, firing their guns and wielding long knives. Within minutes every man on deck was slaughtered. Kane raced up the steep ladder to the bridge.

For the first time the Reds brought a machinegun into play. Firing from the protection of the wheelhouse, they sprayed the pirates on deck. Kane ducked low, and crawling under the snout of the machinegun, reached up and grabbed the red-hot barrel. Shoving it to one side, he stood up, shoved his tommygun into the small opening. Three short bursts and every man inside the pilot house was filled with lead.

Chang led his men below decks. He, too, wiped out the enemy quickly and efficiently. Ten minutes after the junks had been swept alongside the Red steamer, the battle was over.

The pirates, working fast, threw back the tarpaulins that covered the hatches. Forming a line, they tossed the bags of opium from the freighter into the junks. They worked furiously, expecting at any moment to face Red patrol boats. But no one moved to stop them. In the space of two hours, they transferred more than 5000 bags of opium.

When the job was finished, they put up all sails and using their auxiliary motors sped back to Macao. The steamer drifted aimlessly and went aground on a sandbank.

The repercussions of the affair were international. Peking issued a strong protest to the Governor of Macao. Oddly enough, the Red Government, unwilling to admit they were trading in opium, claimed that the cargo hi-jacked was rice. The Communists demanded the return of their cargo and the severe punishment of the bandits that had murdered the officers and crew.

Li Li and Kane were summoned before the Governor—a suave Portuguese whose family had resided in Macao for more than 300 years. He read the lengthy charges that had been made.

"We have to live with the Communists," said the Governor sternly. "We cannot tolerate piracy of their ships."

Li Li apologized. Contritely, she offered to return the hi-jacked cargo. "The charges

claim that 5000 bags of rice were stolen," she said. "Tomorrow morning I will deliver 5000 bags of rice to the Government warehouse for trans-shipment to Canton." She delivered her little speech with a straight face.

Five thousand bags of rice were worth little more than \$2000. Five thousand bags of opium were worth over \$100,000. The Governor, struggling to keep from laughing, accepted. The Red Government, too, would have to keep up the pretense and accept rice.

"You must be punished," the Governor added.

"I will gladly pay any fine you set, your excellency," said Li Li.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars. And you must be beaten." He took a ruler and tapped them on the shoulders very lightly.

Face was saved all around. The Communists received rice to feed their hungry coolies. The Government received its share of the profits and Li Li and Kane made more than \$65,000.

THE crackdown on piracy and smuggling by both the Reds and British cut more and more deeply into Li Li's activities. Coastal steamers now kept in constant radio contact with British patrol boats. Every two hours, each merchant vessel in the China Seas radioed her position and code number to the patrols. The police kept a master chart with the position of every ship in the area. If a ship failed to report, she was queried. Every radioman was given a secret set of letters that could easily be inserted in any message sent out. These letters were an alarm.

More than that, the British built iron gratings around the engine rooms and navigating departments of her vessels. The bridges were armored with steel plates that had small loopholes bristling with repeating rifles and automatics. So piracy of the coastal steamers was stopped almost completely.

Li Li, however, had a hundred dodges to turn a buck and always kept her junks profitably busy. Her rewards weren't as big, but the money rolled in steadily.

Portugal had pledged to enforce the U.N. embargo on strategic materials entering Red China. For Macao, however, the authorities closed their eyes. To the dealers and double-dealers on Macao, the Communists paid high prices for gas and oil. Li Li worked out a system of getting some of those materials to the Reds. Soon hundreds of junks had joined in the same racket.

Equipping her junks with fishing nets, she docked in Hong Kong and filled her tanks with oil for what was supposed to be a fishing trip. When the tanks were filled, the junks sailed to Macao and pumped the oil into drums for trans-shipment to Red China. As soon as the tanks were empty, the junks returned to Hong Kong for another load. A few palms had to be greased, but the profits were enormous. Li Li had her own dump on some filled-in land on the west side of Macao's peninsula. The British knew it, the Portuguese knew it, but everyone closed his eyes. The British, because they were helpless to intervene in Macao's affairs, and because secretly they frowned on the cutting-off of essential trade with the mainland.

For Kane, oil smuggling was a tame affair and after a few trips he left it strictly alone.

By 1953, Communist influence in Macao was stronger than ever. The Reds had in-

"Don't you girls do anything but sing?" Kane said to Singsong Ladies number 23 and 46.

filtrated schools and businesses. Communist hammer-and-sickle flags flew from public buildings on Red holidays. While the Reds made their dent in Macao society, so did the Americans. Coca Cola signs were all over the place. In the provision shops, Chinese housewives bought Campbell's soups, Kleenex and Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. In restaurants if you ordered cheese, you were likely to get Kraft's. American jazz dominated the dance halls.

Although Kane wasn't homesick, all the familiar signs of the States made him think of one day going back. Only then did he realize he was living in a fool's paradise. He didn't have a penny he could call his own. Whenever he discussed it with Li Li, she brushed him off or managed to excite his interest in some exotic game she dreamed up to amuse him.

OFTEN Kane and Li Li sailed to sea in a small sampan. They dove into the cool, green water, lolled under an awning, and just idled away the days. Li Li was always exciting, always inventing new ways to rouse Kane's passion, always infinitely interesting.

One day they amused themselves by watching a British trawler repair a break in the Hong Kong-Singapore telephone cable. They felt like the ocean equivalent of the sidewalk superintendent.

"Did you know," said Kane idly, "that the cable is solid copper?"

"Really? Copper prices quite a good price on the market in Macao," said Li Li.

Kane grinned. He was struck by a brilliant idea. He knew it would appeal to the pixie humor of Li Li. "What do you say we steal the cable?"

"Those boats out there," said Li Li, pointing to British gun patrols, "might not think it so amusing."

"We'll steal it right from under their noses," said Kane.

Enthusiastically, Kane went to work. He built a special opening under the poop deck, bought and installed a winch and donkey engine. And he equipped the junk with huge butterfly fishing nets.

When all was ready, 50 coolies were stowed in the hold for the heavy work. They set sail and when they reached the approximate vicinity of the cable they threw over their fishing nets. Under the nets and hidden from sight, they lowered a drag chain with a hook. Moving the hook across the bottom they located and grabbed the cable. They hauled it to the surface and cut it in half. Letting one half drop back under the sea, they attached the other end to their winch. The donkey engine hauled the cable aboard. The coolies stored the slimy copper cable along the full length of the hold. Soon the interior of their junk was bursting with piled-up copper cable. While the work was going on, the patrol boats steamed back and forth. The cable was being stolen right under their guns.

Had the British patrol been on the alert they would have noticed that the junk was riding a good three feet deeper in the water by evening than it had early that morning—with no fish hauled aboard.

When not another inch of cable could be squeezed aboard, they cut loose and

raced back to Macao. By morning the theft was the most talked-of incident in Macao and Hong Kong. Their exploit hit the papers in the cities of the world and became a running joke aimed at the British.

A steady source of income was smuggling gold into Hong Kong. The Chinese were ingenious at hiding gold. They inserted the precious metal in the cavities of the body. They sewed gold into incisions cut in the skin. They smuggled gold past customs by hiding it inside fowl and pig. And from Macao, the men aboard the junks brought in the greatest amounts.

In the Tai Fong Bank, hundreds of Chinese bought gold over the counter. For every ounce they bought in Macao, they made one buck profit getting it past the custom guards in Hong Kong.

The gold trade fascinated Kane. He often visited the bank to watch hundreds of coolies line up to buy their tiny quantities of gold. And in the cellar of the bank, workmen were busy melting huge gold bricks worth \$22,000 each into small bars worth from \$50 to \$500 each.

Gold is Macao's invisible export. Every month more than half a million ounces of gold are imported and the Government collects about 60 cents in duty on each ounce. But in the official records, Macao exports no gold at all.

Li Li kept herself well-informed on the supply and price of gold. One day, she took Kane aside. She was quite excited.

"Most of the gold flown into the colony is handled by Senor Lobo," she said. "He's Mr. Big on Macao and nobody hi-jacks his shipments and gets away with it. But yesterday a big shipment came in from Indo-China. The French are unloading their holdings."

Li Li's informant told her that the Catalina flying boat had brought in a cargo of gold worth more than a million and that more was being shipped out from Saigon.

"If we hi-jack Lobo," she said, "we ask for trouble. But if we hi-jack the French, nobody cares. So long as we pay the import duty, the Government doesn't care if we rob Fort Knox."

She spelled out her project. Kane and two of her men would travel to Saigon and book passage aboard the Catalina. They would take over the plane during the flight, bring it down about 50 miles off the coast of Macao. She would be waiting there in her junk. The gold would be shifted from the plane and brought into Macao.

"But we'll need a navigator," said Kane.

That evening a well-educated Hindu named Prakash was invited to the villa. In his early thirties, Prakash was almost skeletal. His skin was sallow and his veiled eyes were the giveaway that he was a heavy smoker of opium, a confirmed drug addict. Kane observed that while his opium girl prepared his welcoming pipe of opium, the Hindu's hands trembled. The first pipeful was just a teaser. Li Li gave him six pipefuls before dismissing the girl.

Prakash had been a navigator for the British in World War II. A high-caste Hindu, Prakash had started smoking as a lark. Within two months he was hooked. He lost his job, alienated his family and had to take any work around Hong Kong.

Li Li told him what they planned. "I'll pay you ten thousand in gold," she said. "And give you a one-year supply of Dairen opium."

Prakash accepted without bargaining.

On January 4th, 1954, Chang and a young tough named Tuang flew into Saigon in Indo-China. They had with them a letter of credit for the purchase of rice. Dealing through a legitimate wholesaler, they bought a large shipment of rice. When their business was concluded, they bought return passage to Macao on the Catalina scheduled to leave on January 8th.

On January 5th, Prakash arrived in Saigon. On the following day Kane arrived. They, too, purchased tickets on the January 8th flight.

Although Prakash was instructed to stay away from Kane, early on the morning of January 7th he came to Kane's hotel room.

"You damn fool," Kane growled, "Get the hell out of here."

Prakash sat down. Obviously he had just smoked a good supply of opium. He was quite calm.

"We're going to rob a million dollars in gold for Madame Li Li. What's your share?"

"I'm her partner," Kane snapped.

Prakash grinned, baring his pale gums. "Come, come, Kane. Everyone in Macao knows that is just a fiction. Even you should know it by now."

Kane slumped into a chair and sat stony-faced. It didn't take a genius to know what Prakash was driving at.

"Spill it, Prakash."

Prakash hesitated and then the words tumbled out. "Suppose I navigate the Catalina to a point about 20 miles off Hong Kong. Suppose one of my friends in a motor launch were to meet us there. My friend would gladly do the job for maybe \$100,000. And once in Hong Kong, you and I could split a million dollars."

This is my chance to cut loose, thought Kane. With that kind of dough in the States I could really live it up. And I'd be my own boss.

Kane was tempted. Then, looking deeply into the clouded eyes of Prakash, he suddenly decided it was a bad deal. "No," he barked. "Now get the hell out of here."

Prakash lowered his eyes. "I will remain in my hotel until flight time," he said softly.

SAIAGON lost its flavor. Kane stamped around the bazaars. He picked up a Eurasian doll at one of the cafes and then flipped her a \$20 bill and bolted. He returned to his hotel room and started drinking Scotch. He stared out of his window.

"A guy's got to look out for himself," he muttered. His mind was made up. He crossed to the phone and called Prakash.

At three o'clock he met Prakash on a bench in one of the small parks.

"We're in business, Prakash. Now, how do you figure to set up the deal?"

Prakash smiled. "I made all the arrangements before we left Macao."

Kane burst out laughing. Suddenly everything seemed right.

Sixteen passengers boarded the big Catalina flying boat. Kane eased himself into a seat near the tail. Chang and Tuang were

"Certainly," said number 46, flinging her zither at him. "But not for a measly \$10 . . ."

seated just back of the wing. Prakash was behind the pilot's compartment. The time was 4:15 P.M.

A non-scheduled charter ship, the Catalina had no steward aboard—just the pilot, co-pilot and navigator. They took off on time. After three hours, the sun set and through the window, Kane saw the millions of stars in the tropic skies.

And then the moment came.

Chang walked to the tail of the ship and lounged outside the small auxiliary room. Tuang shifted to an aisle seat. Prakash stood up and knocked on the door that led to the pilot's compartment. The navigator stuck his head out. "I don't feel so good. My stomach," he said.

"Sure. Just a second. I'll get you some dramamine." The navigator left the door open a crack.

Kane quickly moved down the aisle. Shoving the door open he moved inside the pilot's office. Prakash slipped in behind Kane and closed the door. So smoothly had it gone off that the passengers were not even aware that the plane was being taken over.

The pilot turned in his seat. "What the hell—" he started. The words trailed off. He was staring into the business end of Kane's .45.

"Just follow directions and no one gets hurt," said Kane.

THE navigator, a wiry little fellow with unruly blond hair stuttered, "T-this is p-piracy!"

"Sure," said Kane agreeably. Then, turning to Prakash, he added, "Take over the navigation."

"Nobody takes over my station," blustered the navigator.

Kane swung the butt of his gun sharply, catching the navigator on the side of the head. A thin trickle of blood oozed down the pale face and the navigator slumped to the floor. Kane shoved him to one side with his foot. Prakash took over the station.

"Let's keep this friendly," Kane warned the pilot ominously.

Prakash set a new course and the pilot followed directions. After ten minutes, Prakash said, "Take her down to 1000 feet."

The pilot banked and brought his Catalina down. Under the Hindu's direction, he began to circle. The sea below them was smooth as glass. Then Kane spotted the flashing red light. He made out the dark shape of a large cabin cruiser.

Kane pointed to the ship and Prakash nodded. That was their boy. "Okay, Captain," Kane ordered. "Take her in for a landing. This is where we get off."

One of the passengers was hammering at the door. Kane opened it. He shoved the passenger into the nearest seat. Waving his gun, he said, "Everyone sit back. Don't panic. We're only interested in the cargo. Anyone who wants to be a hero will be a dead one."

The passengers settled back in quiet fear. Chang had already shoved open the door. Yuang joined him. The cabin cruiser moved in close. A Chinese deck hand stood on the prow with a rope in hand.

Chang whirled. "This is not our boat, Kane," he screamed.

Kane squeezed the trigger. The explosion shattered the silence inside the cabin. A woman screamed. The cartridge dug a small, neat hole in the middle of Chang's forehead. Kane fired two more quick shots. Yuang doubled over with two slugs in his belly. Kane rolled them into the sea.

The cruiser drew closer and Kane grabbed the rope and made it fast. The men aboard the cruiser opened the outside compartment door. The gold was pulled out and dumped on the cruiser's deck.

Jubilant, Kane slapped Prakash on the back. "We've done it, man. We've grabbed a million bucks."

Kane walked down two steps into the dimly lighted cabin. He craned forward trying to adjust to the light. Suddenly he felt steel pressed against the back of his neck.

"Drop your gun, Kane," came a woman's voice from a darkened corner of the cabin. It was Li Li. She stood and snapped on a light. Kane's gun fell out of his limp hand.

"I thought I could depend on you, Kane, but you see, Li Li never trusts anyone."

On deck, Prakash screamed. It was cut short and Kane heard his body splash into the sea.

"I have more interesting plans for you, Mr. Kane." She looked at him with cruel pleasure. Kane knew she would torture him now with as much enjoyment as she did when she had given him her love. The memory of General Ho flooded into his mind and the dread warning she had given him in the restaurant when the monkey's skull was opened so that a fat slob could eat out his warm brains.

"It's not fair," Kane muttered. "The gold's mine."

Li Li raised her silver whip and slashed him across the face. Kane went berserk. With lightning speed he darted to one side, grabbed the hand holding the gun in his neck and squeezed. A terrible groan came from the gunman's throat. Kane squeezed

harder and heard the bones crack. He tugged sharply and tossed the fellow over his shoulder bowling Li Li over.

Kane smashed a chair on the floor and using a rung as a club, ran on deck. A tommygun spewed lead. The slugs hit him like a fist and spun him around.

He flopped on the cabin floor and lay without moving.

For three months, Kane hovered close to death. To relieve his pain the doctors shot him full of morphine. And finally when he was discharged as cured, he had become a drug addict.

Li Li hadn't forgotten him. On his last day in the hospital, an attendant brought him a white suit. It was the same suit he had been wearing that day he boarded the steamer for Macao and had met Li Li. Kane poked his finger into the watch pocket. There, folded neatly, just as he had left it was a crisp \$20 bill.

TOURISTS to Macao often stare at the strange, shambling hulk of a man that was Harry Kane. He frequents the cheapest opium dens. There, on a dirty wooden pallet, his head resting on a green porcelain pillow, he dreams of the days when he was king of Macao. And when he can't borrow or steal the patacas for the cheap opium he needs, he crawls to Li Li to beg.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The names of the characters in this adventure have been changed, but "Harry Kane's" story is a true one. It took author Martin Fass six months to piece the entire sequence together, and he wishes to express his gratitude to the many people he interviewed for their information, including the authorities on Macao and the former Governor, who is now living in Lisbon, Portugal. "Madame Li Li" is still, at 35, a powerful force on the wide-open island of Macao and still beautiful. Since Harry Kane's degradation, however, she has been running a one-woman business, and has not taken on any junior partners.

END

LEAD BOTH WAYS—"Fists are not enough," Li Li said, "do it with bullets"





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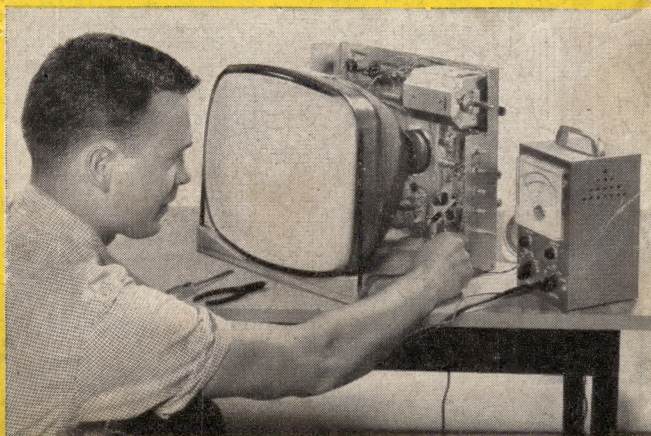
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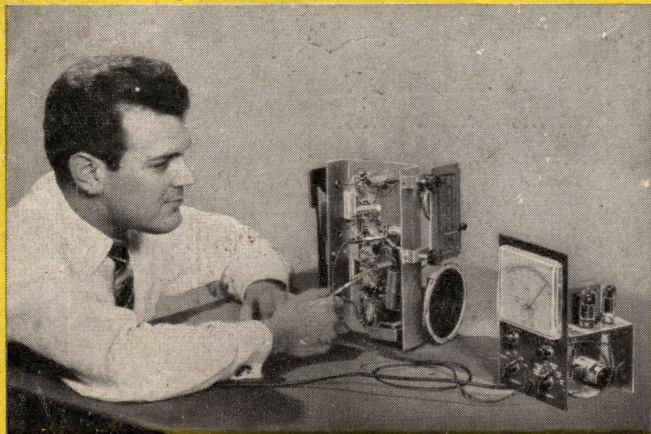
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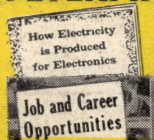
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